Mar. 6, 1965

# THE NEW YORKER

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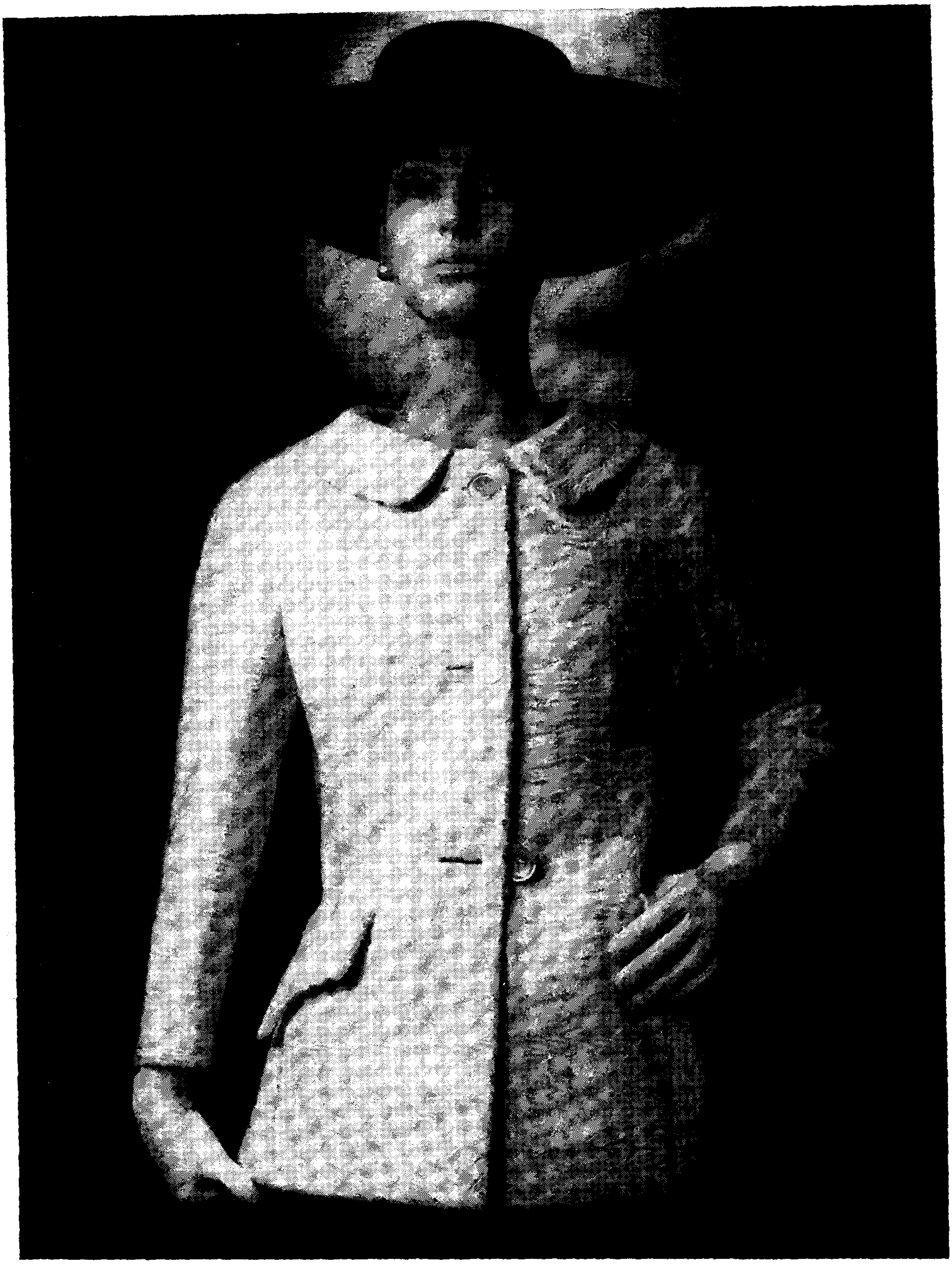

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  |  | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**All in Good Time**—Donald Wolfit, Marjorie Rhodes, and Brian Murray are all effective in this homely comedy by Bill McNaughton, which deals with family difficulties among assorted proletarians resident in the North of England. However, the core of the matter, which has to do with the impotency of a young bridegroom on his wedding night and for some weeks thereafter, is hardly enough to sustain it. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Luv**—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in this feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Owl and the Pussycat**—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vicissitudes of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. Arthur Storch has directed the play with a lot of verve. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Poor Richard**—A fragile but fitfully entertaining comedy about a bibulous English poet who is having a tough time adjusting to life while resident in Greenwich Village. Alan Bates is the poet in this play by Jean Kerr, and he is, for the most part, diverting. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Tiny Alice**—Edward Albee in a metaphysical mood, and who is to parse him? John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are in the cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A man in his sixties learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott play the leading roles. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.). . . **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Bajour**—Jolly gypsies whooping it up around Manhattan. The book was written by Ernest Kinoy, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. The choreography was planned by Peter Gennaro, and such ebullient types as Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr bounce about to good advantage. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Baker Street**—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye, and Inga Swenson and Martin Gabel portray, respectively, a lady in love with Sherlock and the dread Moriarty himself, and there is a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. Book by Jerome Coopersmith, music and lyrics by Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Ben Franklin in Paris**—A splendid performance by Robert Preston makes this variation on a lot of old Shubert operettas fairly tolerable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Comedy in Music**—Victor Borge, whose wit custom cannot stale, assisted on this occasion by Leonid Hambro, who is a pretty comical fellow himself. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3.)

**Fade Out - Fade In**—Carol Burnett is very good in this musical about Hollywood in the thirties, but the book, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, and the music, by Jule Styne, are lesser efforts. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

| | Page |
|---|---|
| BOOKS | 158 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 94 |
| LETTER FROM CARACAS | 101 |
| LETTER FROM PARIS | 150 |
| MUSICAL EVENTS | 89 |
| JAZZ | 92 |
| THE RACE TRACK | 83 |
| THE THEATRE | 80 |

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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**Fiddler on the Roof**—Zero Mostel at his best in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 7.)

**Golden Boy**—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6 0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**I Had a Ball**—Fun and games on Coney Island in a lethargic musical that has music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are conspicuously displayed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs**—**FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Ronnie Welsh is the youth on the upswing, and Jeff De Benning is his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 6.). . . **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?** A musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

**Catch Me If You Can**—A comedy-murder mystery adapted by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert from a French work by Robert Thomas. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie head a cast directed by Vincent J. Donehue. Previews through Monday, March 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 9. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Odd Couple**—Art Carney and Walter Matthau in Neil Simon's new comedy. Directed by Mike Nichols. Opens Wednesday, March 10. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

**Lincoln Center Repertory**—**INCIDENT AT VICHY,** Arthur Miller's examination of the processes that sent Jews to slaughter in 1942. With Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne. Performances Thursday and Friday, March 4-5, at 8:30; Sunday, March 7, at 2 and 7:30;

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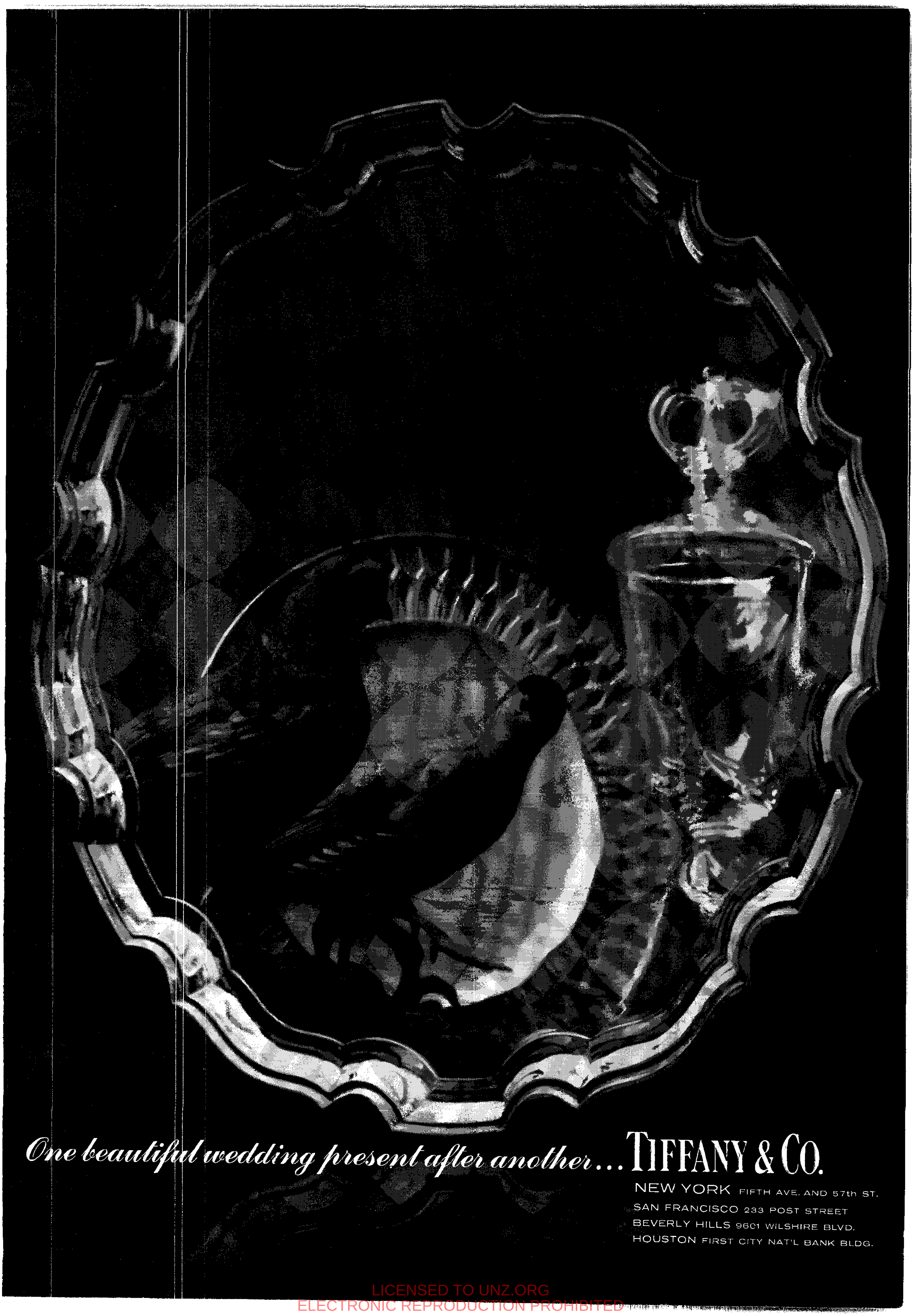
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| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |

Tuesday and Wednesday, March 9-10, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 13, at 2 and 8:30. . . . Richard Wilbur's translation of Molière's **TARTUFFE**, with Michael O'Sullivan, Salome Jens, and Larry Gates. Performances Saturday, March 6, at 2 and 8:30, and Thursday and Friday, March 11-12, at 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

**APA AT THE PHOENIX**—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, March 4-5, at 8:30; Saturday, March 6, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, March 7, at 2:30 and 7:30. . . . Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Tuesday through Thursday, March 9-11, at 8. . . .Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Previews Friday, March 12, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 13, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening on Wednesday, March 24. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

**AMATO OPERA COMPANY**—"Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, and Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, all at 8:15.)

**THE CAT AND THE CANARY**—A revival of John Willard's good-natured old spook show. Some of the performers appear to be kidding it and others to be playing it straight, which makes the production rather unsettling. Tom Wheatley is an amusing hero and Adale O'Brien a quite appealing heroine. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**CINDY**—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**COLOMBE**—An adaptation by Denis Cannan of Jean Anouilh's play. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE FANTASTICKS**—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE KNACK**—This English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols, is sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. As one of three young men who become involved with a girl bound for the Y.W.C.A., Brian Bedford gives one of the best comedy performances around. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**NEW PLAYWRIGHTS SERIES**—The second three-week bill consists of "Conerico Was Here to Stay," by Frank Gagliano, and "Pigeons," by Lawrence Osgood, the latter with Geraldine Fitzgerald. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 21.)

**THE OLD GLORY: BENITO CERENO**—Robert Lowell's dramatization of Herman Melville's tragedy makes a quite stirring play that does some justice to the magnificent story it is based on. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

**OTHELLO** and **BAAL**—Shakespeare's tragedy is being joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Baal": Previews Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

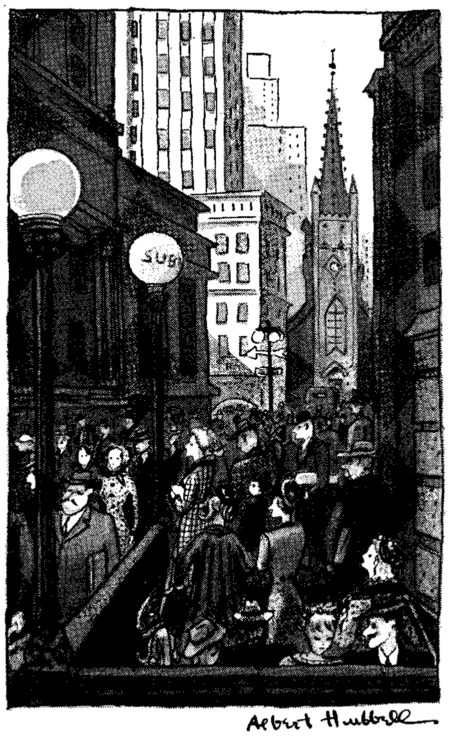
**THE QUEEN AND THE REBELS**—Michael Higgins gives a fine performance as the commissar of an imaginary country, and Tamara Geva does well as a prostitute whom he mistakes for the queen in disguise. The play, by the late Italian dramatist Ugo Betti, has a lively beginning but gets rather ponderous in the second act. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THE ROOM** and **A SLIGHT ACHE**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. The cast, which is fine, is headed by Frances Sternhagen and Henderson Forsythe. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**SAY NOTHING**—A dismal play about some miserable people in the North of England. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

**THE SLAVE** and **THE TOILET**—These one-act plays by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**THIS WAS BURLESQUE**—Ann Corio as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip-teasers. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturday at midnight. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. After Sunday, March 7, no performances until Tuesday, March 16, when it will reopen uptown at the Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St.)



**THE TROJAN WOMEN**—A production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War that is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

**A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**WORLDS OF OSCAR BROWN, JR.**—A program of songs, impressions, and improvisations, with the Floyd Morris trio. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

### BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

**AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE**—A repertory of modern dance presented by this recently formed company together with the companies of Pearl Lang, Alwin Nikolais, Merce Cunningham, and José Limón. Thursday, March 4, at 8:15, and Saturday, March 6, at 2:15: Doris Humphrey's "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," Anna Sokolow's "Ballade," Merce Cunningham's "Winterbranch," and Sophie Maslow's "The Village I Knew.". . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8:15: Pearl Lang's "Shirah," Sophie Maslow's "Poem," Lucas Hoving's "Icarus," and Valerie Bettis's "As I Lay Dying.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8:15: Doris Humphrey's "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," Pearl Lang's "Apasionada," and Alwin Nikolais's "Imago.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 2:15 and 8:15: Merce Cunningham's "Summerspace," Valerie Bettis's "As I Lay Dying," and José Limón's "Missa Brevis." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

**NORMAN WALKER**—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, March 7, at 8:30.)

**ALBA-REYES BALLET ESPAÑOL**—Maria Alba and Ramon de los Reyes with their company of dancers and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

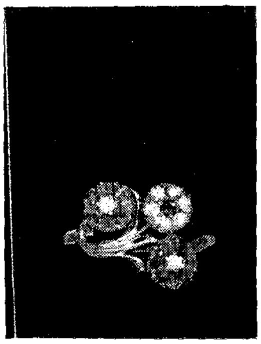
### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMERICANA**, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald is so intent upon applying the full-tilt treatment to her balladry and boppery that she evinces no inclination to bore her audience with cosmic conversation. This almost unique approach to song happens at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, where Lee Evans runs a trim, well-organized band all through the evening. Roy Eldridge's sextet, which is Miss Fitzgerald's helpmeet, has the strength of sixty. Closed Sundays.

**DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The garden that grows on the walls of the restaurant is filled with flowers that are quite contrary, but everything is normal at dance-floor level. George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

**EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The first of the important brokerage houses to establish itself in midtown. Ticker tape is dispensed by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. Machinery with the bit and the tape in its teeth does the dance music in the wing called the Garrison; in the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio provides the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

**NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than cus-



Ring, about $330.

## on the never-ending joys of diamonds

The animated beauty of the diamond never fails to delight the eye.
Select your diamond piece to wear often, like a happy thought. Don't banish it to some small box.
For a diamond jewel is a woman's most flattering adornment, her most joyful and
admired possession. The diamond's light cannot be extinguished. The diamond is forever.

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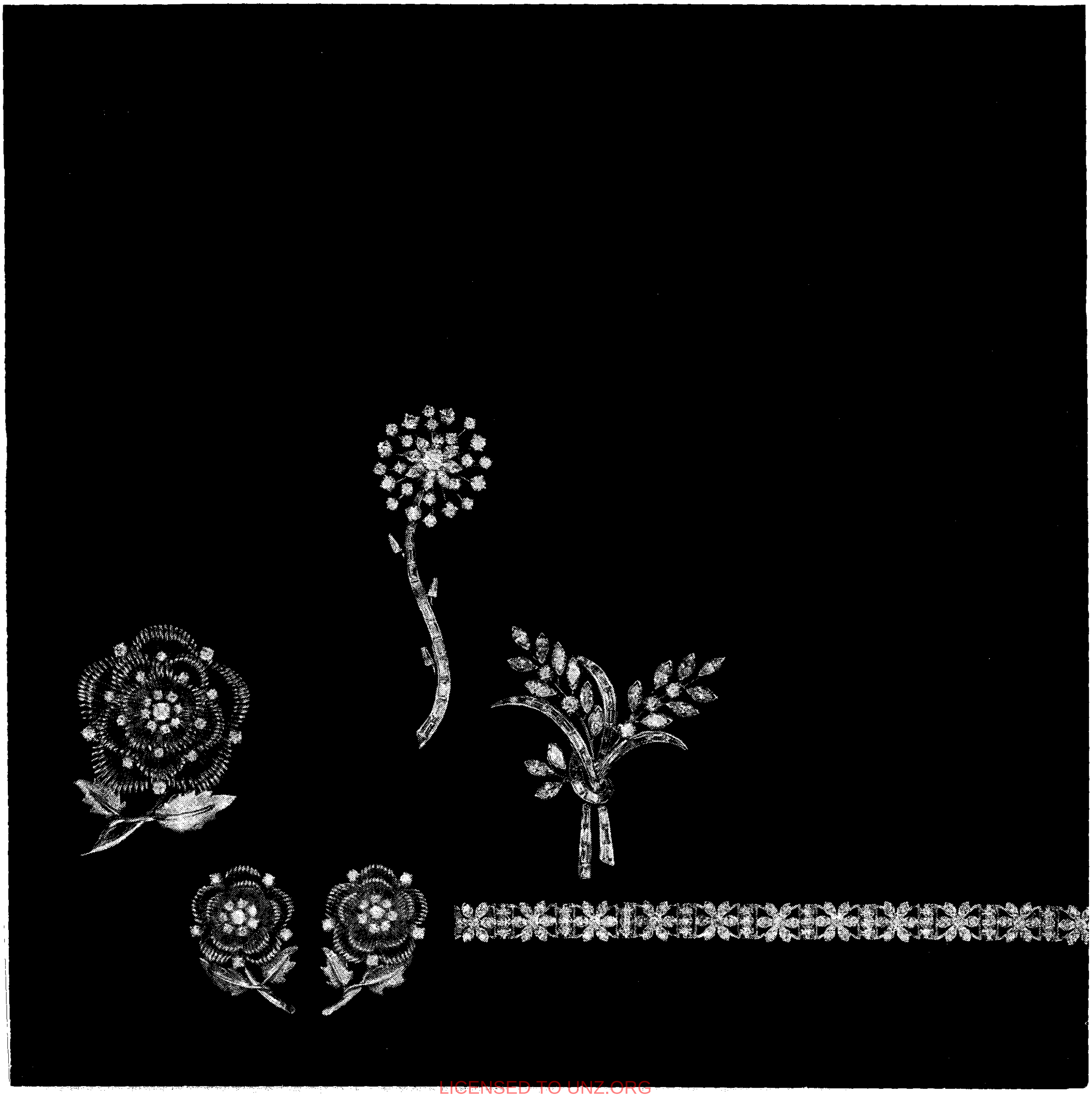
Brooch, about $750; earrings, about $600; brooch, about $2500; brooch, about $4250; bracelet, about $1665. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.



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tomers navigating the dance floor to the chortlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, among whom is Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

**PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band never calls it a day. Yvette Souviron, who does solo flights at a piano, calls it a day every Monday.

**PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Diahann Carroll, who gives nearly everything—even her tiger-lily ballads—a perchance-to-dream flavor and a dash of sly humor, does a great deal for the ambience of the Persian Room at dinner and supper. On Wednesday, March 10, she will be succeeded by Vic Damone, a tenor playing hooky from the Las Vegas reservation. The dance music will go right on issuing from the scampery squadron in charge of Mark Monte and the bigger, rumbling band conducted by Emil Coleman, Jr. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. No music Mondays.

**RAINBOW GRILL,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—How the world looks at night from the topless towers of Ilium. George Cort's quintet can be heard but not seen on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Charles Turecamo's cheerful band takes the floor of the ducal Maisonette whenever Quintero's crew of musicians ceases and desists from its recitations of classical Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Closed Sundays.

**SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The setting is Egypt in its Ptolomaic heyday, or heynight, but the decathlon that happens on the dance floor is peculiar to the United States—and, come to think of it, peculiar in every way. The music, untouched by human hands, is all wax and tape, and it runs without halt from eight to four.

**NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The giant, economy-size floor (a hundred and fifty feet long) is polished to within an inch of its life by couples who lead a fairly sedate life. (The Twist and its in-laws have been ruled off this course.) The music, which embraces both halves of the Western Hemisphere, usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. There are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

## SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

**GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The nineteenth hole at a country club that does not go in for outdoor sports. Continuous talk is the favorite pastime, and its background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The voices that are now and again raised in song are currently inclined toward "Carmen," but by Tuesday, March 9, they will be studying life with Pinkerton and Butterfly. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is apt to be present, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The flight of the bumblebee that is Bobby Short—pertinent piano and very well-educated lyrics—begins at about ten-thirty and lasts until quite late. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, his sidemen, help the act no end. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine, by Jules Kuti in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Every *geste* is *beau* in this grandiose assemblage of scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fifty civilized ways of dealing with a paramount problem—what on earth to do about your loved one—are set forth in the sad and/or owlish songs of Mabel Mercer, who has seen all, known all. Her seminars, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The many nimble fingers of Cy Walter make one clean sweep of the keyboard after another without tripping anything but the light fantastic. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one are his hours in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The fittings of this medieval banqueting hall must certainly represent every bit of King Henri's ransom. Through its pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi, president emeritus of the League of Romance Violinists, is audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The oldest cottage industry in the Village—one wholly concerned with such handicrafts and footwork as flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): An ambulatory song fest goes on from six until two every night but Sunday, and so does the chef. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, there is handmade guitar music (Gustavo Lopez) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from seven to twelve. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, providing room for Andalusian guitar (José Luis Franco) on the same schedule every night but Monday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): It is but natural, considering the diet and décor that prevail here, that someone should be carting a guitar about and singing those guileless West Indian ditties. The chanter appears from nine or so until one or two during the week; Sundays, seven to eleven is his tour of duty; Mondays, he is invisible. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a Central Casting Office. Three of the office workers play jazz, new school, through the week. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday—Rack Godwin, whose piano combines opulence with a very mild Regency rakishness. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1100 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the customers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL SOLE,** 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): From Glen Cove and Syosset, from St. James and the Hamptons come the customers to visit Ralph Strain, who is playing piano that makes one think of summer sailboating with one's best girl or walking her along a moonlit coral strand. His stretch is seven-thirty to two every night but Sunday. . . . **LATE EDITION,** in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): This neat new split-level apartment is open for inspection, not to mention dinner, at six; Hugh Shannon, a wandering minstrel who has carolled his special songs about the *Weltschmerz* Set over the whole wide *Welt*, sits down to his piano at ten, when supper begins. Mai Tatum also has a go at the piano, from seven until one. He stays home Sundays, she stays home Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN,** Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The roster of court musicianship reads like this: Daphne Hellman at her harp from seven to ten-thirty every Tuesday; Gladys Hubner, at another harp, and on the same running time, the rest of the week. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is also a grill, gets the precise, pensive piano of Tony Gorody from six to one-thirty every evening but Monday, and Enzio Lembo, guitar at the ready, starts in at nine-thirty. He adds lyrics to his music, and he lays off Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL,** 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A Sunday in this museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts chockablock on every wall, in every nook, is a continuous parade—from one to nine—of flamenco chanters and careeners. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There is treacle-and-molasses piano by George Feyer in this counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until one or two every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy sort of soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A trio produces casu-

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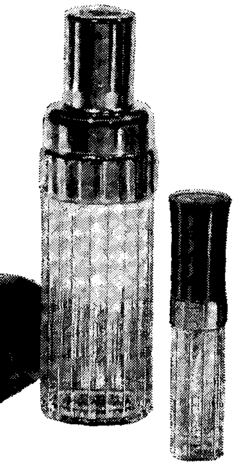

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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al dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, a living (and dining) room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, whose romping piano and happy-go-lucky songs (like quite a few of us civilians) went through the Volstead Act and lived to tell the tale, is quite apparent in this venerable restaurant. Lynn Richards is her alternate at the pianoforte. They take turns from six to three. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Jorge Morel, a guitarist of Latin leanings, expresses himself tersely every so often in a bar that is clearly of noble lineage. He is there, except Mondays, between the hours of nine-thirty and one. No dining. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the middle of a sort of Moorish plaza, there is gently flowing piano by Al Conte from six until midnight every evening but Sunday.

### BIG AND BRASSY

**LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A Garden of Eden awash in everything from astounding Amazons to pretty little pony ballerinas, and even including a wily and witty serpent—George Matson, whose caricatures of folly-ridden womankind are tart sauce for the goose of our species. He is amply complemented by François Szony and Nancy Claire, those far-lighter-than-air balletomanes, and by the kilted Dagenham Girl Pipers, a skirling mass of British maidens. Twice a night is the rule. Dancing. No action Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Hail to the conquering heroine, Peggy Lee, who makes all the songwriters' dreams—the little, sentimental ones and the big, bold ones—come true. She puts on two soirées every night but Sunday. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Right now the noisiest block in town, what with a young man named Jimmy Rosselli going full blast (songs made of machine-gun trumpets) or going native (songs made of Neapolitan ice cream) and a time-worn lecturer named Pat Cooper yelling his head off to no discernible purpose. On Thursday, March 11, the fierce sense of urgency should diminish with the arrival of Enzo Stuarti, likewise Neapolitan and vocal, but of gentler persuasion. Along with him comes Rip Taylor, comic. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week. The durable Deep River Boys are part of the singalong.

### CABARETS

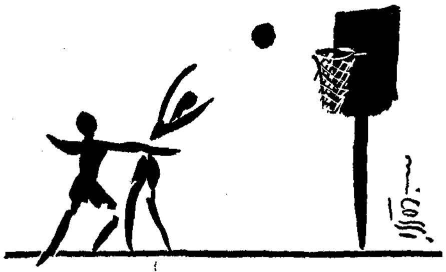
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

**PLAZA 9–,** Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): A course in speedwriting (and also speedreading) is given at nine and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. The course is handled by Julius Monk's star pupils in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the fourteenth, the fastest, and the funniest of this entrepreneur's series of treatises upon the world's foibles and frailties. Its Delphic language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, who turn nuance into a fine art, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, a fine set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): From a prehistoric cave in the mountains of Spain comes Lola Flores, a gypsy who tears herself and her compatriots, among them is the classic Joaquin Robles, almost limb from limb in the course of their joint dance recital, which is as vivid as it is violent. They appear at dinner and supper every night (once again, at two, on Saturday nights); Sundays, there is all this at night and tea dancing, too, in the afternoon. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, gaily mouthing speeches of the gravest inconsequences, is the life of "The Game Is Up," a vest-pocket revue that is not always as quick-witted as he is. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who go along with him, have moments of madness, too. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda that houses a bunch of balletomanes who believe in flamenco. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening. A venerable balladeer, Carlos Ramirez, who likes to stroll a bit at his work, will be added to the cast on Monday, March 8. Events begin at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Jazz Workshop of Charlie Mingus, whose speeches are all sermons and whose music is a blend of righteousness and riot, is in residence every evening but Monday, and every Sunday afternoon, as well, at four-thirty. Mondays are given to other earnest talkers (without benefit of music), mostly a panel of precipitate arguers, who have at one another on the stroke of nine-fifteen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A town hall that tries to be all things to all people, mostly young and serious ones. Dancing for them is the latest innovation, to both telegraphed music and the sound of Herbie Mann's fife-and-drum corps. Fridays and Saturdays, Gloria Lynne, a gusty singer, is also part of the scheme; Mondays, the place is occupied by one Latin band or another, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse by virtue of its singers. Glenn Yarbrough, once of the Limeliters, is the most celebrated of the current lot. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Great God Pandemonium reigns here. His levees begin as early as three in the afternoon (sock-and-boil music) and run on into the night (shock troops headed by Gene Krupa and Red Allen check in at eight-thirty). Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rotation-of-crops scheme that has always been in practice here removes the quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer, creators of abstrusions, on Thursday, March 4, and reinstalls the fivesome of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, indulgers in amusing counterpoint, the next evening. Every Sunday, whoever is incumbent does a four-to-seven afternoon run-through. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Coleman Hawkins, a perfect example of how to be indestructible, is blowing many a hard and handsome blow for his quartet. Mondays, another group of players gets the use of the hall. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The color that Mary Lou Williams, a pride and joy in the art of playing any sort of piano, flies these nights is the pink of perfection. Two sidemen do their best to keep up with her. John Bunch, the intermission pianist, also leans toward self-expression. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists—or the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves—eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa María, so venerable are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): At long last, the for-old-times'-sake band, which includes Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Morey Feld, and Herb Gardner, is again headed by Himself—that is, Mr. C. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): There is music just Fridays and Saturdays now, and the Finger Lakes Five bakes it in the good old-fashioned way. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and no one at the tables or on the dance floor, it would seem, is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week. Sundays are hard days: Dixieland from four to nine, then rant-and-rave sound on into the night.



## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**JEAN ARP**—Sculptures, reliefs, collages, and drawings; through Saturday, March 13. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JULIUS BISSIER**—Abstract paintings by this contemporary German artist; through Saturday, March 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**JOSEPH CORNELL AND WILLEM DE KOONING**—Constructions by the former and paintings by the latter; through March 18. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

**GENE DAVIS**—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

**ADOLF DEHN**—Italy, Kashmir, Colorado, and Pennsylvania are the subjects of these new watercolors; through Saturday, March 6. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

**JEAN DUBUFFET**—Oils, gouaches, assemblages, and drawings; through Saturday, March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**MORRIS HIRSHFIELD** (1872-1946)—Primitive paintings; through April 3. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

**HANS HOFMANN**—Paintings done in 1964 by the eighty-five-year-old dean of Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, March 6. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY** (1864-1941)—A retrospective of paintings by one of the early Expressionists; through April 3. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**R. B. KITAJ**—Paintings, drawings, collages, and prints by one of England's younger artists; through Saturday, March 6. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

**JOSEPH KONZAL**—Abstract sculptures, in steel

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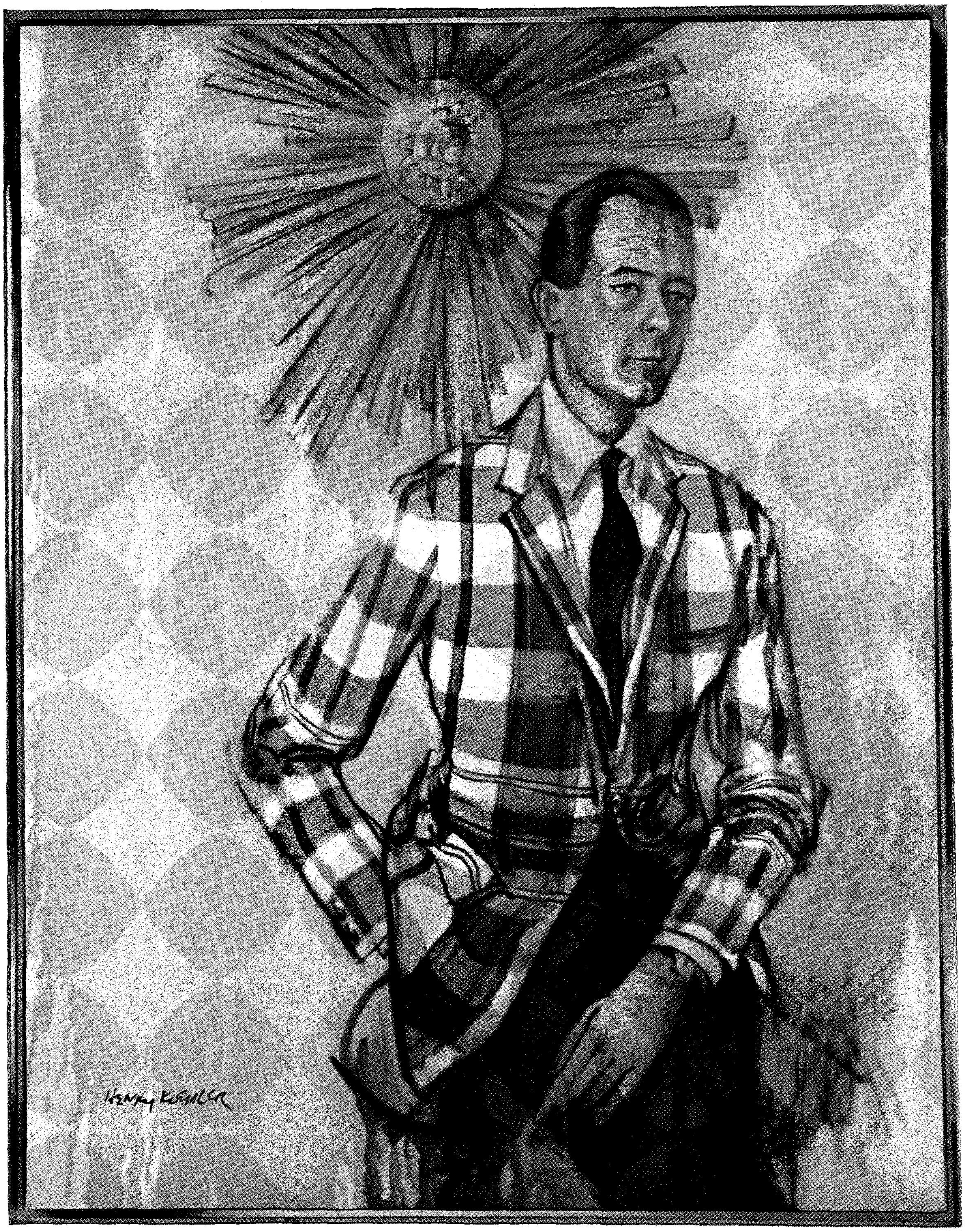

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and iron; through March 20. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

**James Lechay**—Street scenes and cathedral interiors of Paris; through Saturday, March 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Doris Lee**—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 13. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Richard Lindner**—Drawings; through Saturday, March 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**Stanton Macdonald-Wright**—Paintings by an early American modernist; through Saturday, March 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Marin**—Paintings (seascapes) of the thirties; through April 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

**Reginald Neal**—Optical paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Picasso**—Oils, lithographs, drawings, and watercolors; through Saturday, March 13. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Larry Poons**—Paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Green, 15 W. 57th St.)

**Fairfield Porter**—Interiors, landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and figures; through Saturday, March 6. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

**Ad Reinhardt**—Black paintings; through March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Red paintings; through March 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Edward Renouf**—Abstract metal sculptures; through Friday, March 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

**Egon Schiele**—An exhibition of watercolors and drawings that is running simultaneously with the showing of his works at the Guggenheim Museum; through April 17. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Katherine Schmidt**—Paintings and drawings of leaves; through March 27. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

**Gertrude Shibley**—Paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

**Moses Soyer**—Portraits, including many of artist friends; through Saturday, March 13. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

**Dorothea Tanning**—Paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

**Stanley Twardowicz**—Abstractions; through March 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Neil Welliver**—Figure paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

**Stanford White**—Watercolors of the Hudson Valley; through March 27. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

**Milton Wright**—Landscapes, cityscapes, and still-lifes; through March 20. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Sculptures**—Max Bill, Constantin Brancusi, and Masayuki Nagare are three of the artists represented in a showing of pieces in stone and crystal; through March 20. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Americans; Group Show**—Drawings by William Brice and paintings by Carroll Cloar, Nathan Oliveira, and Reuben Tam; through Saturday, March 6. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave. at 66th St.)

**Americans and Europeans; Group Shows**—At the **Jackson**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Figuration," a show of paintings in which the image predominates, with examples by Karel Appel, Lester Johnson, Michael Goldberg, and others; through Saturday, March 6. . . . **Perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Walker**, 117 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as George Bellows, Winslow Homer, and Eugène Boudin; through Saturday, March 13.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred ancient sculptures from India, lent by twenty-two Indian museums and ranging from miniature terra cottas to monumental stone reliefs; through March 21. (Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.) . . . ¶ Rare illustrated books (fifteenth century to the present) are now on view in the newly completed Thomas J. Watson Library, and European drawings (della Quercia to Picasso) are on the balcony of the Blumenthal Patio, the principal entrance to the Library. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Responsive Eye," an exhibition of optical paintings and constructions by artists from eighteen countries; through April 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-eight twentieth-century European and American paintings (by, for instance, Hassam, Beckmann, Wyeth, and Hofmann) from the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation Collection; through April 5. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jewelled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Finch College Museum of Art**, 62 E. 78th St.—"Still Life Painters, Aertzen to Braque," a loan exhibit covering four hundred years; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—"Contemporaries #1," a showing of paintings by twenty-six living American artists, among them Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Reginald Pollack; through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through April 18. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of the Abstract Expressionist paintings of William Baziotes; through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the showing of the Schiele works is his exhibition at the Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of hard-edge abstractions by Kenneth Noland; through Sunday, March 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—"Fables from Aesop to Thurber," illustrated books and manuscripts; through Thursday, March 11. . . . ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

**Museum of Early American Folk Arts**, 49 W. 53rd St.—Rubbings from early New England gravestones, plus a contrasting exhibit of modern roadside signs; through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of Primitive Art**, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central Mexico," an exhibition of archaic ceramic figures, effigy forms, bowls, bottles, and other objects; through May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fortieth annual exhibition, consisting of oils, sculptures, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings and other works by Ivan Albright; through March 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metro-

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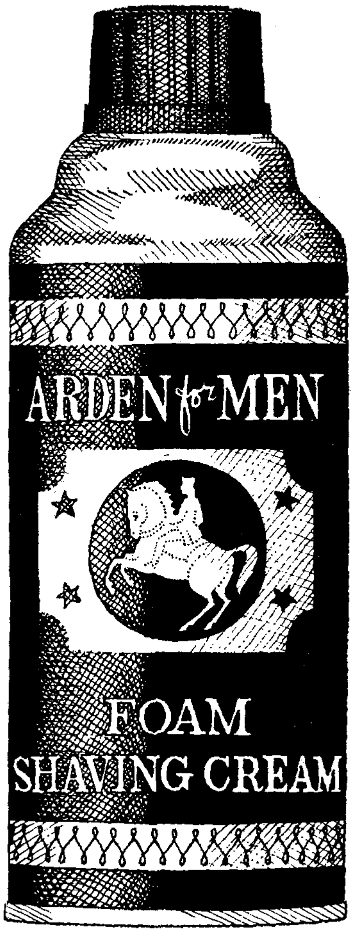

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

politan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

## OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Thursday, March 4, at 8: "Salome," with Maria Kouba, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and George Shirley.... ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 1:30: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, George London, and David Ward.... ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 8: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, Norman Scott, Lawrence Davidson, and Paul Franke. ... ¶ Monday, March 8, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Lucine Amara, Helen Vanni, Laurel Hurley, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, and Morley Meredith. ... ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, George London, and David Ward.... ¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 8: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Helga Pilarczyk, Janis Martin, William Dooley, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, and Lorenzo Alvary.... ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Charles Anthony.... ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Gladys Kriese, Jon Vickers, George London, Ernst Wiemann, and George Shirley.... ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and George Shirley. ... ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Vanessa," with Mary Costa, Rosalind Elias, Blanche Thebom, John Alexander, and Giorgio Tozzi.

**NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY**—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 4—Thursday, March 4, at 7:45: The New York première of Dmitri Shostakovich's "Katerina Ismailova," in English. (A benefit performance.)... ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8:15, and Saturday, March 6, at 2:30 and 8:15: "Porgy and Bess."... ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 2:30: "The Ballad of Baby Doe."... ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 8:15: "Katerina Ismailova," in English.... ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: The company's première of Kurt Weill's "Die Dreigroschenoper."... ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream."... ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2:30 and 8:15: "Porgy and Bess." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

**MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC OPERA THEATRE**—Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio," produced by John Brownlee, conducted by Richard Kapp, and staged by Carlton Gauld. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, at 8. For information about free tickets, call EN 9-2202.)

## ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Philharmonic Hall—Josef Krips directing a Bruckner-Wagner program on Thursday, March 4, at 8:30; Friday, March 5, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 7, at 3 (all with Maria Stader, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Collegiate Chorale).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 6, at 8:30 (no soloists).... ¶ Elyakum Shapira conducting on Thursday, March 11, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 14, at 3 (both with Yara Bernette, piano).... ¶ George Cleve conducting on Saturday, March 13, at 8:30 (with Jorge Bolet, piano).

**HOUSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Sir John Barbirolli conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

**MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA**—Frederic Waldman conducting a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Judith Raskin, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Chester Watson, bass; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

**COMPOSERS OF ISRAEL**—Charles Munch and Julius Rudel directing members of the American Symphony Orchestra in a Composers' Showcase program, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano; Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Jan Peerce, tenor; Eugene Istomin, piano; Oedoen Partos, composer-violist; Josef Tal, composer-pianist; and the Masterwork Chorus. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

**FORDHAM UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB**—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:40.)

**NETHERLANDS CHAMBER CHOIR**—Felix de Nobel directing. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

**DON COSSACK CHORUS AND DANCERS**—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.)

**AMOR ARTIS CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA**—Johannes Somary directing a Bach-Albrecht program, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Kenneth Smith, bass-baritone; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

## RECITALS

**VÉGH QUARTET**—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 4, at 8.)

**MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI**—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Beethoven recitals. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 4, at 8:30.)

**ABBEY SIMON**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

**CHRISTA LUDWIG AND WALTER BERRY**—Mezzo-soprano and baritone, in a lieder program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

**MUSIC OF THE ENGLISH BAROQUE**—"Odes for City and Court," performed by members of the Gotham Baroque Ensemble and the Ars Nova Orchestra, conducted by Robert Mandell; the Riverside Singers; and John Ferrante, countertenor. The last in a series of programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

**ROSALYN TURECK**—Piano, in the first two in a series of three all-Bach programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30, playing the Goldberg Variations; no latecomers will be admitted.)

**JAN DEGAETANI**—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 8, at 8:30.)

**EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC**—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Sapp, Babbitt, Pousseur, Ligeti, and Bussotti. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 9, at 8:30.)

**DELIA CALAPAI**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

**ROLF BJÖRLING**—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 11, at 8:40.)

**SIDNEY HARTH**—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

**THE CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM**—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

**BEAUX ARTS TRIO**—Chamber music. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, March 12, at 8:40.)

**JACOB LATEINER**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

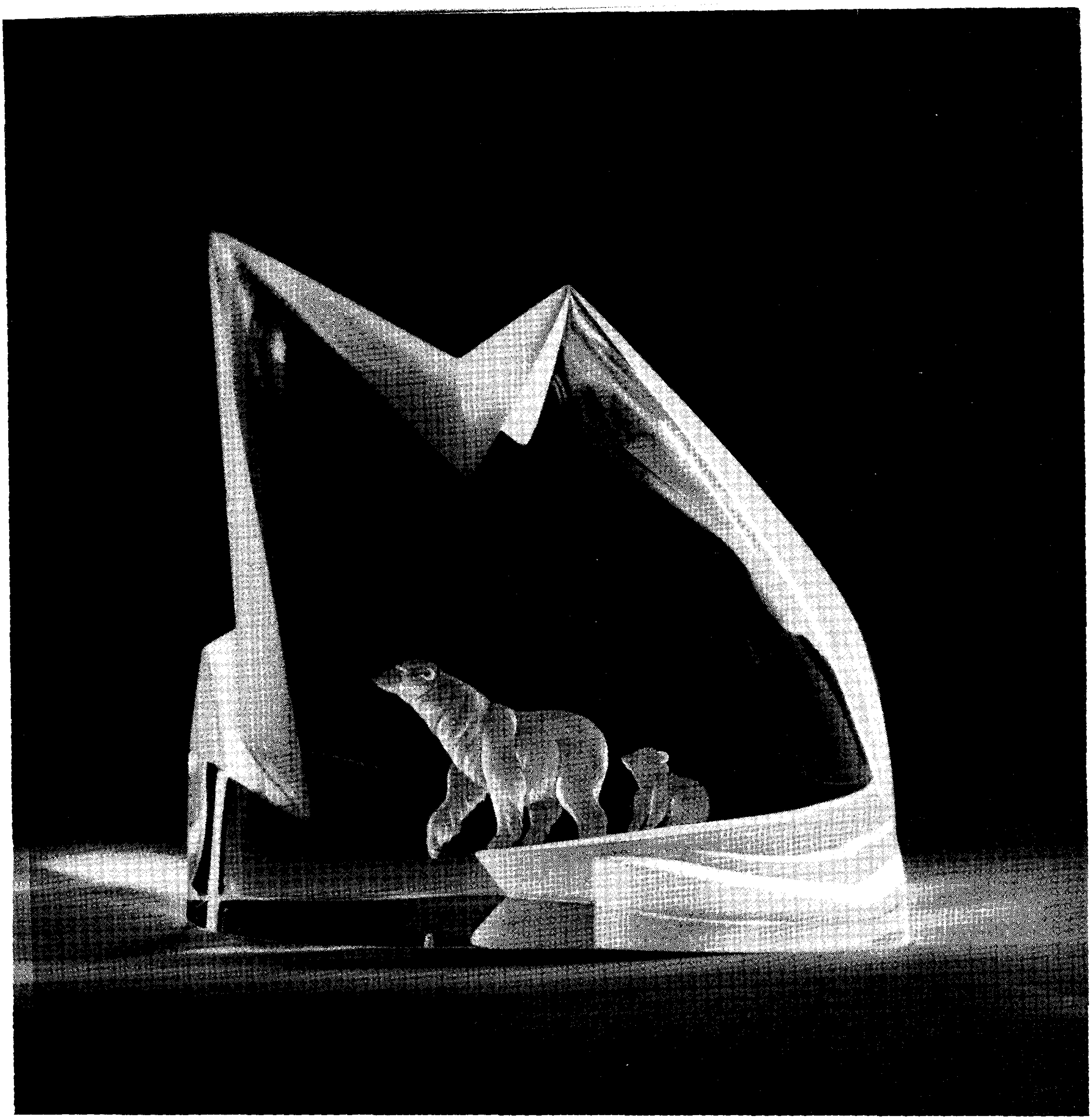
**ISAAC STERN**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

**RICHARD GOODE**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

**ODETTA**—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**CORNELL WEEK IN NEW YORK**—Wednesday, March 10, at 8:15: Karel Husa directing the Cornell University Chorus and Glee Club and the Cornell Symphony Orchestra in a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with



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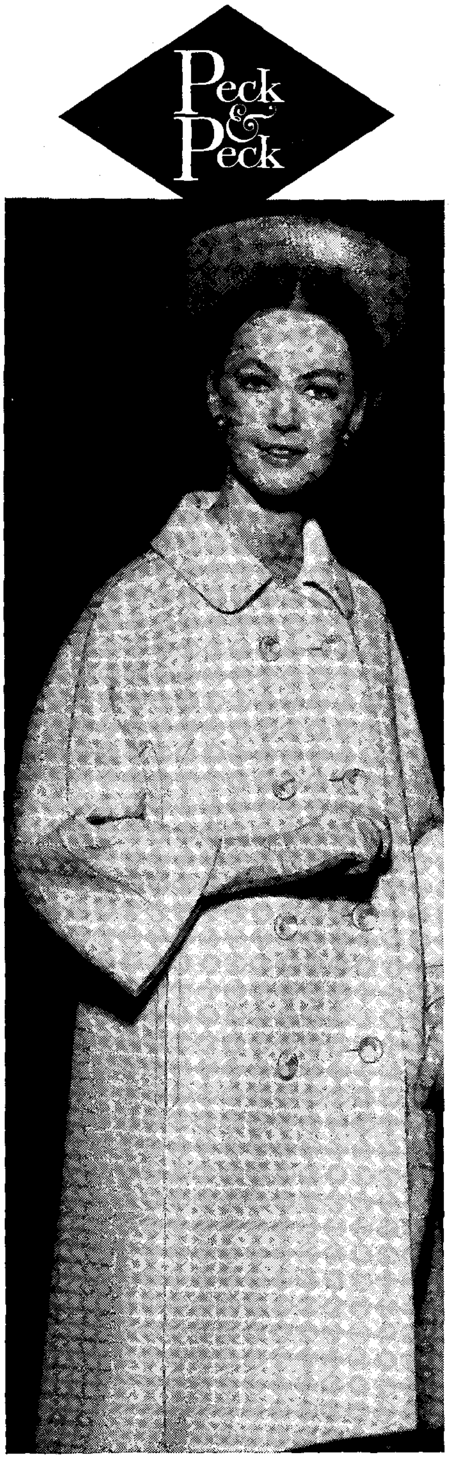

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Barbara Troxell, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Norman Farrow, baritone; David Montagu, violin; and James Bossert, organ. . . . Thursday, March 11, at 8:15: William Campbell and Gunther Schuller conducting the Cornell University Concert Band and the New York Brass Quintet, with John Swallow, trombone. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.) . . . ¶ George Cleve conducting the New York Philharmonic, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

**Benefit Concert**—José Serebrier directing the Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, with Giorgio Tozzi, bass, and Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 7.)

**Jazz Concert**—Cecil Taylor. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 5:30.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 5, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Philadelphia.

**Boxing**—Dick Tiger vs. Juan (Rocky) Rivero, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 12. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

**Hockey**—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 7, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

**Indoor Polo**—Saturday, March 6: Three games. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13: The final match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and two non-tournament matches. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 7:30.)

**Racing**—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 13. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 6, and the Governor's Gold Cup, Saturday, March 13.

**Skating**—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, at 7 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 12-13, at 5:30: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 10 A.M.: Dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

**Track Meet**—I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 6, at 6:30.)

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, May 12.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Concert**—Siegfried Landau conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonia in the final children's concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 6, at 2:30.)

**Stage Shows**—**COME ALONG WITH MARA:** "Land of the Playful Dragon." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 13, at 2:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARTINIQUE THEATRE:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **MAYFAIR THEATRE:** "The Impossible Princess," Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "The Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, at 3. (235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180.) . . . **MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS:** "The Emperor's Nightingale" and "Holiday in Israel." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, March 7, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Babu and the Magic Mango Leaf." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "The Brave Little Tailor." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, March 6, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted. . . . ¶ Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, March 13, at 2:30.)

**Junior Museum**, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Hayden Planetarium**, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "Six Minutes to Mars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

**Note**—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Nehru Memorial Exhibition**—A display, as gratifying to the mind as it is to the eye, of family letters and souvenirs, excerpts from state papers and speeches, snapshots, and more formal and most impressive photographs. Together, these record the life of the late Prime Minister and, by no coincidence whatever, the progress of India in the twentieth century and its emergence as an independent country. Through Thursday, March 11. (Union Carbide Building, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St. Daily, 9 to 7.)

**National Antiques Show**—Among this year's exhibits are a collection of medieval jewelled swords, Civil War memorabilia, animal sculptures, a gypsy wagon, and an 1880 penny arcade. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 4, from 1 to 11.)

**Coliseum**, Columbus Circle—**COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR:** A collection of American, European, and Oriental furniture; glassware; paintings; silver; china; and countless other items, exhibited by a hundred and fifty dealers. (Saturday, March 6, through Sunday, March 14. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 2 to 7.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW:** The forty-eighth annual do. Among the many exhibits will be a miniature rose garden, with small-scale statues and fences; a tropical garden, with hundreds of orchids; and a formal Dutch garden, with over three thousand tulips. (Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, from 2 to 10; Monday through Saturday, March 8-13, from 10 to 10; and Sunday, March 14, from 1 to 7.)

**Auctions**—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 6, at 1:45: English furniture, Georgian and other silver, decorative paintings, table porcelains and glass, and Oriental and other rugs; the property of Mrs. Lottie Zork and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 1:45: Books on angling; a selection of Western Americana; and American autographs, including several letters of President John F. Kennedy; from the collection of Mrs. Henry A. Portong and from other sources.

## COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

**Professional Basketball**—At Madison Square Garden: March 14, 17, and 20.

**Boxing**—At Madison Square Garden—Golden Gloves Eastern Championships, March 22. . . . ¶ Willie Pastrano vs. José Torres, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship, and Emile Griffith vs. José Stable, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship; March 30.

**Golf**—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 8-11.)

**Hockey**—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 14, 19, 21 and 28. . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start April 1.

**Horse Show**—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Spring Horse Show. (Darien. April 3.)

**Hunt Racing**—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 3.). . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 10.). . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 10.)

**Racing**—At AQUEDUCT: March 15-July 31. . . . LAUREL, Md.: March 15-April 17. . . . AINTREE, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 27.

**Trapshooting**—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. April 3-4.)

**Music**—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 17. . . . PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, March 19 and 26. . . . ¶ Concert Opera Association, March 22. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 23. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 31 and April 2. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, March 14. . . . ¶ Sylvia Zaremba, piano, March 15. . . . ¶ Baltimore Symphony, March 19. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 21-22 and April 4-5. . . . ¶ Orchestra of America, March 21. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, March 23. . . . ¶ Philippe Entremont, piano, March 26. . . . ¶ Kurt Weill Evening, March 27. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 30 and April 6. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, April 2. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 3. . . . ¶ Prague Chamber Orchestra, April 4. . . . ¶ Hague Philharmonic, April 8. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, April 9. . . . ¶ Giulietta Simionato, mezzo-soprano, April 10. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Vienna Choir Boys, March 19-21. . . . ¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, March 21. . . . ¶ Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, March 27. . . . ¶ Helvetia Maennerchor, April 3. . . . ¶ Municipal Concerts Orchestra, April 6. . . . ¶ Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya, guitarists, April 9. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 20-21. . . . ¶ Beri Senofsky, violin, March 26. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, March 27. . . . ¶ Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano, April 9. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (RE 7-8490): Régine Crespin, soprano, March 20. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players, March 22. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, March 27. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, April 10.

**Ballet**—At the New York State Theater, Lincoln Center—American Ballet Theatre, March 16-April 11. . . . ¶ San Francisco Ballet, April 13-18.

**Theatre**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A musical, "Do I Hear a Waltz?," with music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and a book by Arthur Laurents, based on his play "The Time of the Cuckoo." Elizabeth Allen and Sergio Franchi head the cast. . . . ¶ A limited engagement of "Maurice Chevalier at 77," a solo show of songs and monologues. . . . ¶ "The Roar of the Greasepaint—The Smell of the Crowd," a musical by Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse, starring Mr. Newley and Cyril Ritchard. . . . ¶ John Payne, Nan Martin, and Lesley Ann Warren in a three-character comedy, "A Sign of Affection," by Carolyn Green.

**Other Dates**—St. Patrick's Day is Wednesday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 1-May 9. . . . ¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 3-11. . . . ¶ Federal and New York State income-tax returns for 1964 and estimates for 1965 are due Thursday, April 15.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

**Banana Peel**—Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe have a wonderful time acting and watching each other act in a fast-moving French melodrama. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

**Girl with Green Eyes**—A sad and funny tale of love and the pain of growing up, with Rita Tushingham as the heroine and Dublin as the setting. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through March 9, tentative. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting March 9. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 10, tentative.)

**Goldfinger**—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

**Good Neighbor Sam**—An omnibus of gags—verbal and visual, good and bad. The impeccable and very funny Jack Lemmon is a participant in most of them. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 9.)

**The Greatest Story Ever Told**—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama, with a Grand Hotel cast. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

**Guns at Batasi**—A rambunctious sergeant major in a British outpost somewhere in Africa tactlessly launches a one-man war against a foe that his superiors are anxious not to offend. Beautifully acted by Richard Attenborough. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 9. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting March 10, tentative.)

**A Hard Day's Night**—Why the Beatles are a benign infection, perhaps incurable. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 5-7. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting March 10.)

**How to Murder Your Wife**—Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff in an outrageous assault on matrimony, which will survive. Screenplay by George Axelrod, direction by Richard Quine. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

**Mary Poppins**—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

**My Fair Lady**—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Nothing but a Man**—A young Negro's struggle to find a place for himself in the American South, perhaps at the cost of his life. The picture, which stars Ivan Dixon, was made by Michael Roemer and Robert Young. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

**One Potato, Two Potato**—This movie, about the courtship and marriage of a young Negro and a white divorcée with a child, is almost spoiled by a weak, sentimental script, but it has its appealing moments all the same. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 5-8.)

**The Organizer**—An extraordinary re-creation of a struggle for social justice in nineteenth-century Italy. Marcello Mastroianni is the star, and the director is Mario Monicelli. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting March 8.)

**The Pumpkin Eater**—Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith, and James Mason in a fascinating study of a woman who has everything and, it appears, nothing. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through March 9.)

BOX OFFICE
Neuwirth

**Séance on a Wet Afternoon**—A wonderfully well-acted melodrama, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough as a half-mad medium and her timorous husband. The scene is in and around London. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

**The Servant**—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 4.)

**36 Hours**—An ingenious thriller about a desperate moment in the Second World War. James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor are all plausible in highly implausible roles. The director, George Seaton, also wrote the screenplay. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting March 10.)

**The Umbrellas of Cherbourg**—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

**World Without Sun**—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

**Zorba the Greek**—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

### REVIVALS

**Alexander Nevsky** (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 5-8.)

**All About Eve** (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 4.)

**An American in Paris** (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 4.)

**L'Avventura** (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 8.)

**Beat the Devil** (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting March 9.)

**Cleopatra** (1963)—Life on the Euphrates, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 10.)

**Compulsion** (1959)—Dean Stockwell, Bradford Dillman, and Orson Welles have joined forces in representing, respectively, a pair of killers and a defense attorney in this reenactment of the Loeb-Leopold case. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 9-10.)

**David and Lisa** (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through March 7.)

**High and Low** (1963)—A Japanese suspense film based on an American novel about a kidnapping. Directed by Akira Kurosawa and starring Toshiro Mifune. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through March 7.)

**I Am a Camera** (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 4.)

**The Lavender Hill Mob** (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 9.)

**M** (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 9-10.)

**The Manchurian Candidate** (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 9.)

**Monkey Business** (1931)—The Marx Brothers, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 6-8, last showing on March 8 at 3:45.)

**Potemkin** (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical soundtrack. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 5-8.)

**The Sound of Trumpets** (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 9.)

**Tight Little Island** (1949)—An English comedy centering on some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 9.)

**Tom Jones** (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 10.)

**The Troublemaker** (1964)—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 9.)

**The World of Henry Orient** (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 5-7. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting March 10.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Two programs in a series called "The Horror Film"—Through March 6: "The Bride of Frankenstein" (1935), with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ March 7-10: "Son of Frankenstein" (1939), with Boris Karloff. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

# THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

## THE BROADWAY AREA

**Astor,** B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Love Goddesses," an anthology of the steamy tidbits performed by Theda Bara, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Carroll Baker, and such.

**Capitol,** B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
**MY FAIR LADY.**

**DeMille,** 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
**GOLDFINGER.**

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through March 9: "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From March 10: **36 HOURS.**

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through March 5: Theatre closed.
From March 6: "Dear Heart," Glenn Ford, Geraldine Page.

**New Embassy,** B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
**NOTHING BUT A MAN.**

**Palace,** B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through March 9: "None but the Brave," Frank Sinatra, Clint Walker; and "Escape by Night," Terence Longdon.
From March 10: "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Carry On Spying," Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins.

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**State,** B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

**Toho Cinema,** 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Onibaba" (in Japanese).

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
**HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**

**Warner Cinerama,** B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
**THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.**

## EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 9: **GUNS AT BATASI**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From March 10: To be announced.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian); and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 9: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.
From March 10: **CLEOPATRA,** revival.

**Kips Bay,** 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 9 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From March 10 (tentative): **GUNS AT BATASI**; and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
**NOTHING BUT A MAN.**

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through March 7: **DAVID AND LISA,** revival; and **HIGH AND LOW** (in Japanese), revival.
From March 8: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian); and "The Amorous General" (formerly called "Waltz of the Toreadors"), revival, Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

**Trans-Lux 52nd St.,** Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through March 9: "Love Has Many Faces," Lana Turner, Cliff Robertson.
From March 10: **36 HOURS.**

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
**ZORBA THE GREEK.**

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
**GOLDFINGER.**

**R.K.O. 58th St.,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 9: "None but the Brave," Frank Sinatra, Clint Walker; and "Escape by Night," Terence Longdon.
From March 10: "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Carry On Spying," Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins.

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
**SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.**

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"One Way Pendulum," Eric Sykes.

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"The Love Goddesses," an anthology of the steamy tidbits performed by Theda Bara, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Carroll Baker, and such.

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
**HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.**

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
**WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

**York Cinema,** 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
March 4: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS,** revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
March 5-7: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT,** revival.
March 8: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
From March 9: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 9: "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From March 10: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT,** revival.

**Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

**72nd St. Playhouse,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 9 (tentative): "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "Lili," revival, Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
From March 10 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

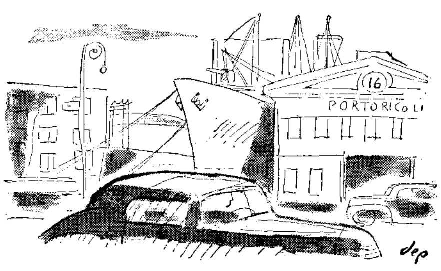
**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 9: "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From March 10: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "Over There 1914-1918," a documentary on the First World War.

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 9: "None but the Brave," Frank Sinatra, Clint Walker; and "Escape by Night," Terence Longdon.
From March 10: "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Carry On Spying," Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins.

**Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.

## WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 4: **ALL ABOUT EVE,** revival; and **I AM A CAMERA,** revival.
March 5-8: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
From March 9: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revival.



**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 9: **CLEOPATRA,** revival.
From March 10: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 9: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From March 10: To be announced.

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 9: **GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM**; and **THE PUMPKIN EATER.**
From March 10: To be announced.

**Sheridan,** 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 9: "Love Has Many Faces," Lana Turner, Cliff Robertson; and "Torpedo Bay," James Mason, Lilli Palmer.
From March 10: "Dear Brigitte," James Stewart, Fabian; and "War Party," Michael Mikler.

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 9: **THE TROUBLEMAKER,** revival; and **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival.
From March 10: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "Over There 1914-1918," a documentary on the First World War.

**23 Cinema,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 8: "None but the Brave," Frank Sinatra, Clint Walker; and "Escape by Night," Terence Longdon.
March 9: "Naughty Marietta," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; and "The Great Waltz," revival, Luise Rainer.
From March 10: "Strange Bedfellows," Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Carry On Spying," Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
**A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

**55th St. Playhouse,** 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 10 (tentative): "The Lady General" (with Mandarin dialogue).

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

**Cinema Rendezvous,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
**MARY POPPINS.**

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
**THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French).

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Overcoat" (in Russian).

**Lincoln Art,** 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Guide," Dev Amand.

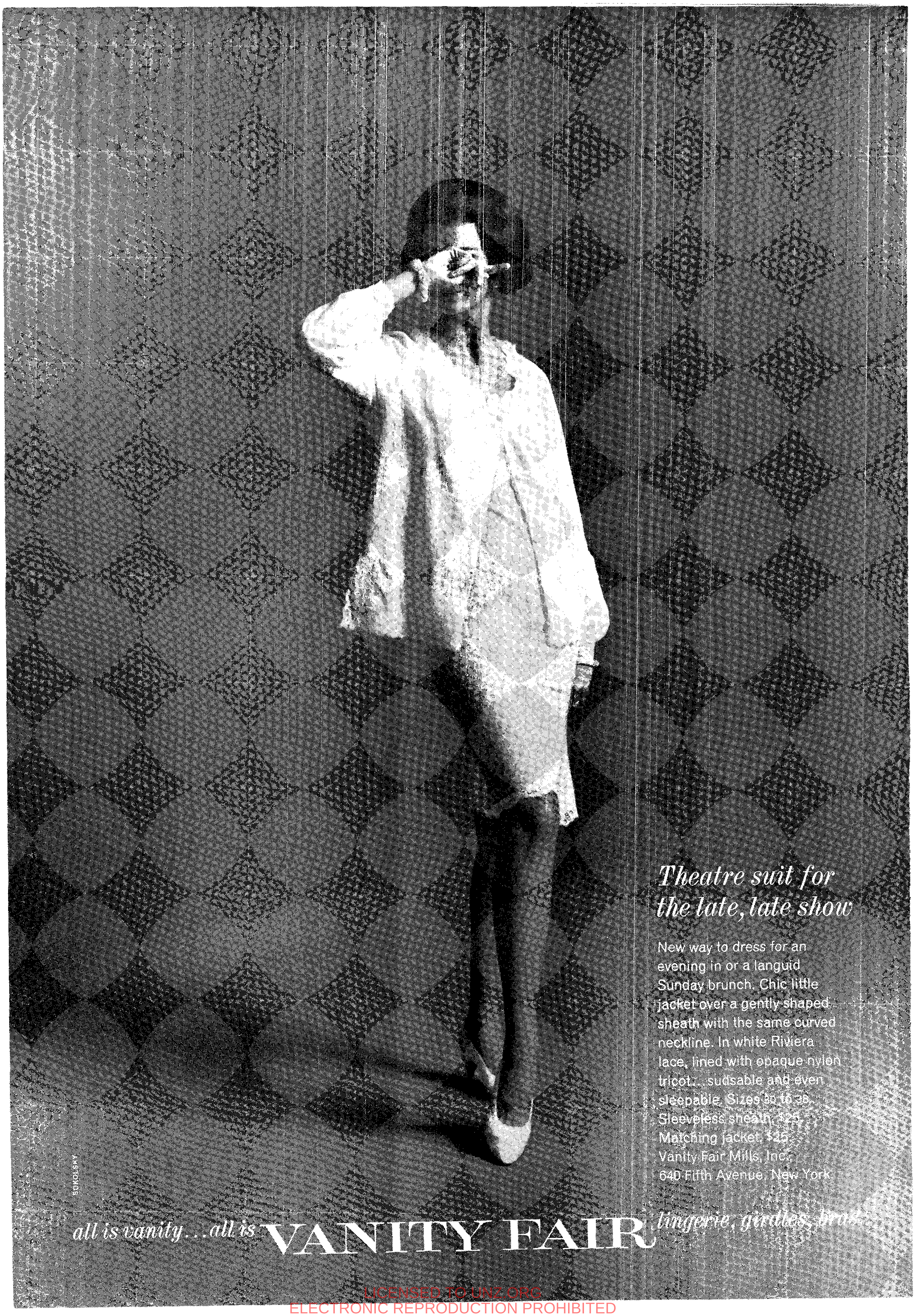
**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
**BANANA PEEL** (in French).

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 5: "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker; and "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.
March 6-8 (last showing on March 8 at 2:33): **MONKEY BUSINESS,** revival; and "International House," revival, W. C. Fields.
March 8, at 6, 8, and 10: "Metropolis" (silent).
March 9-10: **COMPULSION,** revival; and **M** (in German), revival.

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 9: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival; and "The Fall of the Roman Empire," revival, Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd.
From March 10: **TOM JONES,** revival; and "Nothing but the Best," Alan Bates, Denholm Elliott.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 4: **THE SERVANT**; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
March 5-8: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Any Number Can Win" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.
From March 9: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB,** revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND,** revival.

**Midtown,** B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 9: **THE TROUBLEMAKER,** revival; and **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival.
From March 10: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "Over There 1914-1918," a documentary on the First World War.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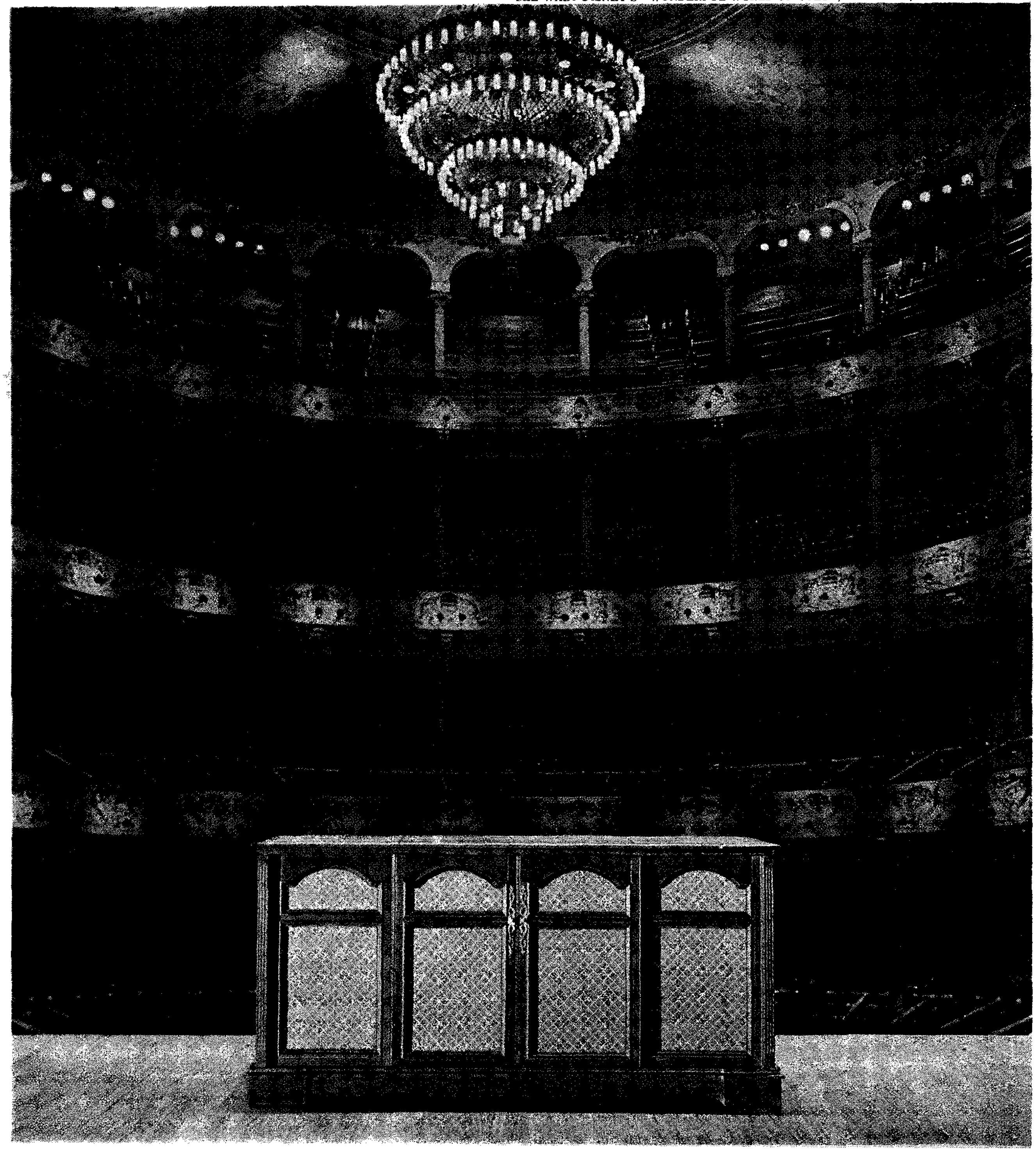

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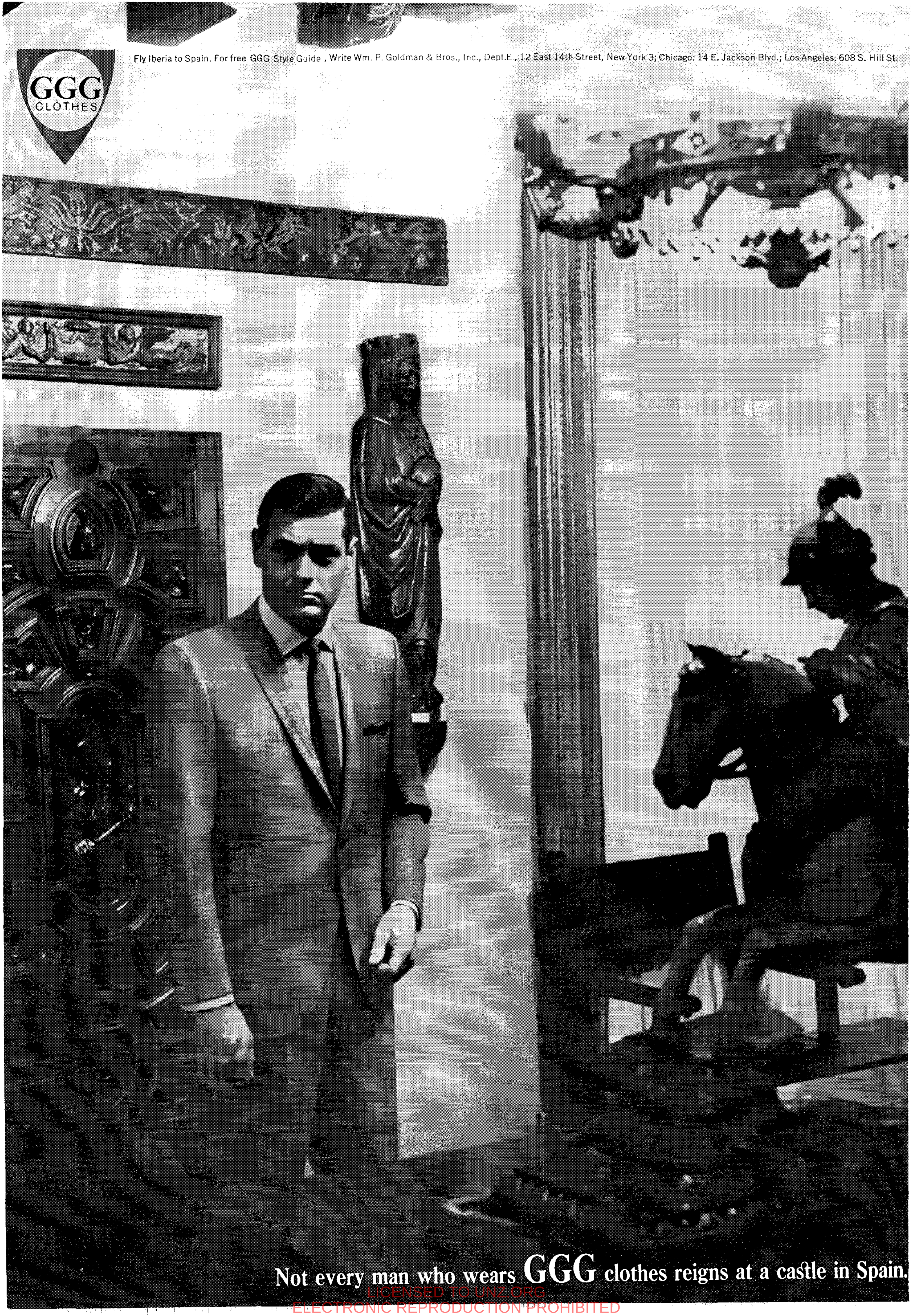

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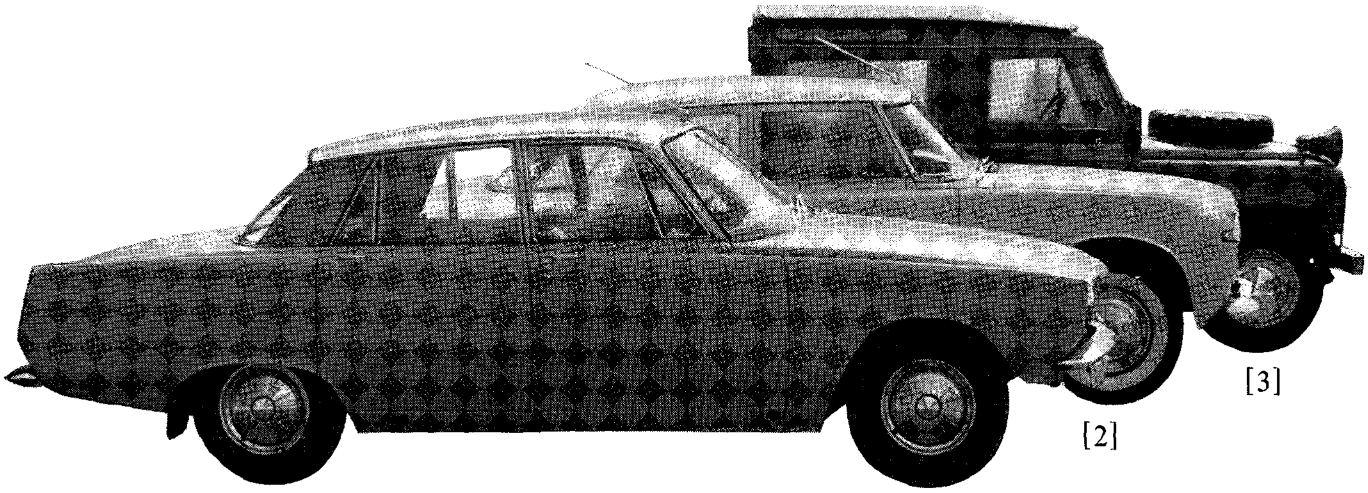

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You can pick up one of these either at the factory in England or in 160-odd other countries. (And take it home afterwards, as a souvenir of your trip.) For further information about the cars or the Rover Overseas Delivery Plan, please write to us at the address of your choice.

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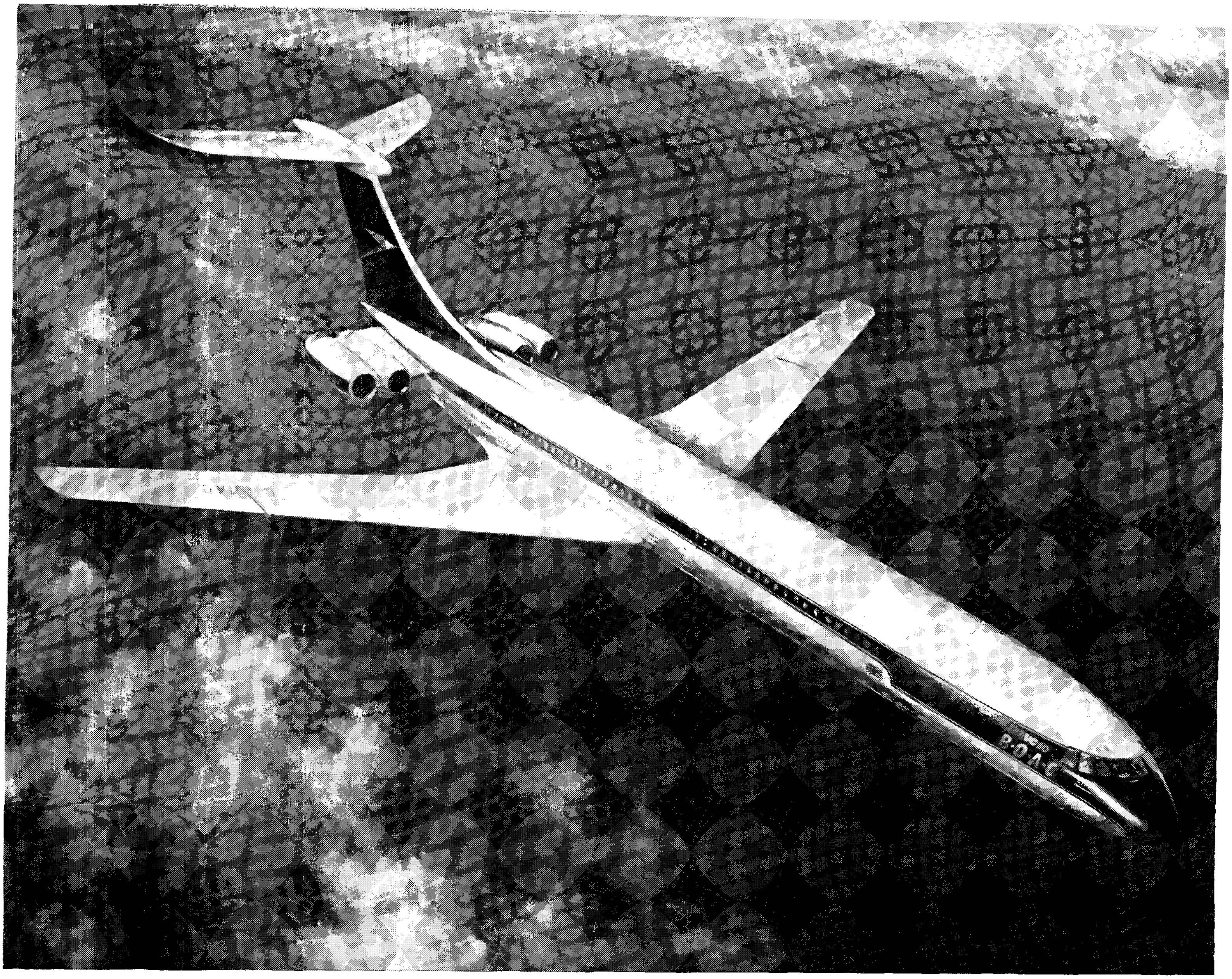

# On April 1st, BOAC moves six years ahead of any other airline. The BOAC Super VC 10 takes off for London.

## Triumphantly swift, silent, serene.

Up to now, all transatlantic jets have had their engines on the wings. Now comes the first really big "second generation" transatlantic jet. It's totally different from any big jet now flying. The jets are in the tail. This way the wings are left clean, so they lift better. (The BOAC Super VC 10 gets off the ground almost 25% quicker than anything now flying the North Atlantic. And it lands over 20 mph slower.) The jets are bigger. They're grown-up versions of the Rolls-Royce Conway fan jet; by far the world's most reliable engine. (In fact, they're the most powerful airline engines in the world.) And, with the four jets in the rear, the cabin is astonishingly quiet. You can talk without raising your voice. Even the air you breathe is different in BOAC's Super VC 10. It's the first aircraft to be totally air-conditioned. (Never gets stuffy when you're waiting on the ground.) And then there's the new BOAC Super VC 10 seat. For the first time you get plenty of leg room, even in economy class. But don't just take our word for it. Call your Travel Agent and fly the BOAC Super VC 10. On April 1st, the first one leaves from New York for London.

---

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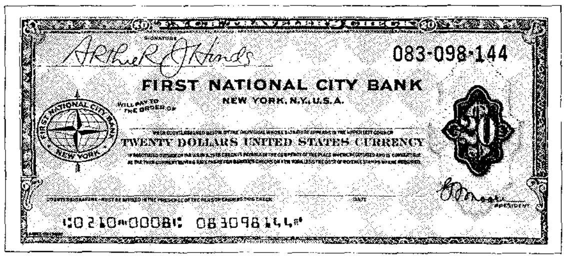
# How can you be sure of "on-the-spot" refunds if your travelers checks are lost or destroyed?



SIGNATURE Arthur R. J. Hinds

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TWENTY DOLLARS UNITED STATES CURRENCY

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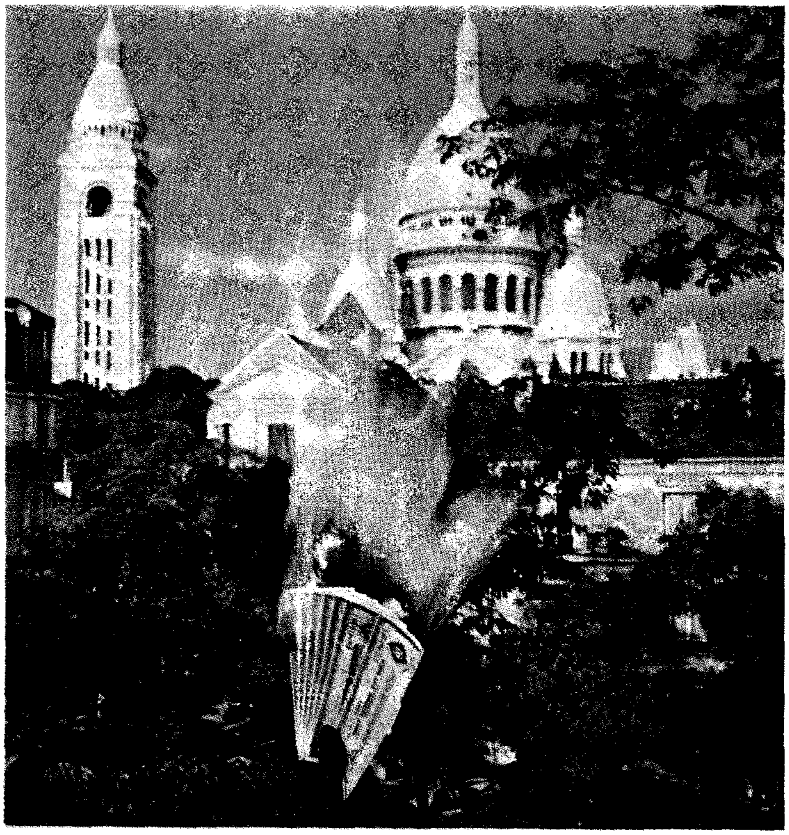
## Simple. Always choose First National City Travelers Checks ...with a global refund system second to none.

Travelers get complete protection for their money with First National City Travelers Checks. As these 'round-the-world tests show, they offer you *ready availability...immediate acceptability ...on-the-spot refundability.* In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 can direct you to the closest of thousands of U.S. refund points. Overseas, there are thousands more refund points...principal hotels can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the leader in world-wide banking, First National City Travelers Checks cost just one cent per dollar. Ask for them by name at your bank.



**Test No. 1—Refundability—in Paris**

To make this test, Miss Sydney M. Roberts of Villanova, Pa. actually burned $200 worth of First National City Travelers Checks. Total loss? Interruption in travel? Not at all. Miss Roberts was directed by her hotel to a nearby Société Générale bank office where she promptly received a full, on-the-spot refund.

**Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Nassau**

Honeymooners Mr. and Mrs. Peter S. Allin of Durham, N. C. enjoyed a round at the picturesque Nassau Golf Club. Green fees? Paid for, as all their travel needs, with a First National City Travelers Check.

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Before leaving Colorado for a Mediterranean trip, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Yost stopped at The Arapahoe County Bank for First National City Travelers Checks. It's a quick and easy transaction at banks everywhere.

## First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money®" wherever you go!

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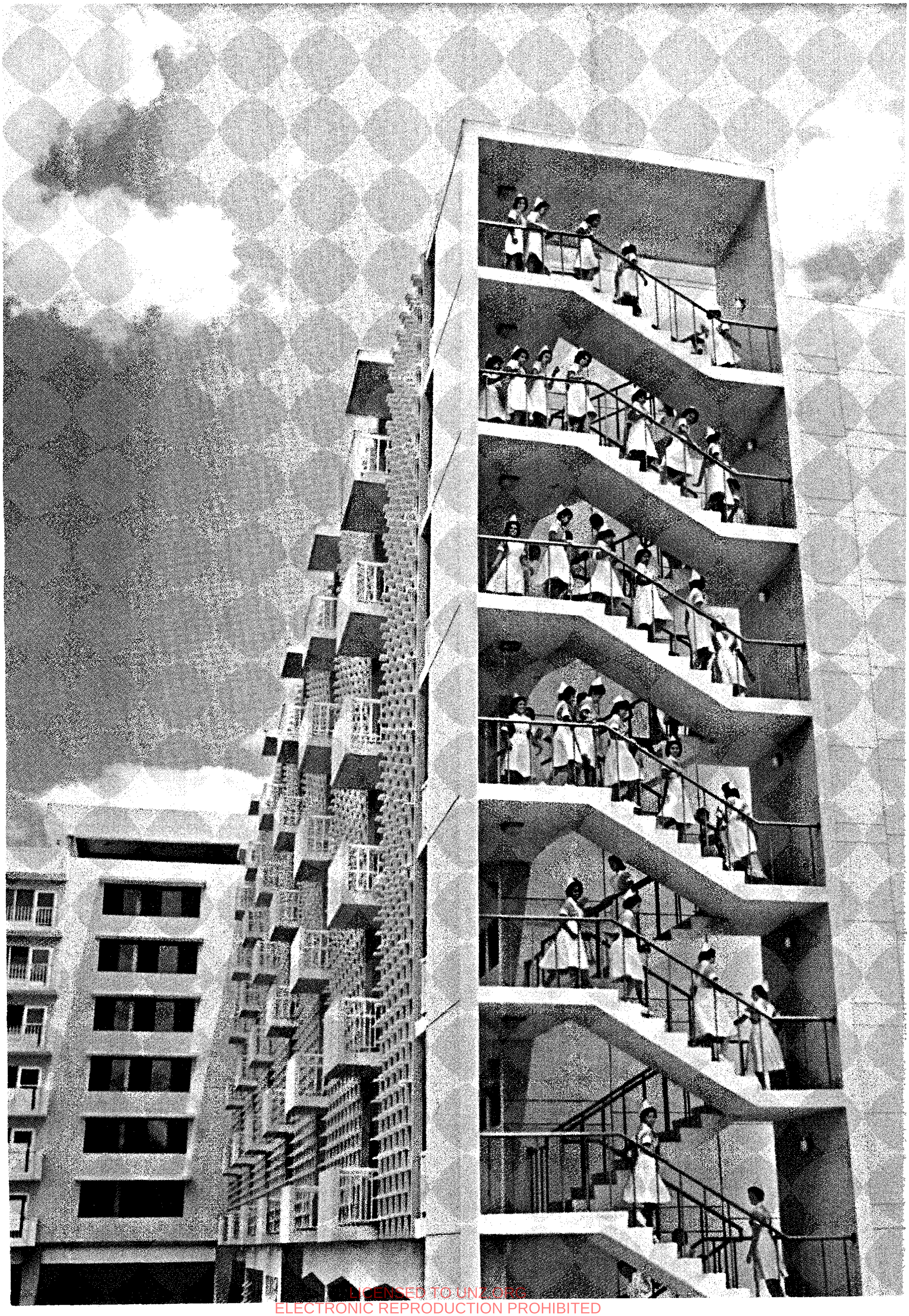


**PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO:**

# Puerto Rico is now one of the healthiest countries on earth

## Projects like this new $62 million medical center have helped raise average life expectancy to *seventy years*

WHEN those spruce young nurses in the picture were born, medical facilities in Puerto Rico were second-rate.

The average Puerto Rican existed on 31 cents a day, and was lucky if he lived to celebrate a 50th birthday.

Today, no other people in the Western Hemisphere have better health care—*or a higher life expectancy*. Incomes have soared, too. Average is now $830 per person per year, highest in Latin America.

### The miracles of "Operation Bootstrap"

In the 1940's, the people of Puerto Rico launched a massive program of self-help, "Operation Bootstrap." Its major objective: to put an end to poverty, the root cause of ill health on the island.

Factories were built, and handsome incentives were offered to attract new industries. Slums were torn down, and fine modern houses went up in their place. As the country began to prosper, hospitals, schools and parks mushroomed throughout the island.

This new medical center is a proud example of the miracles worked under the impetus of "Operation Bootstrap."

### Six hospitals in one

Facilities here are equal to any medical center in the world. On its 227 acres of grounds are three general hospitals, a long-term treatment clinic, a psychiatric hospital, and a nursing home.

Among them, they have more than three thousand beds, and are equipped to handle 16,000 operations and 87,000 emergency cases a year.

There are laboratories for research of every kind; an institute for advanced medical study; a rehabilitation center.

### Nuclear age equipment

One building houses the most sophisticated equipment known today for treatment and diagnosis of cancer. It uses *cobalt energy*—and few other hospitals in the world are known to have it.

### One of the finest medical schools

The Puerto Ricans have reason to be proud of one other feature of the new center: its School of Preventive Medicine and Public Health. This is one of the finest built in any country since the last war.

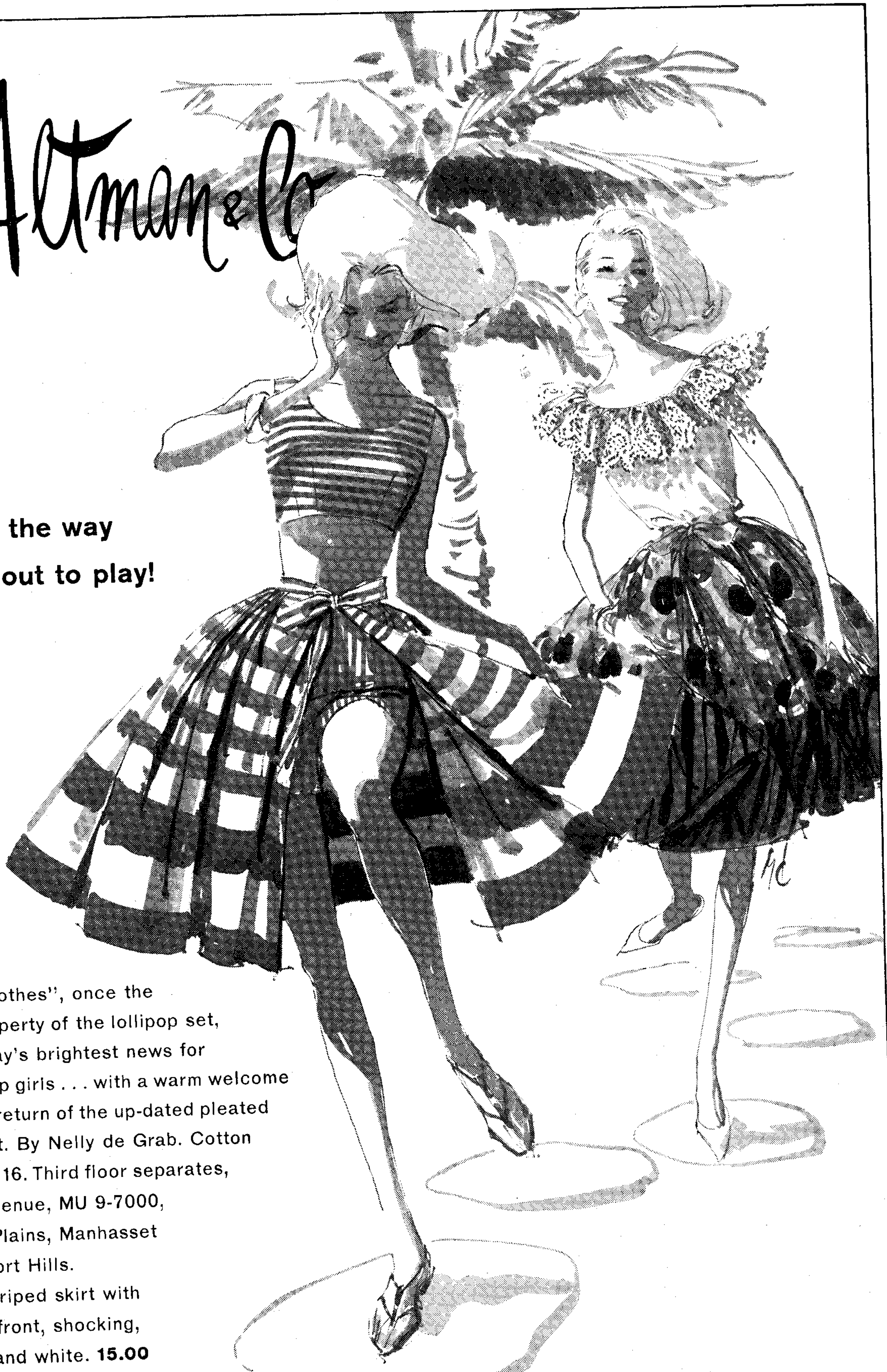
The school is staffed by specialists in almost every field of the profession. It will serve as a training ground for doctors and nurses throughout South America.

Remember when Puerto Rico was called "the poorhouse of the Caribbean"? Things have changed.

*This is one of a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: send for illustrated report on productivity, profits and special incentives. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C6N, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.*

← *The Nurses Dormitory of the new Medical Center of Puerto Rico.*

B Altman & Co



**This is the way**
**we go out to play!**

"Play clothes", once the sole property of the lollipop set, are today's brightest news for grown-up girls . . . with a warm welcome for the return of the up-dated pleated full skirt. By Nelly de Grab. Cotton . . . 8 to 16. Third floor separates, Fifth Avenue, MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

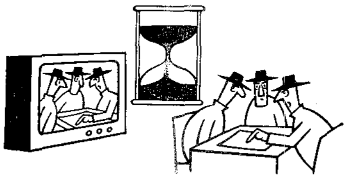
Multi-striped skirt with zipper front, shocking, green and white. **15.00**
Matching shorts, **7.00**
Matching shell, **7.00**
Bright multi-print skirt with zipper front. **23.00**
White peasant blouse, **10.00**

THE
NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

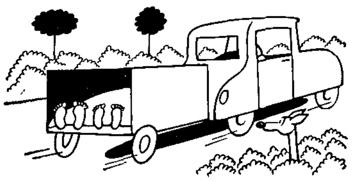
## *Notes and Comment*

THE time lag between the theft of a jewelled dagger from a museum display in the movie "Topkapi" and the theft of the Star of India from the Museum of Natural History was a matter of some six weeks. It sometimes takes a little longer for the reverse kind of process, in which fiction duplicates events of record; fourteen weeks elapsed between the Museum of Natural History theft and an almost identical episode on a television program called "The Rogues." Then, in February, followers of "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." found its story pattern faithfully reproduced in the discovery and defeat of the plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty, the Liberty Bell, and the Washington Monument. But whichever comes first, the fictional caper or the F.B.I. exploit, the time lag is steadily shrinking toward simultaneity. There were long years between the Brink's robbery and the sequel book and movie, and somebody needed a decade to transpose the movie demonstration of criminal genius by Alec Guinness into Britain's Great Mail Train Robbery. However, on November 24, 1963, in a city jail corridor in Dallas, the time gap was closed completely, and a crime was committed in real life and on television simultaneously, in an apocalyptic manner consummately real and consummately fantastic. The pace quickens. Last August, President Johnson was on television announcing a bombardment even as his planes were taking off. The other day, Londoners watched the body of Winston Churchill being carried up the Thames in accordance with a script written by Churchill, and sometimes found themselves able to watch themselves watching, thanks to television screens along their route, and, finally, discovered that they could buy, in bookstalls they passed on their way home, a book-length biography of Churchill that contained a detailed account of his terminal illness. Part of this narrowing of the time gap is the gift of science and technology, but that can hardly be all of it. It seems to be in the intelligence, and the spirit, too, that we are approaching the intersection of fact and fancy, prophecy and reality. T. S. Eliot's tantalizing perceptions about time past, time present, and time future, in which "all time is eternally present," have begun to bear fruit in minds grappling with headlines that are like echoes and predictions all at once. Whereas the worlds of Yeats and Kafka took half a century to get to be recognized as real, nobody today mistakes the slapstick world of Dr. Strangelove for parody. There is nothing so bizarre that we can be sure it isn't what has just happened. The apprehension meets the act. It was three o'clock half an hour from now. The man inside Einstein's train is running at almost the speed of the train, and the train itself, travelling at the speed of light, arrives as it leaves.



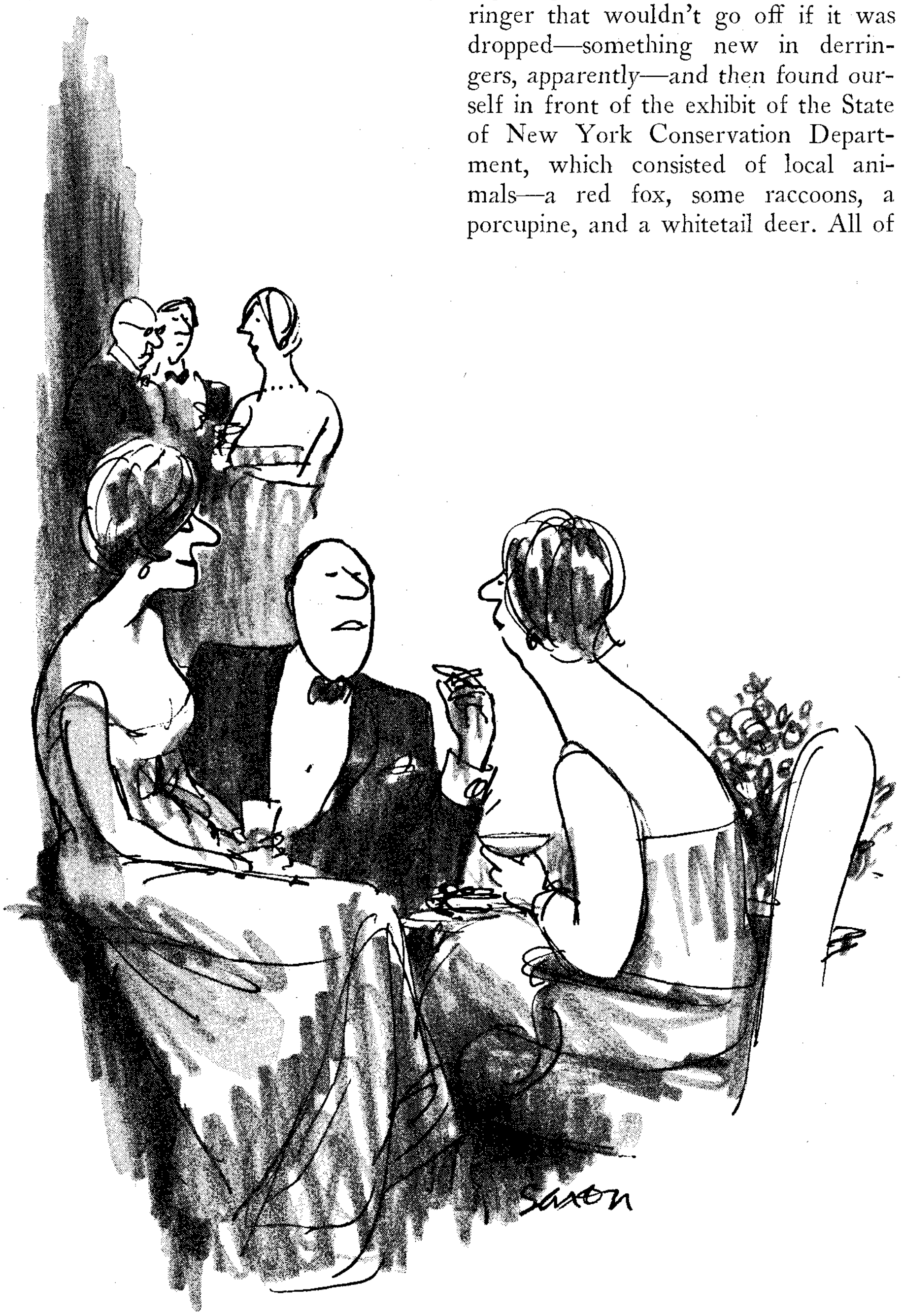
## *Collapsible Gaff*

AT the New York Coliseum, the fleets of motorboats we told you about a month ago have gone without leaving so much as an oil slick behind, and in their place is—or, rather, was—a bewildering array of fishing rods and camping equipment, the stock in trade of the Sports, Vacation, and Travel Show, which, in turn, folded its tents last Sunday. Before it did so, we went up to have a look, and found tents to be obsolete. Now there are Open Road Campers—trailers that fit onto the backs of trucks instead of being towed behind them. They are neat little packages for a packaging people—tinfoil against nature. "The Open Road Camper has complete containment," the salesman, an indoorsy type named Sam Levy, said. "You can live in one for weeks without going outdoors. Each Open Road Camper has hot and cold water, a shower, a stove, and a refrigerator. The latest thing in Campers is the Bel Air Royale model, in which you can go straight from the cab of the truck into the Camper without leaving the unit. That's handy in the event of rain." We next inspected a small, flat trailer about four feet high that unfolds into a tent on wheels, with a sink and a dinette, and moved on to a somewhat larger flat trailer, which, at the turn of a crank, becomes a double bed to be towed behind an automobile. The operative said that it would be just the ticket for an overnight stop in a throughway service area. Before we could take a bounce on the bed, the call of the wild beckoned from another direction—that of the Zebco Division of the Brunswick Corporation, which was peddling a line of elegant sleeping bags with canopies. The salesman unzipped several bags for us, so that we could inspect the linings, many of which were decorated with hunting-scene patterns, and then he zipped two of the bags together, saying, "You can have a double bag. It's the latest wrinkle in bags."



Pondering this example of woodsy elegance, we moved off in search of fishing equipment, and paused briefly for a look at something called Benedict's Belted Bait Box. "You will note that it has different compartments," the saleslady said. "That is so your worms won't get into your grasshoppers." We hurried on to the Penn Fishing Tackle Manufacturing Company to inspect what we were told is the largest fishing reel in the business, the 16/0 Penn Senator game-fish reel, which weighs ten pounds and has the diameter of a basketball. The salesman proffered us a much smaller reel—a size more suitable for fishing with worms—and said, "It has a three-to-one gear ratio, stainless-steel line guide, torpedo handle, and a spare pawl in a side socket. The brake lining is in the drag, which is big news." As we were absorbing this scoop, we noted that not far away, at the booth of the Fresh Water Anglers of Long Island, Inc., a man was tying flies. He was surrounded by bright-colored rooster hackles, peacock tail feathers, and the feathers of a jungle cock, from which he was making a glittering, fiery dragonfly. We asked what fly would be best for New York City waters, which run deep and dirty, and he indicated a dull-brown Muddler Minnow. We moved on to the boutique of Abercrombie & Fitch for a chat with Mr. Gordon Dean, who teaches fly-casting on the roof of his shop, on Madison Avenue. The fishing was as good in the Coliseum as it was on Madison Avenue, Mr. Dean said, and he proceeded to demonstrate a telescoping fish pole, a folding fish net, and a collapsible gaff.

We next inspected a booth with a sign saying, "Win an Island in the 1000 Islands." The island, we learned, was No. 43-B. Who would not jump at the chance of calling No. 43-B home? We were waylaid by an operative of the High Standard Manufacturing Corporation, who brandished a derringer that wouldn't go off if it was dropped—something new in derringers, apparently—and then found ourself in front of the exhibit of the State of New York Conservation Department, which consisted of local animals—a red fox, some raccoons, a porcupine, and a whitetail deer. All of them were sound asleep, and we tiptoed away.


Saxon

"Everybody is going to Istanbul or Copenhagen. Now is the time to slip into Paris again."

•

AMONG the categories of membership in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts are those of

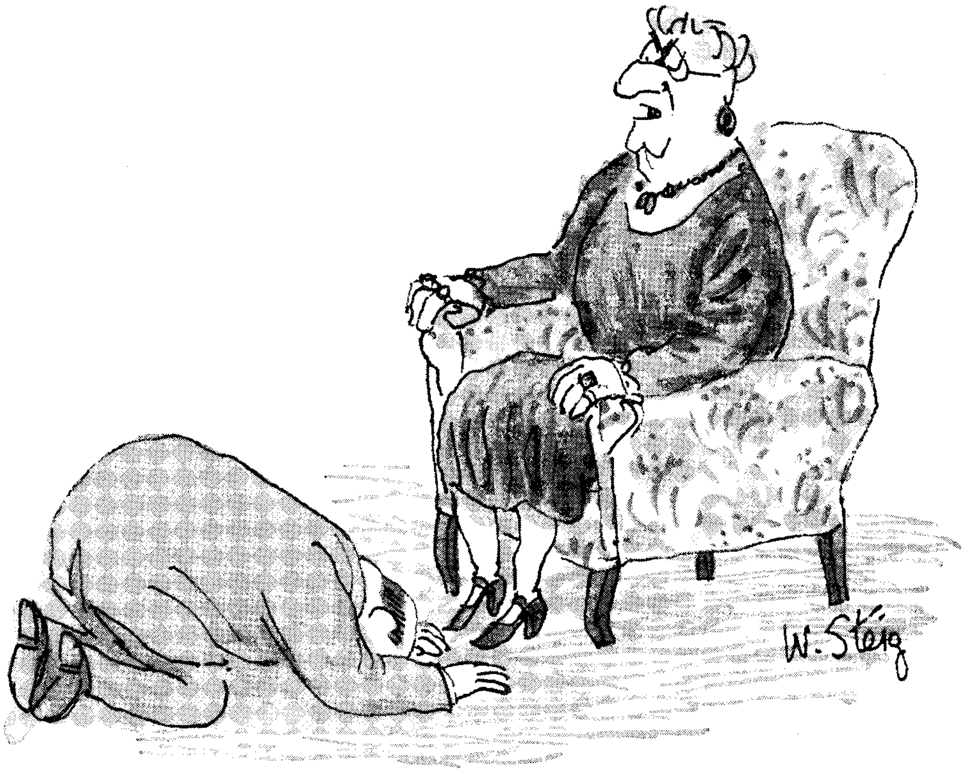
| | |
|---|---|
| Permanent Fellow | $5,000 |
| Fellow for Life | $1,000 |

## *Convocation*

THE people associated with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, a small but illustrious band of scholars who for six years now have been experimenting with Greek academy life high on a hill in Santa Barbara, normally confine their dialogue to those appropriately lofty headquarters, communicating with the rest of us through the pamphlets they regularly dispatch and the itinerant cogitators they occasionally ask to join them for a spell. A couple of weeks ago, however, the Center scholars tested their round-table system on the thinking world at large. They invited some twenty-two hundred academicians, statesmen, clergymen, scientists, journalists, and others to meet in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton to weigh the practical implications and applications of Pacem in Terris, the encyclical letter of the late Pope John XXIII. The thought marathon, which lasted four days, began with an address by Vice-President Humphrey, at the United Nations General Assembly Hall; ended with a testimonial dinner to Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Center and past president of the University of Chicago, at the Hilton; and, in between, featured over a dozen major speeches, five panel discussions, and two press symposiums. The speakers and panelists included such politically and geographically far-flung figures as Henry Luce, editor-in-chief of the Time, Inc., publications, and N. N. Inozemtsev, the deputy chief editor of *Pravda;* Dr. Adam Schaff, from the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Poland, and Dr. Carlo Schmid, from the Bundestag of West Germany; His Excellency Abba Eban, the Deputy Prime Minister of Israel, and His Excellency Abdul Monem Rifa'i, Jordan's Permanent Representative to the United Nations. We couldn't help wondering how a small private institution had managed to cajole so many cagey professionals from so many countries into sitting around in the Hilton ballroom and amicably discussing possibilities for peace, so, early on the first morning of the convocation, we strolled over to the hotel for a visit with Fred Warner Neal, professor of international relations and government at the Claremont Graduate School, in California, who, as special consultant to the Center on the Pacem in Terris project, had crisscrossed Europe as its chief cajoler of reluctant diplomats.

We found Professor Neal in what is normally the living room of a forty-third-floor suite but at the moment seemed to be doubling as dining room, private office, telephone booth, and reception hall. Mrs. Neal was trying to finish her breakfast at a table on one side of the room, Professor Neal's secretary was making last-minute arrangements at a desk on the other side, and two Yugoslav diplomats (one a lady), who were waiting for a message, sat on the window seat chatting and looking down at Central Park. Professor Neal, a slender, happily harried-looking gentleman with such decidedly scholarly credentials as a crew cut, horn-rimmed spectacles, and a difficult pipe, was pacing the floor at the working end of a telephone cord and taking calls, which kept coming, one right after another, all during the hour we were there. After the first three calls, the Professor handed the phone to his secretary, instructed her to stall all callers for at least five minutes, and flopped down on a brocaded couch, scattering, as he flopped, a large pile of programs, lists of speakers, and reservation-confirmation slips. Relighting his pipe, he plunged into conversation at the breathless, to-the-point clip of a man professionally attuned to daily races against end-of-the-hour bells.

"The problem," the Professor began, "was that a private, non-governmental group like the Center couldn't just send a note to a head of state saying, 'Please come to our meeting on February 17th,' and yet that was exactly what we did. Naturally, we got practically no response from any of the foreign governments we asked, and by Christmas we knew the time had come to do something—and fast. Everybody was getting nervous, to say the least, and on the day before Christmas it was decided that I should go abroad immediately. I spent Christmas Eve getting visas for Eastern Europe. Then, on the twenty-eighth, I took off. At the end of twenty days, I had been to London, Moscow, Warsaw, Belgrade, Brussels, Paris, and Bonn. I would have liked to cover more ground, but it takes a while to get in to see officials in Eastern Europe, and once you're in, it's hard to get your ideas across. You have to do some arm-twisting."



*"All right, Son, you may rise."*

• •

We asked for details of the arm-twisting, and Professor Neal replied, "Well, for one, Rifa'i, from Jordan, is here, and you know that getting an Arab to come takes some arm-twisting when the Arab knows that Abba Eban, from Israel, is coming, too. And take the French. We fouled things up from start to finish with the French. We didn't approach them right—that, plus the fact that all foreign services are so damn impossible to plow through and that the French foreign service is the worst of the lot. It's even more suspicious than ours, if that's possible. Well, our first stumble with the French was at their Embassy here. Alphand, the Ambassador, was not interested in our convocation. We had invited de Gaulle to come, but—although I didn't know it until I got to Paris, where *everything* went terribly—de Gaulle had never even got our invitation. Still, things eventually worked out, and Robert Buron, the chairman of the French National Committee on Productivity, is here for a panel discussion with Spaak, George Kennan, Adam Schaff, and Carlo Schmid. Then, of course, there were people who wanted very much to come—no arm-twisting—and couldn't, simply because of circumstances. Pope Paul, for example, was a real possibility. He was interested in coming to address a special session of the U.N. General Assembly on the eve of the convocation. We knew that and had an invitation prepared, but then, with the peace-keeping-cost problem at the U.N. this year, we couldn't be sure that the Assembly would even be in session—and neither could the Pope. As it happens, the Assembly *is* going to adjourn tomorrow. Now, suppose Pope Paul had come all the way to New York to find himself in the middle of *that* mess!"

Professor Neal paused to accept a call from a delegate who apparently could not be stalled, and during the pause Mrs. Neal excused herself and left to get dressed. Several phone calls later, Professor Neal flopped back onto the couch and asked if we had fully grasped the significance of the Pacem in Terris convocation. "The Center has had meetings before—on peace and welfare, and broad subjects like that—but this is really the first time a private organization has brought together leaders from all over the world to discuss the practical aspects of a spiritual question," he said. "This isn't a peace conference in any abstract sense. We're going to try to define what coexistence means. The point is that, even in this country, so few people really do know or have really worked out the nature—the practical nature—of coexistence. Our State Department used to call the whole notion of coexistence Communist propaganda, and a lot of people are still trapped by that old definition. But the encyclical can change all that. The encyclical gave us the first indisputably Western-based theory of coexistence. The Pope, in fact, saw coexistence as a triumph of Western values. Now, the Pope's allegiance can't be questioned, even by those people who were once so suspicious of the word 'coexistence.' I mean, who ever heard of calling a Pope left-wing or a Communist sympathizer?"

Professor Neal chuckled at this notion, and went on, "Three groups, specifically, were against—or perhaps I should say were not overly enthusiastic about—the convocation. First, a good many Protestants—people we invited from Protestant countries—asked, 'Why limit discussion to a *Catholic* document?' Second, there were the Communists, who said, 'Why limit discussion to a *religious* document?' And then there were some people in our own government who said, 'You mustn't talk about coexistence. It's un-American.' And some other government people felt that a peace conference of this magnitude should have been initiated by the White House. Those people weren't terribly enthusiastic, either. Still, look at who *is* coming from Washington! Chief Justice Warren, Justice Douglas, Vice-President Humphrey, Senator Fulbright, Senator McCarthy! It's going to be a great, great conference after all." Professor Neal reached for the telephone.

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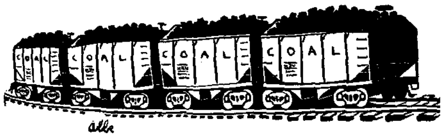
SEEN early each morning on Sutton Place South: A man walking a poodle the hairs of whose head are done up in curlers.

## *Red Mittens!*

ZONGGGGGGGGGGG! Innnnnnnnnn! *Swinging!* The four-year-olds and five-year-olds are . . . *swinging!* They're hot! They're so far in that they're coming out the other side. And they're fed up to the gillies with teen-agery. The teen-agers make the wrong *kind* of noise. Wear the wrong clothes. Dance around like nuts to the wrong sounds. Use too many words. Don't have pre-school style. Are physically barfy. Almost have wrinkles and attaché cases, for godsake! *Ah-yee-igh!* It's war! *Long live King Babar!* Last week, after mashed-potatoing our way through one of Tom Wolfe's socio-pop essays in the *Herald Tribune*, we took a sampling in the children's playground at Fifth Avenue and Eighty-fifth. After morning kindergarten. After lunch. After *naps*. Herewith a report on our findings, for which we have borrowed a few leaves from that eminent socio-poppist's popperei:

"Ya-hoo-hee! Ya-hoo-hee! Ya-hoo-hee!" Shrieks come from five-year-old Teddy Bowen here, wearing a wiggy brown duffel coat, no hat, no gloves. He has chapped cheeks and a messy nose. He does not even live in the *neighborhood*. But he is in *charge*. "Yee-hoo-hoo!" screams Teddy as he swings. "Pooh-pooh! I need more gas! Push me! *Push* me!" His command is obeyed by Robert Levy's nanny, who—Holy Momsies!—strains her gillies pushing the swing. Robert Levy is the friend—who *lives* in the neighborhood—that Teddy Bowen is visiting. Robert Levy is small and thin of face, and he has big, worshipful eyes, which he trains on his hero, Teddy Bowen. It is Robert Levy now who starts with the Push Me thing, stooging it like crazy, yelling, "Pooh-pooh! I need more gas! Push me! *Push* me!" And Nanny falls to, pushing her guts out to please the little chaps. And true friend, true *neighborhood* friend, Pamela Tishman sits frozen and still in *her* swing. Old visitor Teddy Bowen has today become Robert's buddy-buddy, which leaves Pamela Tishman where? *Until twenty* minutes ago, *she* was Robert's true-blue. So Pamela sits in her swing, in her tight powder-blue Merry Mite snowsuit, her red mittens hanging down by strings—a soggy, wet, mushy, cat-smelling red wool mitten hanging from each Merry Mite elastic wristlet. Pamela's raw-red icy fisties! She'd like to smash them in the face of old visitor Teddy here. "I need more gas! I need more gas!" screams Teddy, and he—Robert's nanny outdoes herself to please—gets pushed higher and higher. Old runny-nose Teddy—where does *he* come off? He doesn't even have on a Tidykins snowsuit, like Robert's. A duffel coat! Circa 1963. Some chic! Now Teddy is yelling, "Hey! Let's go climb on Alice in Wonderland, hey!" And buddy-buddy Robert dittoes, "Hey! Let's go climb on Alice in Wonderland, hey!" They get out of the swings. Blam! Blam! Blam! Then General Chief of Police Big Daddy Cartwright Boss Teddy yells, "Hey, let's go to the carrousel!" The *carrousel*, for godsake! Pamela hasn't been to the carrousel in over six months, and she couldn't care less. The *carrousel!* Pamela feels . . . *superior*—well, why not? Pamela announces that she wants to go home and play with her Little Miss Echo Doll, and with her Tearie Dearie Doll, and with her Betsy McCall, Fashion Designer, set. Old visitor Teddy probably still self-educates around with Playskool junk. But . . . Nanny puts in the crimp. Nanny says to cool it, home is *out*. Pamela sulks. Then Pamela comes on aggressive—"Last week, I sat on Alice in Wonderland's *head*," Pamela tells the chaps, just to impress them. They look . . . impressed. Pamela feels . . . *on top*. Nanny asserts herself some more and says that Alice is *out*. The carrousel is *out*. Pamela—this kid really *knows* what's out—says yeah, Alice, except for the head, *is* out.

*On to the sand box.* An idiot-faced baby girl is kneeling in the gunk, digging at it with a teaspoon. A *teaspoon*, for godsake! Idiot-faced baby has on a red coat, a red bonnet, patent-leather Mary Janes, and white stockings—*Yichhhh!*—and she is kneeling in the gunk on her white stockings . . . *excavating* . . . while her nanny sleeps. So Pamela Tishman sidles up to old baby and grabs the spoon and passes it to Robert, who sends it along to Teddy, who . . . *heaves it*—well, that makes Teddy Bowen *one of them*. Such yowls! Such woe! Holy Popsies! All from one idiot-faced baby, whose nanny wakes up and sees the *white stockings!* Covered with *gunk!* Now wide-awake—on the job—Nanny hauls choking, pained baby off to latest-model Krauty Karriage. Pamela Tishman is now buddy-buddy with Robert *and* with Teddy. The tribal drums! *Oh, Dondi, you hypocrite, let us study real life together!* Synesthesia! Old unholy triumvirate are now full of the Team thing. They scavenge a Baby's Pal Original rattle. A hairpin. A Texaco Fire Chief hat. *What next? What next? What next?*



*On to the shoot-the-chutes.* Like a flaming, souped-up, chicken-happy Triumph onto the protective rubber padding at the landing site slides . . . Miles Robertson. And behind Miles steams . . . Henry Sutro. "Kh! Kh! Kh!" they are rasping. *Total murder!* Both Miles and Henry are wearing khaki Army uniforms, and each has on a steel battle helmet decorated with this splendid four-color-job American eagle. They land, shooting Atomic Ray pistols at a little girl in Glenconner plaid with velvet leggings, who hollers desperately—*Come off it, Queen Victoria!*—for the Royal Mounties. "You know what, Henry?" Miles says to his pally. "I just shot a Zombie!" "I just shot a Beatle!" Henry says. "Kh! Kh! Kh! I just shot two Beatles!" They stand facing each other, their $9.50 Flex shoes digging into the rubber landing pad, shooting atomic rays at each other. A park attendant, broom in hand, is sweeping. He sweeps *around* Miles and Henry—do they exist, do they *feel*? “My daddy has a real gun!” Miles tells Henry. “My daddy has *two* real guns!” Henry tells Miles. *Kill! Kill! Kill!*

Then who enters the Garden of Allah on bootsied feet? Who but the transistor-radio pack, looking for space, a site, for an . . . orgy! What a racket! What sounds! The transistors give out with “Breaking Up Is Hard to Do” and “Now We're Through” and “Somebody Else Is Taking My Place” and “You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling” and “Bye Bye Baby.” Hung up on *sex*, for godsake! Rejection! They are dragging these cretiny *guitars*—when anybody who's right in the skull knows that the *sound* is in Play Me E-Z Xylophones and Tuney Tinkle Triangles. These nutballs are singing about “The In Crowd” and “The Out Crowd.” As if they knew! And they try to do tricks on the swings, and they break the swings! And they laugh funny, like crying! Nutty teen-agers!

“I'll kick them in the face!” yells Teddy Bowen.

“You better stick your hands up!” Loyal Sir Robert howls at the nuts. “Kh! Kh! Kh!”

Such noise! What it is is nuttiness . . . is what it is. Not like “The Three Little Kittens” or “London Bridge” or the story of “The Cuckoo Who Lived in a Clock.” *Long live King Babar!*

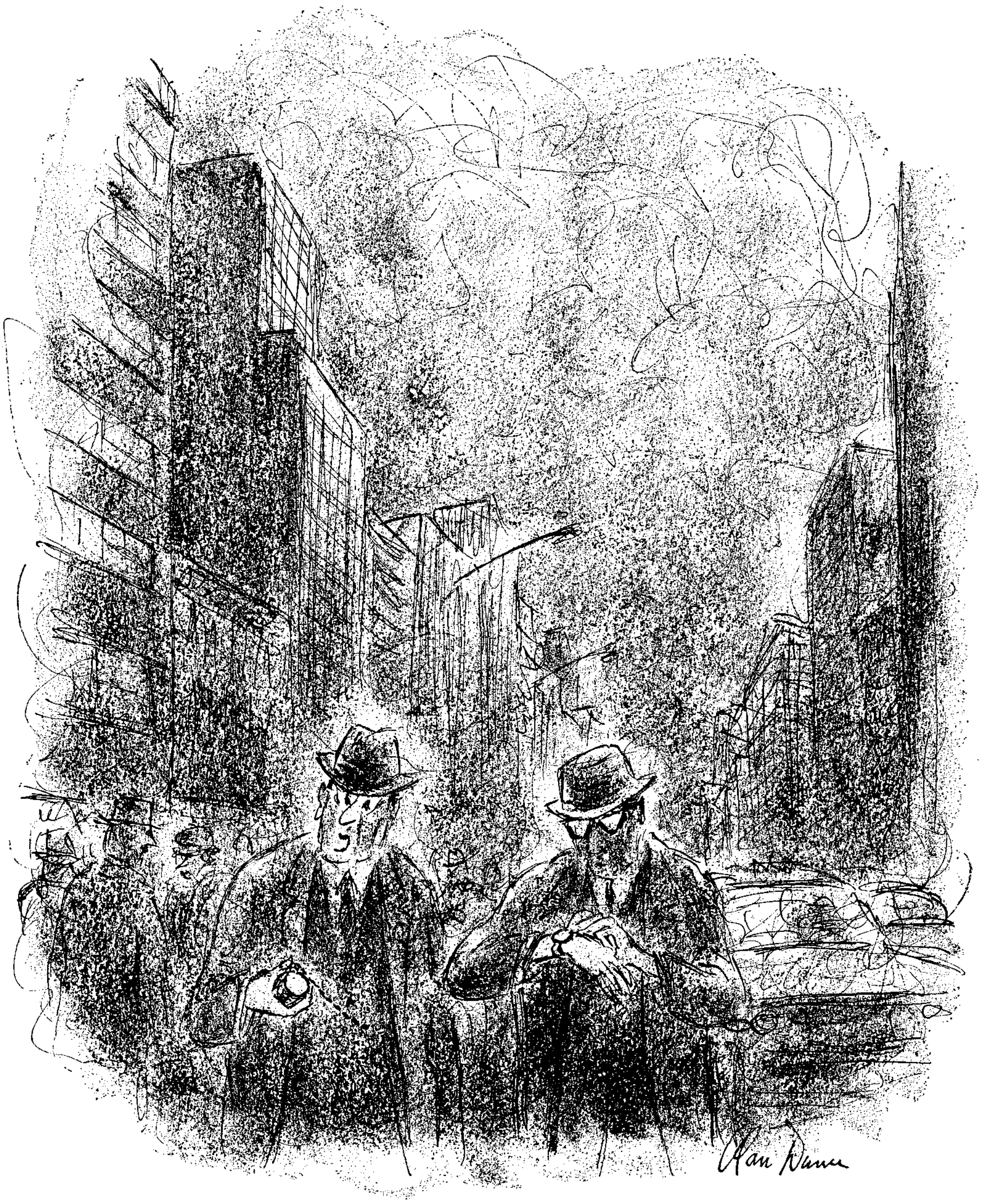
“The Rolling Stones are nuts!” Pamela yells. “It looks so hot on their millions and drillions of hair!”

“Stop dancing!” Miles Robertson yells at the interlopers. He and Henry Sutro have joined forces with Pamela, Robert, Teddy.

“They scream!” Henry Sutro says. “They scream like babies!”

But the invasion is untouched. The pimply cretins are dancing in the playground, twisting and frugging and swimming in their above-the-knee skirts—stripes!—and crazy-pattern stockings and shifts decorated with stupid cans of soup, and their high black boots and furry awning eyelashes. And the boys in these tight blue jeans and these boring sweatshirts and leather jackets.

“You know what, Henry?” Miles Robertson says. “I had this baby-sitter. She was a real nutball. She took eight hundred pictures of the Stones off the television. Kh! Kh!”



*“It can't be sundown, so it must be air pollution.”*

• •

“My baby-sitter wears pink-and-purple stretch pants!” Henry Sutro says. “She's ugly! Khhhhhhh!”

They look with disgust at the fuzzy-upper-lipped invaders. And who is the most recent arrival? A decomposing, decaying, arteriosclerotic, *aging* teen-ager. At least twenty-three! Clogged up with cholesterol. He's wearing the hair, the tight jeans, the leather jacket—*everything*. And he's being real cute . . . *identifying!* He climbs on the teeter-totter. The *teeter-totter*, for godsake! Nobody has gone near a teeter-totter since . . . last Christmas! He's flabby in the patellas. He's soft in the hypogastric zone. He's jowly. Jowly! Next thing he knows, he'll be a fatty. But there he sits on the teeter-totter . . . as if he thinks he's dripping *charisma*, for godsake! Pamela Tishman sonic-booms it, jumping on the other end of the teeter from old *identifier*, followed by Henry and Miles and Teddy and Robert. They give old blubbery Fred Flintstone here a rough, flashy totter and teeter. When Henry and Miles and Teddy and Robert and Pamela hit ground, they all cut out! At once! And old identifier makes the big crash on his soft, flabby, jowly, decaying, blubbery, cretiny innominates. The uglies stop dancing. They shut up. They pick up their fallen nut. They split. And Pamela & Co. exchange sneaky laughs. Just wait . . . wait, wait, wait. A few more ticks and tocks, and Pamela Tishman will show Baby Jane what is *really* what and who is . . . *here*.

•

WHEN you stop to think of it, there is a residential section of Brooklyn called Flatlands Heights.

# THE INDIAN UPRISING

WE defended the city as best we could. The arrows of the Comanches came in clouds. The war clubs of the Comanches clattered on the soft, yellow pavements. There were earthworks along the Boulevard Mark Clark and the hedges had been laced with sparkling wire. People were trying to understand. I spoke to Sylvia. "Do you think this is a good life?" The table held apples, books, long-playing records. She looked up. "No."

Patrols of paras and volunteers with armbands guarded the tall, flat buildings. We interrogated the captured Comanche. Two of us forced his head back while another poured water into his nostrils. His body jerked, he choked and wept. Not believing a hurried, careless, and exaggerated report of the number of casualties in the outer districts where trees, lamps, swans had been reduced to clear fields of fire we issued entrenching tools to those who seemed trustworthy and turned the heavy-weapons companies so that we could not be surprised from that direction. And I sat there getting drunker and drunker and more in love and more in love. We talked.

"Do you know Fauré's 'Dolly'?"

"Would that be Gabriel Fauré?"

"It would."

"Then I know it," she said. "May I say that I play it myself at certain times, when I am sad, or happy, although it requires four hands."

"How is that managed?"

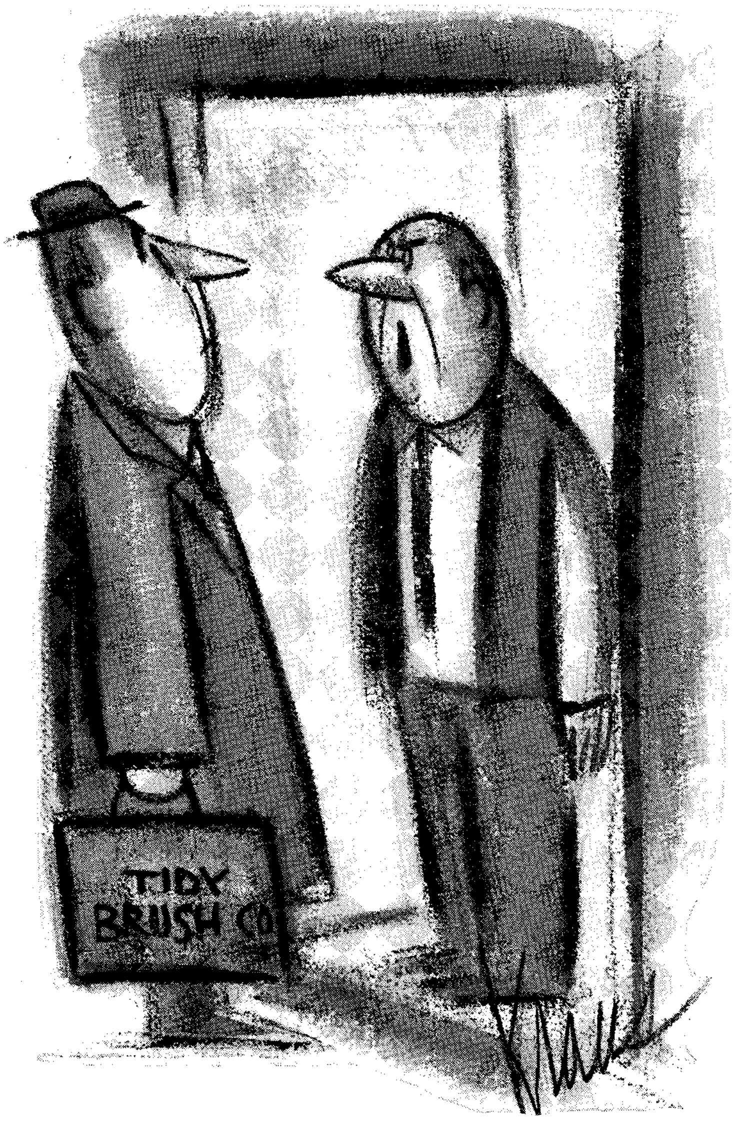
"I accelerate," she said, "ignoring the time signature."

And when they shot the scene in the bed I wondered how you felt under the eyes of the cameramen, grips, juicers, men in the mixing booth: excited? stimulated? And when they shot the scene in the shower I sanded a hollow-core door working carefully against the illustrations in texts and whispered instructions from one who had already solved the problem. I had made after all other tables, one while living with Nancy, one while living with Alice, one while living with Eunice, one while living with Marianne.

Red men in waves like people scattering in a square startled by something tragic or a sudden, loud noise accumulated against the barricades we had made of window dummies, silk, thoughtfully planned job descriptions (including scales for the orderly progress of other colors), wine in demijohns, and robes. I analyzed the composition of the barricade nearest me and found two ashtrays, ceramic, one dark brown and one dark brown with an orange blur at the lip; a tin frying pan; two-litre bottles of red wine; three-quarter-litre bottles of Black & White, aquavit, cognac, vodka, gin, Fad #6 sherry; a hollow-core door in birch veneer on black wrought-iron legs; a blanket, red-orange with faint blue stripes; a red pillow and a blue pillow; a woven straw wastebasket; two glass jars for flowers; corkscrews and can openers; two plates and two cups, ceramic, dark brown; a yellow-and-purple poster; a Yugoslavian carved flute, wood, dark brown; and other items. I decided I knew nothing.

The hospitals dusted wounds with powders the worth of which was not quite established, other supplies having been exhausted early in the first day. I decided I knew nothing. Friends put me in touch with a Miss R., a teacher, unorthodox they said, excellent they said, successful with difficult cases, steel shutters on the windows made her house safe. I had just learned via an International Distress Coupon that Jane had been beaten up by a dwarf in a bar in Tenerife but Miss R. did not allow me to speak of it. "You know nothing," she said, "you feel nothing, you are locked in a most savage and terrible ignorance, I despise you, my boy, *mon cher*, my heart. You may attend but you must not attend now, you must attend later, a day or a week or an hour, you are making me ill. . . ." I nonevaluated these remarks as Korzybski instructed. But it was difficult. Then they pulled back in a feint near the river and we rushed into that sector with a reinforced battalion hastily formed among the Zouaves and cabdrivers. This unit was crushed in the afternoon of a day that began with spoons and letters in hallways and under windows where men tasted the history of the heart, cone-shaped muscular organ that maintains *circulation of the blood.*

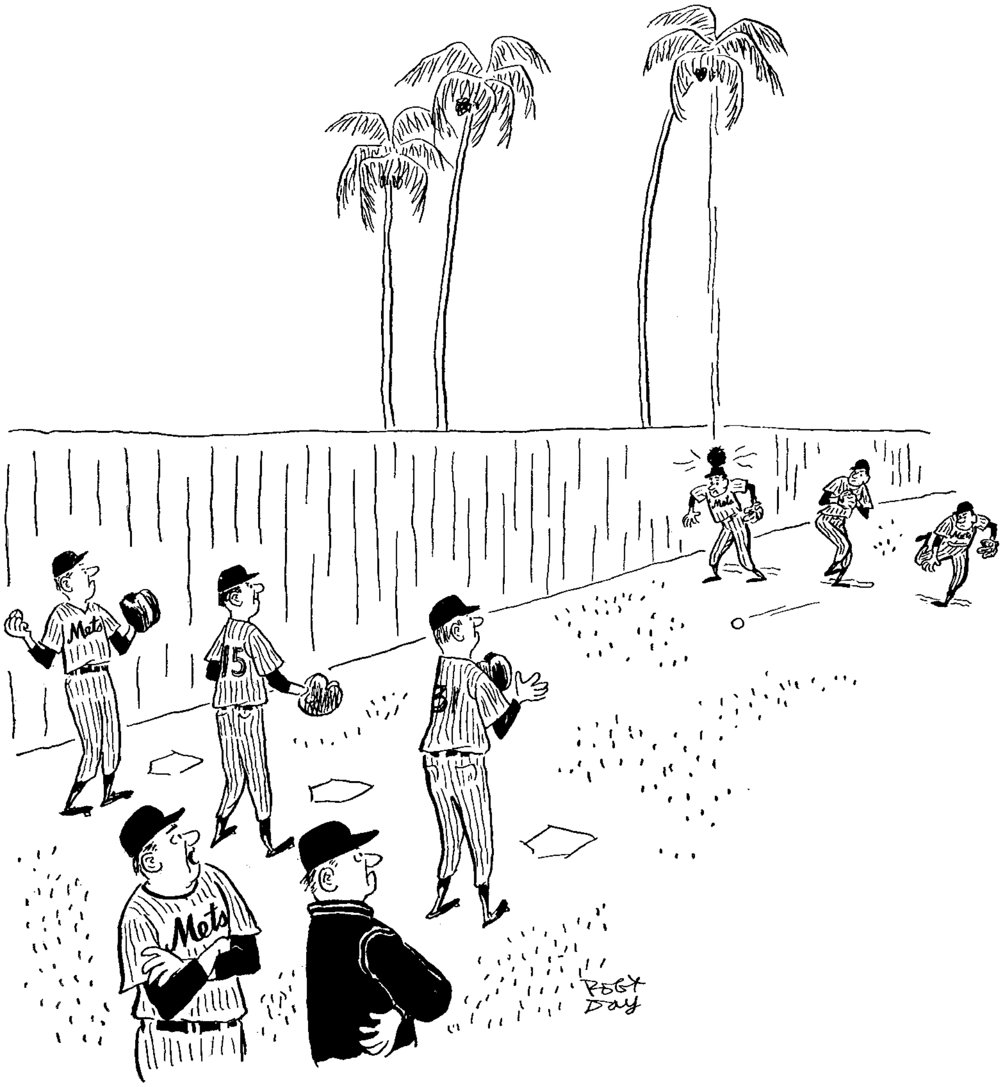
But it is you I want now, here in the middle of this Uprising, with the streets yellow and threatening, short, ugly lances with fur at the throat and inexplicable shell money lying in the grass. It is when I am with you that I am happiest, and it is for you that I am making this hollow-core door table with black wrought-iron legs. I held Sylvia by her bear-claw necklace. "Call off your braves," I said. "We have many



*"The lady of the house happens to have left my bed and board."*

years left to live." There was a sort of muck running in the gutters, yellowish, filthy stream suggesting excrement, or nervousness, a city that does not know what it has done to deserve baldness, errors, infidelity. "With luck you will survive until matins," Sylvia said. She ran off down the Rue Chester Nimitz, uttering shrill cries.

Then it was learned that they had infiltrated our ghetto and that the people of the ghetto instead of offering resistance had joined the smooth, well-coördinated attack with zipguns, telegrams, lockets, causing that portion of the line held by the I.R.A. to swell and collapse. We sent more heroin into the ghetto, and hyacinths, ordering another hundred thousand of the pale, delicate flowers. On the map we considered the situation with its strung-out inhabitants and merely personal emotions. Our parts were blue and their parts were green. I showed the blue-and-green map to Sylvia. "Your parts are green," I said. "You gave me heroin first a year ago," Sylvia said. She ran off down George C. Marshall Allée, uttering shrill cries. Miss R. pushed me into a large room painted white (jolting and dancing in the soft light, and I was excited! and there were people watching!) in which there were two chairs. I sat in one chair and Miss R. sat in the other. She wore a blue dress containing a red figure. There was nothing exceptional about her. I was disappointed by her plainness, by the bareness of the room, by the absence of books.



*"Here we go again."*

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THE girls of my quarter wore long blue mufflers that reached to their knees. Sometimes the girls hid Comanches in their rooms, the blue mufflers together in a room creating a great blue fog. Block opened the door. He was carrying weapons, flowers, loaves of bread. And he was friendly, kind, enthusiastic, so I related a little of the history of torture, reviewing the technical literature quoting the best modern sources, French, German, and American, and pointing out the flies which had gathered in anticipation of some new, cool color.

"What is the situation?" I asked.

"The situation is liquid," he said. "We hold the south quarter and they hold the north quarter. The rest is silence."

"And Kenneth?"

"That girl is not in love with Kenneth," Block said frankly. "She is in love with his coat. When she is not wearing it she is huddling under it. Once I caught it going down the stairs by itself. I looked inside. Sylvia."

Once I caught Kenneth's coat going down the stairs by itself but the coat was a trap and inside a Comanche who made a thrust with his short, ugly knife at my leg which buckled and tossed me over the balustrade through a window and into another situation. Not believing that your body brilliant as it was and your fat, liquid spirit distinguished and angry as it was were stable quantities to which one could return on wires more than once, twice, or another number of times I said: "See the table?"

In Skinny Wainwright Square the forces of green and blue swayed and struggled. The referees ran out on the field trailing chains. And then the blue part would be enlarged, the green diminished. Miss R. began to speak. "A former king of Spain, a Bonaparte, lived for a time in Bordentown, New Jersey. But that's no good." She paused. "The ardor aroused in men by the beauty of women can only be satisfied by God. That is *very* good (it is Valéry) but it is not what I have to teach you, goat, muck, filth, heart of my heart." I showed the table to Nancy. "See the table?" She stuck out her tongue red as a cardinal's hat. "I made such a table once," Block said frankly. "People all over America have made such tables. I doubt very much whether one can enter an American home without finding at least one such table, or traces of its having been there, such as faded places in the carpet." And afterward in the garden the men of the 7th Cavalry played Gabrieli, Albinoni, Marcello, Vivaldi, Boccherini. I saw Sylvia. She wore a yellow ribbon, under a long blue muffler. "Which side are you on," I cried, "after all?"

"The only form of discourse of which I approve," Miss R. said in her dry, sack voice, "is the litany. I believe our masters and teachers as well as plain citizens should confine themselves to what can safely be said. Thus when I hear the words *pewter, snake,* *tea*, *Fad #6 sherry*, *serviette*, *fenestration*, *crown*, *blue* coming from the mouth of some public official, or some raw youth, I am not disappointed. Vertical organization is also possible," Miss R. said, "as in

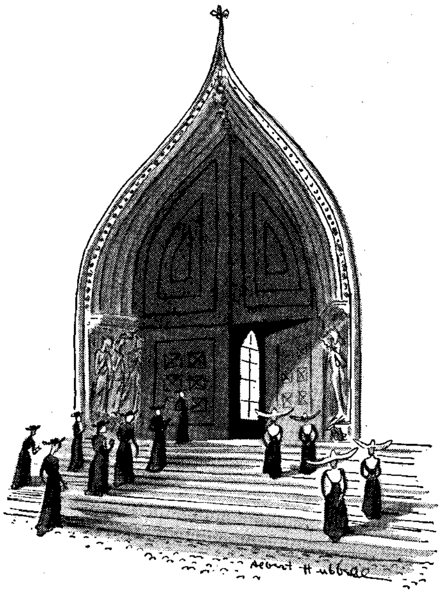
pewter
snake
tea
Fad #6 sherry
serviette
fenestration
crown
blue.

I run to liquids and colors," she said, "but you, you may run to something else, my virgin, my darling, my thistle, my poppet, my own. Young people," Miss R. said, "run to more and more unpleasant combinations as they sense the nature of our society. Some people," Miss R. said, "run to conceits or wisdom but I hold to the hard, brown, nutlike word. I might point out that there is enough aesthetic excitement here to satisfy anyone but a damned fool." I sat in solemn silence.

FIRE arrows lit my way to the post office in Patton Place where members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade offered their last, exhausted letters, postcards, calendars. I opened a letter but inside was a Comanche flint arrowhead played by Frank Wedekind in an elegant gold chain and congratulations. Your earring rattled against my spectacles when I leaned forward to touch the soft, ruined place where the hearing aid had been. "Pack it up! Pack it up!" I urged, but the men in charge of the Uprising refused to listen to reason or to understand that it was real and that our water supply had evaporated and that our credit was no longer what it had been, once.

We attached wires to the testicles of the captured Comanche. And I sat there getting drunker and drunker and more in love and more in love. When we threw the switch he spoke. His name, he said, was Gustave Aschenbach. He was born at L——, a country town in the province of Silesia. He was the son of an upper official in the judicature, and his forebears had all been officers, judges, departmental functionaries. . . . And you can never touch a girl in the same way more than once, twice, or another number of times however much you may wish to hold, wrap, or otherwise fix her hand, or look, or some other quality, or incident, known to you previously. In Sweden the little Swedish children cheered when we managed nothing more remarkable than getting off a bus burdened with packages, bread and liverpaste and beer. We went to an old church and sat in the royal box. The organist was practicing. And then into the graveyard next to the church. *Here lies Anna Pedersen, a good woman.* I threw a mushroom on the grave. The officer commanding the garbage dump reported by radio that the garbage had begun to move.

Jane! I heard via an International Distress Coupon that you were beaten up by a dwarf in a bar in Tenerife. That doesn't sound like you, Jane. Mostly you kick the dwarf in his little dwarf groin before he can get his teeth into your tasty and nice-looking leg, don't you, Jane? Your affair with Harold is reprehensible, you know that, don't you, Jane? Harold is married to Nancy. And there is Paula to think about (Harold's kid), and Billy (Harold's other kid). I think your values are peculiar, Jane! Strings of language extend in every direction to bind the world into a rushing, seamless whole.



And you can never return to felicities in the same way, the brilliant body, the distinguished spirit recapitulating moments that occur once, twice, or another number of times in rebellions, or water. The rolling consensus of the Comanche nation smashed our inner defenses on three sides. Block was firing a greasegun from the upper floor of a building designed by Emery Roth & Sons. "See the table?" "Oh, pack it up with your bloody table!" The city officials were tied to trees. Dusky warriors padded with their forest tread into the mouth of the mayor. "Who do you want to be?" I asked Kenneth and he said he wanted to be Jean-Luc Godard but later when time permitted

## TWINK DRIVES BACK, IN A BAD MOOD, FROM A PARTY IN MASSACHUSETTS

I slump in the bucket seat.
You coax a barely believable roar
From the pint-sized motor. My head is sore.
This chilled air runs me through.
Only a witch could drive these hills this late.
Or a revved-up blonde like you.

Your small white fists and wry
Foresight straighten out every curve
The road can throw. You've got more nerve
Than skill, I think, although
The way you pull out hard and shift to high
It's difficult to know.

In shades of whiskied sleep,
I watch your features turn to soft
Iron, your hair to fog. You drift
Away from me. Away.
My feelings poke around in some old slag heap
Until the smell of hay

Filters in to lead
Me back. You've changed. The early light
Builds faint lustres in your hair and the slight
Smile you offer me is filled
With the kind of sun I need.
Shadows dissolve. The sun outside
Has turned lead-colored lakes into pure gold.

—George Amabile

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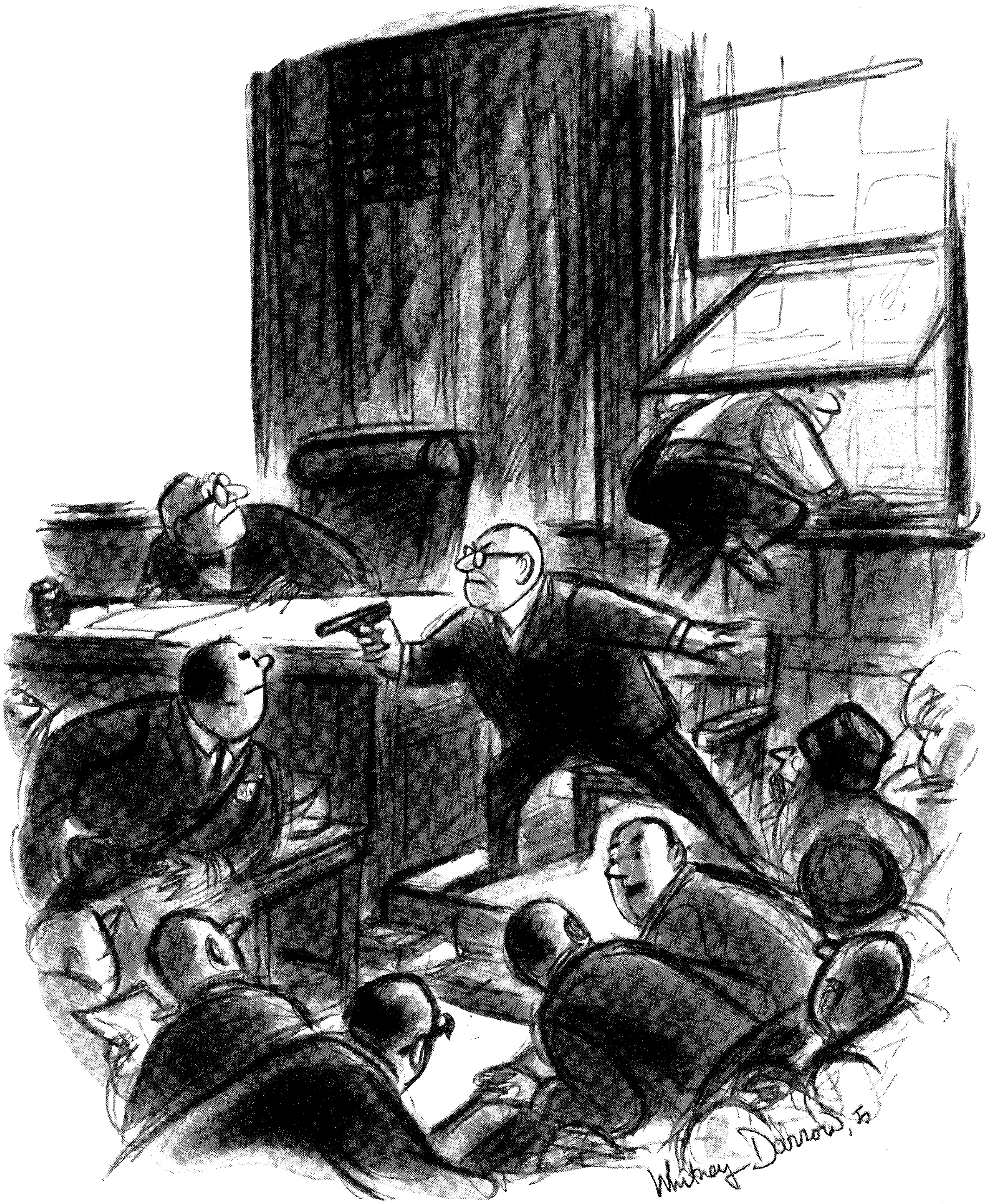


*"He's a brilliant attorney, but he can't stand to lose a case."*

• •

conversations in large, lighted rooms, whispering galleries with black-and-white Spanish rugs and problematic sculptures on calm, red catafalques. The sickness of the quarrel lay thick in the bed. I touched your back, the white, raised scars.

We killed a great many in the south suddenly with helicopters and rockets but we found that those we had killed were children and more came from the north and from the east and from other places where there are children preparing to live. "Skin," Miss R. said softly in the white, yellow room. "This is the Clemency Committee. And would you remove your belt and shoelaces." I removed my belt and shoelaces and looked (rain shattering from a great height the prospects of silence and clear, neat rows of houses in the subdivisions) into their savage black eyes, paint, feathers, beads.

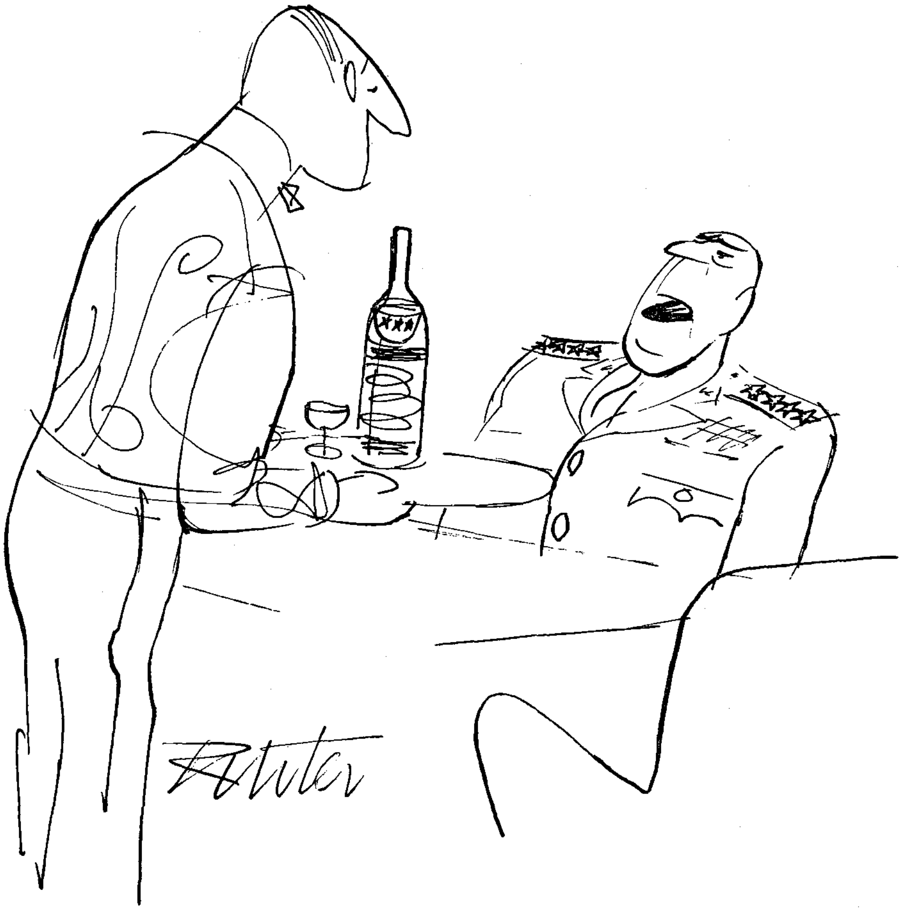
—DONALD BARTHELME

# MY MOTHER'S SOLITUDES

I NEVER knew which came first in my mother: whether it was that being alone all day in our house in the country outside Boston made her come to treasure solitude, or whether what I certainly grew up assuming was innate love of solitude made her choose to stay alone. Only since I grew up did it occur to me that she might have liked to see more people.

My father saw plenty of people. In the course of his two days a week teaching life drawing and anatomy at the Boston Museum School, his other days crowded with models and pupils in his Boston studio, and, for much of my childhood, his weekly trip by train to Philadelphia to teach at the Pennsylvania Academy, he had reason enough to long for solitude. Groans and cries of agony arose from him when, at rare intervals, it was necessary to give a dinner party. He liked to spend the early evenings before the fire with my mother and, after she had gone to bed, sitting in his study in a barrel chair with a swinging side arm, drawing under a blue bulb shaded by a paper-clipped sheet of paper. He would be copying the drawings of Ingres, Watteau, and Michelangelo, the way a pianist perpetually practices; making drypoints on a copper plate with a ruby pen; drawing some more just for the pleasure of drawing some more, until two or even three in the morning, although he had to get up at six to have his cold bath and his breakfast before walking a mile to the station to catch the eight-five to town.

No one, not even old friends, suspected how passionately my parents clung to being alone. I was privy to their guilty secret because I used to hear those groans that prefaced a party, and I used to see their expressions of horror when the telephone or doorbell rang. In the case of my father, it was hard for anyone to guess he was a solitude-lover, because he was such a witty conversationalist. His gaiety of manner was, however, actually a shell left over from an earlier part of his life. Among the four of his brothers who lived to grow up, his younger brother Robbie was his favorite. Happy, outgoing, sociable, Robbie's temperament was the very opposite of my father's. My father had been a sad little boy. A photograph of him in about 1870, as a child of five, wearing a short tartan dress and high button boots, reveals a deeply melancholy expression. I remember his telling me that as a young man he went through tortures when he had to appear in company, because he feared he could find absolutely nothing whatever to say to anyone. But then, in his twenties, he began going about to parties with Robbie and Robbie's host of friends. Even today, seventy years later, there are, still living, Bostonians who remember the golden Robbie. In that aura my father developed confidence, and a brand of wit—often cynical, sometimes acerbic—that was, I think, a kind of protection, and certainly belied his tender heart. Thus equipped, in the years before his marriage, he went out a good deal in Boston society.



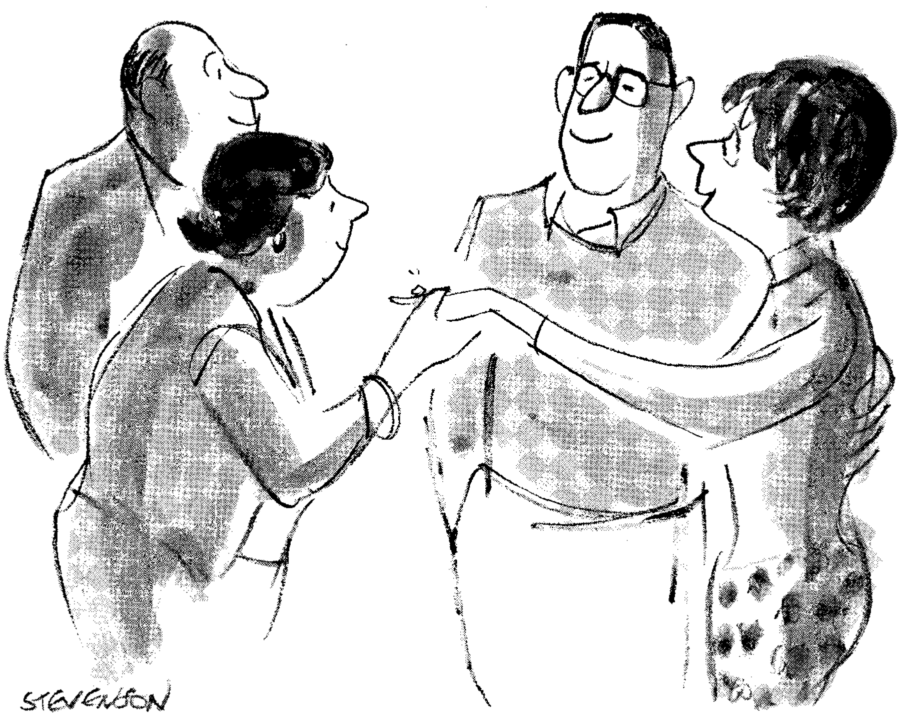
"I distinctly asked for four-star."

Then Robbie took a summer walking trip in the White Mountains with a Harvard classmate. When they got thirsty, they drank from a country spring—the classmate sparingly, Robbie deep. Both came down with typhoid fever, but only the classmate survived. The gifted Robbie, some of whose poetry had already been published—the beloved, the unforgettable—was dead at twenty-five. The friends my father had made, during the short sociable years, he kept, but he saw them rarely, for he simply did not want to see people anymore. My mother told me he told her it made him feel sick to go into society with Robbie dead. Whatever he felt he so concealed that all my life people have said to me, "Your father had such a social gift . . . so witty . . . such a conversationalist." To me, the gloomy little face in the early photograph seems a truer portrait. Before the fire, after dinner in our house in the country, he loved to read poetry aloud to my mother, but at some lines his voice would break:

> To sail beyond the sunset, and the
>   baths
> Of all the western stars, until I
>   die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash
>   us down;
> It may be we shall touch the Happy
>   Isles
> And see the great Achilles, whom
>   we knew. . . .

In the case of my mother, people could never believe that someone so beautiful and elegant, someone so eminently designed by nature to be stared at, should not welcome the opportunity to suffer herself to be admired. She looked like a du Maurier lady, like a duchess. I remember my father's telling me how on a trip to England during their honeymoon, when they hired a carriage and drove through Hyde Park, a disconcerting number of pedestrians took off their hats and bowed, and it finally dawned on him that they thought my mother was some great lady—titled, powerful. She had large, limpid gray eyes, a Roman nose, an exquisitely massive chin. My father said that at a dinner party during the honeymoon some gentleman declaimed, "A Napoleonic nose and a Wellingtonian chin, and a man might well meet his Waterloo, between!" My mother, who was married at barely twenty, was, I feel sure, perfectly appalled.

She was more than modest about her beauty; she was maddening. When I was myself a young girl growing up, I could not but feel it unfair when I, the type of girl to whom people said, "When you smile your face becomes quite lovely," had to listen to that raving, tearing Juno bemoan her looks. God knows what she was comparing herself with—Gainsborough's Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse? If *she* was an old hag, what did that make me? She, alone of humanity, never really believed she was beautiful. After a while, when she got a compliment, she learned to receive it, with surprise and pleasure. Then she would forget it, so the next compliment was just as astonishing to her.



*"It all happened après-ski."*

• •

When I was a little girl, I used to get into bed between my father and mother in the early mornings, when my mother was not yet really awake. My father would improve the shining hour by telling me stories—tall tales, as all his stories were. "Did you know Mamma saved the United States from destruction by the Germans?" he would whisper. (The year would have been about 1916.) "The Kaiser sent his fleet over here to take the country by storm, but spies got wind of the plot. Suddenly President Wilson had a wonderful idea. 'Send for old Lily!' he said. So-o-O, they got Mamma, and launched her out into New York Harbor, swimming. And she, alone and unaided, sank the German battleships by ramming them with her chin." At that age, I found this story as probable as any other, and years later my mother told me that lying there half asleep, waiting for breakfast to be brought to her, she would wonder, vaguely, if perhaps she hadn't sunk some battleships with her chin, somewhere . . . just a few.

She had always been a dreamy girl. Photographs taken of her in the year before her marriage show her sitting on the lawn of the house in Hartford where she grew up, wearing a long, full-skirted dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves and a jabot. In a few of the pictures, she is leaning over the drawing she is at work on, her white face—almost Italian against her dark hair—intent and abstracted. In another, someone has called to her and she looks up, startled; about her that air of hauteur everyone always noticed, and which was so misleading. In another picture she is leaning back, hands limp in lap, eyes downcast, as though listening to voices from some private world.

Her private world was not at any age the same as other girls'. At eighteen it was not the dream of beaux and dances that, for example, her older sister's was. That sister, my aunt, used to tell a story to demonstrate my mother's scorn of boys. Both sisters used often to be invited to cotillions at Trinity College and to Proms at Yale, and at one of the latter my mother, ravishingly beautiful, escaped a group of admirers to cling to her popular sister and hiss, "Those men want to *dance* with me! Make them *stop!*"

She thought boys were what she later learned from my father to call "the least of God's mercies." She met my father in Boston, where she went to study art. He was seventeen years older than she, a painter with fifteen years of training in the Paris ateliers, and phenomenally learned in art and art history. He was the only man who ever attracted her; for what she had been dreaming of, even when she was a little girl, was art. Art was to her so important that beside it clothes, parties, flirtations, even the idea of marriage, were trivial. When I myself began going to dances, in Boston, my mother used to view my enthusiasm with a sort of incredulity. She shocked me once when I was about eighteen by saying of one of my friends, "All she seems to want to do is get married and have children. It isn't *serious!*"

During my childhood, I would have breakfast with my father at the round dining-room table. He taught me a game to play with my bowl of Ralston or oatmeal: "Once there was an *is*-land. And then one day it began to *rai-ain*. White rain. And it rained, and it rained. And then it began to *sno-ow*. And it snowed and it snowed. . . ." He and I used to duel with our knives within the depths of the jam crock—the five-pound stone jar S. S. Pierce sold strawberry jam in—to secure for ourselves the largest nuggets. It was a cheerful meal, and afterward we would walk down to the village, a mile away—I to kindergarten and later to school, he to the railroad station. My mother was, for all those years, left at home in the two-hundred-year-old cottage backing up against the woods, to pursue her secret life all day alone.

My father almost never took a day off from his work. He did not stop for any holidays, except the engrossing rituals of Christmas; he did not stop for sickness (he once discovered from an old friend, my mother's physician, who, happening to call in the evening, insisted on looking at his chest, that he was recuperating from pneumonia); he especially did not stop for Sundays, when all the pupils and models were

## MARCH 1ST

Coming out of the house on a fresh March morning,
I saw February still meandering around
like laundry caught in a Bendix. Stray shreds
of cloud, like pillow slips, were rent from
her large endlessness. Outdated,
her decrepit body garlanded itself dis-
gracefully with powder. She luxuriated in old age.
Even her graying sheets were still there,
tattered, heaped carelessly on the street,
bearing the indentation of someone's huge body
and furred with a fine fringe of soot.
She had been plump, she had been heavy, sitting
on top of us since January. Winter, you
old clothes hamper, what mildew
still molders inside you before March
dribbles a bit, dries up, and is done for?

—KATHLEEN SPIVACK

• •

out from underfoot and he could have his studio to himself. Thus, I don't think my father ever had the opportunity to witness one of my mother's days at home. But I did, when I had a cold and was kept out of school.

For a little girl there is no feeling of grandeur quite like being able to do as one's mother does. Now, only agreeably ailing, I, too, could have breakfast in bed, in the guest room, where I slept when I was sick, be waved goodbye to from my bedroom door by my father, and hear the loud, cheerful sounds of his departure. I was not quite grown-up lady enough, however, to resist springing from bed then, to knock on the windowpane and see my father—stout, mustachioed, bowler-hatted, equipped with galoshes and umbrella—turn on the front walk to wave up at me.

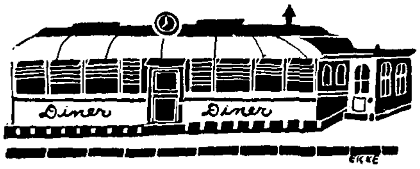
After my mother dressed, and before she went to work, she would supply me for the morning with my school assignments that would have been delivered the afternoon before by one of my classmates; also with something more solid to get my teeth into, like "Pride and Prejudice" or "Jane Eyre." After she had straightened my bedclothes, shaken up my pillows, seen that I had a glass and pitcher of water beside my bed ("You must drink *quantities* of water, darling"), she would depart, with a sound of tapping heels, and I would plunge into the ardors of Mr. Rochester, and his mad wife.

Then, gradually and by imperceptible degrees, consciousness would descend upon me—or perhaps it was that I would begin to support the consciousness—of silence. My book slipped back among the litter of other books upon the counterpane, and I would lie there and listen to the stillness and to those tiny sounds that accented the stillness. The house itself made minute, mysterious sounds—the drop of the merest splinter upon the attic floor overhead; a sigh in the walls where some old joist had further settled; the little, complaining creaks a flight of stairs makes, as though recovering from being climbed up.

I think of those days as being always in the wintertime, and perhaps they were, because that was when I caught cold. In those New England winters, snow generally covered the ground from December to March. To the right of where I lay in bed were two small-paned windows, and through them, when there was a blizzard, I saw the snow falling, falling, in a curious, leaden light. If it was a sunny day, the dazzle from the glassy crust shone through the windows excitingly, speaking of imaginary sleighs and skating parties. In the long hours of stillness I could hear the sound even the smallest leaf made as it skittered, scratching, across the crust of the snow.

From far away in the back of the house came faint domestic sounds—the coal range being shaken down, the black iron door to the oven opened and shut. I have no recollections of the hum of a vacuum cleaner, because we never owned a vacuum cleaner. Somehow things got done about the house, but not by my mother. Her mornings were, properly, for work. The sounds of her working made a principal part of that tiny accenting to the snowy silence, and I could identify each sound.

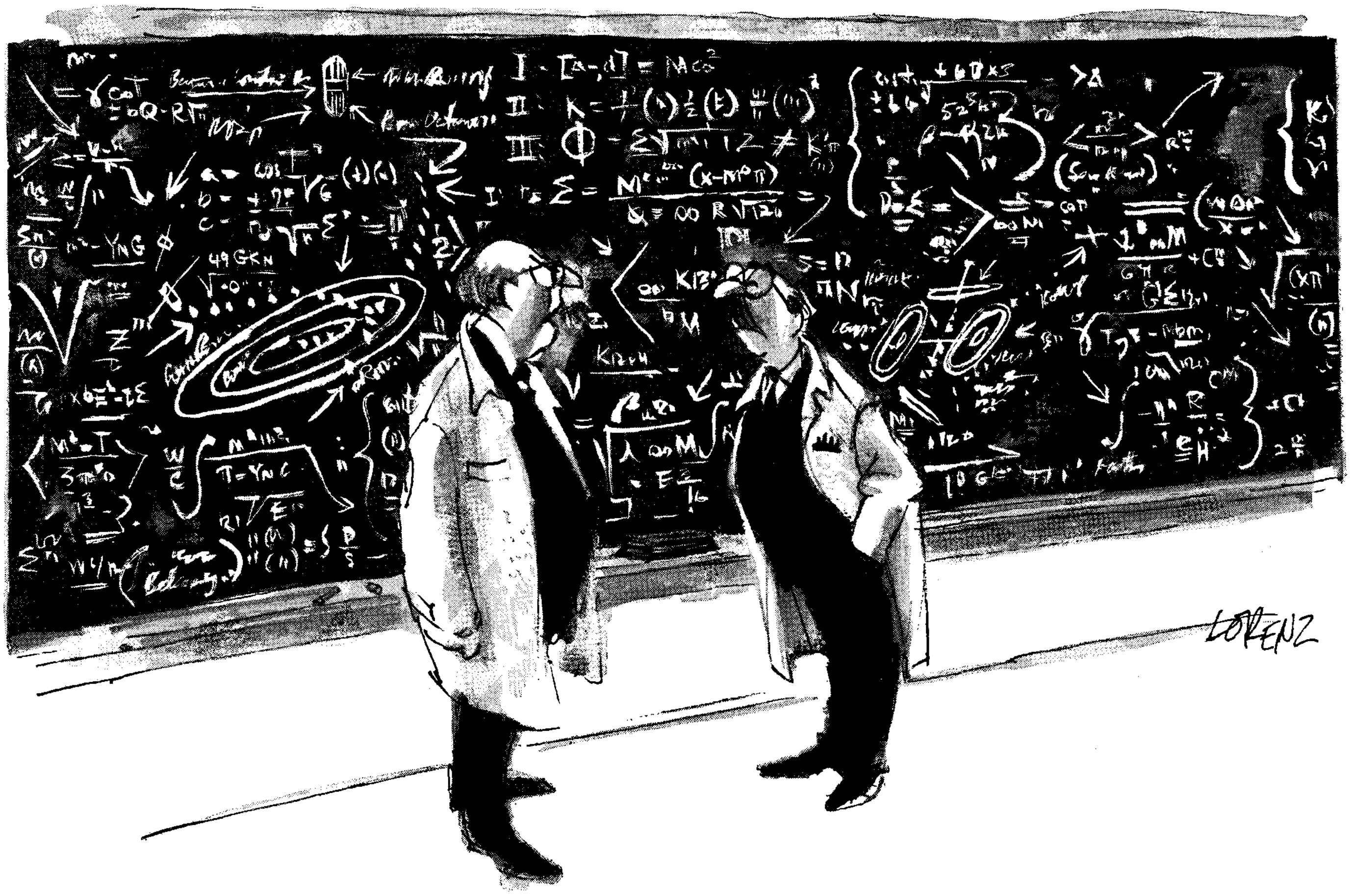
There was the sharp, steady sawing of charcoal (sharpened to a needle point with a razor blade) up and down against the sheet of Strathmore board on my mother's easel as she worked on a snow scene from the windows of the front hall that, with the aid of a wardrobe and a chest of drawers, my father used as a dressing room. There would come a pause in the sawing, and a faint rattle, while she rummaged around in the blue-edged box that French charcoal came in. A clack—she had dropped something on the floor. If it was charcoal, it fell with a small explosion. Then a scratchy, rubbing sound, which was the careful filing of the sides of her stick of charcoal against the board covered with fine sandpaper which had a handle to keep one's fingers clean. A pause. Then would recommence the sawing of the point drawn rhythmically up and down. I would go back to Miss Brontë, or make a stab at arithmetic, but every now and then I would give myself over again to rest in the long morning's stillness.



Sometime near noon, the day's letters would come pouring in through the slot in the front door, onto the hall floor, with a splash. Springing out of bed, I would run downstairs, in my warm wrapper and pink felt Daniel Green slippers with silk pompons on the toes, to pick them up. Usually there was nothing for me; still, it did no harm to look. Then I would carry the letters up to the front hall.

"Put them down there, will you, darling?" my mother would say, abstractedly. She sat, beautifully erect, on a high stool, her right arm out at full length, holding the charcoal in its French brass holder. The charcoal would be moving slowly, tentatively, as though groping, along the page, as her face kept turning, alertly, from drawing to scene outside the windows; or the charcoal would all at once move decisively, in a long line that ran down the paper—nervous, elegant, intensely black. If I stood watching for very long, my mother would drop the outstretched arm to her side and turn around as though someone had waked her up from sleep. "Gracious, go back to bed!" she would cry. "You'll catch more cold if you don't keep warm."

After lunch, which she had in the dining room, I in bed, the light would have changed too much for her to continue with the same drawing. Perhaps she would work on another drawing, of another subject, in another light, but generally she was tired out and, after writing a few letters at the secretary in her downstairs studio,



*"Oh, no! I erased last time!"*

• •

would come up to her room to lie down.

I wonder what in social history happened to the institution of lying down. All ladies lay down, in my childhood, and those of my grandmother's generation lay down even longer than my mother did. My mother lay down, flat on her back, without reading—to rest her eyes—for an hour, for two hours. The basalt clock downstairs in my father's study was abruptly audible to me, ticking. Then it vanished out of hearing again. The light changed, faded, became more leaden. It would snow again by night. Across the upstairs hall I could hear my mother sigh as she turned her cheek on her pillow. Outdoors, something—a twig, a privet berry—dropped off a tree onto the crust of the snow with a sharp if minute report. The bed I lay in, made of wood the color of maple sugar, creaked in headboard and footboard as I turned over, and "Kidnapped" and my Latin grammar slid off onto the floor.

Four o'clock came, and with it the most unlikely possibility that somebody would come to call. The time of day required that my mother be up and dressed, but because of the cold and because of the snow and because of my mother's obvious disinclination to society, the chances were that we would be left alone for the rest of the waning day, until at last, after dark had completely fallen, slammings and crashings and shouts would announce the homecoming of my father, bearing such tidings as that the temperature at the railroad station had reached ten below.

It was, I suppose, understandable enough that I as a young girl often felt myself abused because my parents were not supplying me with the sort of busy, animated, sociable household, full of comings and goings and community get-togethers, that I read about in the women's magazines on the long golden-oak table at the public library. Reforms one is helpless to accomplish in adolescence often develop, however, into the crusading instinct later in life, when one's parents are relatively at one's mercy. By the time I was middle-aged I had, alas, only my mother left to reform. I had decided in recent years that it was my father's recoil from society that had been the cause of my mother's lonely way of life, and I determined that she should now, at least, lead a more normal existence. The way I analyzed it, marrying an embittered older man when she was hardly more than a child had left her no opportunity to develop relationships with those of her own age. Those of her own age by this time meant people in the sixties or over. I felt it important she see a lot of them. After I moved from New York to Virginia, I persuaded my mother to give up the house outside Boston, which was by now in a young-married suburb, and move to an apartment near where I lived.

Sure enough. In the ambience of all those warmhearted and company-loving Southerners, my mother opened like a flower. She went to more parties in a month than she had gone to in five years, back in New England. She was wildly popular at parties. I can see her now, standing in the middle of an admiring, chattering group, looking wonderful in a broad-brimmed black velvet hat, wearing one of her chokers with a bow, also in black velvet, cunningly designed by her to conceal any folds in her neck—tall, silver-haired, beautifully erect. The Virginians were ecstatic over her looks and her gentle manner—"She's the best thing that's happened to Charlottesville in ten years," one lady declared—and my mother in turn sparkled in the light of this admiration. She talked, she laughed, she responded. In that big hat, cheeks flushed, she looked like a successful débutante.

Although she could by this time allow herself to enjoy a whirl, I can see that none of it really changed her much. I am still not sure but what she did, after all, prefer solitude. To the day of her death she groaned when the telephone or the doorbell rang. Once when my aunt, her sister, was visiting and she and I were sitting out on the terrace together, my mother came out to where we were and said in low, sibilant tones, "The B——s have come, and all they want to do is *talk*."

Her horror of society came out most strongly, of course, when she was painting, which she continued to do until she died. One of the remarkable things about her was that in certain branches of her work she became greater, not lesser, with age. Her charcoal drawings, which had always been subtle, evocative, exquisitely detailed, in her seventies suddenly became strong, simpler, the contrast of black and white more intense. In her early eighties my mother produced some of her best portrait drawings, working, as ever, with arm outstretched at full length without a tremor for four hours, although by that time she could not hold a cup and saucer without rattling it.

I thought, in my zeal for her welfare, that it would be nice for her also to take part in some community doings of a less frivolous nature, and to that end urged her to join the League of Women Voters. Obedient as a little girl, good as gold, she joined. One day in winter I went to see her and found her lying down, at three o'clock in the afternoon, as of yore.

"You aren't really tired. Now, are you?" I asked. "How about a little walk?"

"I've been painting all morning and I'm exhausted," she said firmly. "Eugene Speicher used to go to *bed* for the rest of the day, when *he'd* had a portrait sitting."

"I'd hoped you could fit in the League luncheon meeting this noon," I said. "I've just come from there."

My mother regarded me with large, gray, young eyes. "I went to a couple of those meetings," she said. "All they want to do is talk about politics. They're not *serious*."

We sat together then for a while before she got up to make tea, in one of those long silences when tiny sounds become brilliantly distinct—the occasional *clunk* of the electric clock on the wall of the kitchenette in that small, peaceful apartment; the creak, as my great-grandfather's sea chest in the parlor settled a bit; the sound of a chunk of wet snow as it slid off the roof onto more wet snow; the sound of a car passing outside, coming to us muffled, as though from far away.

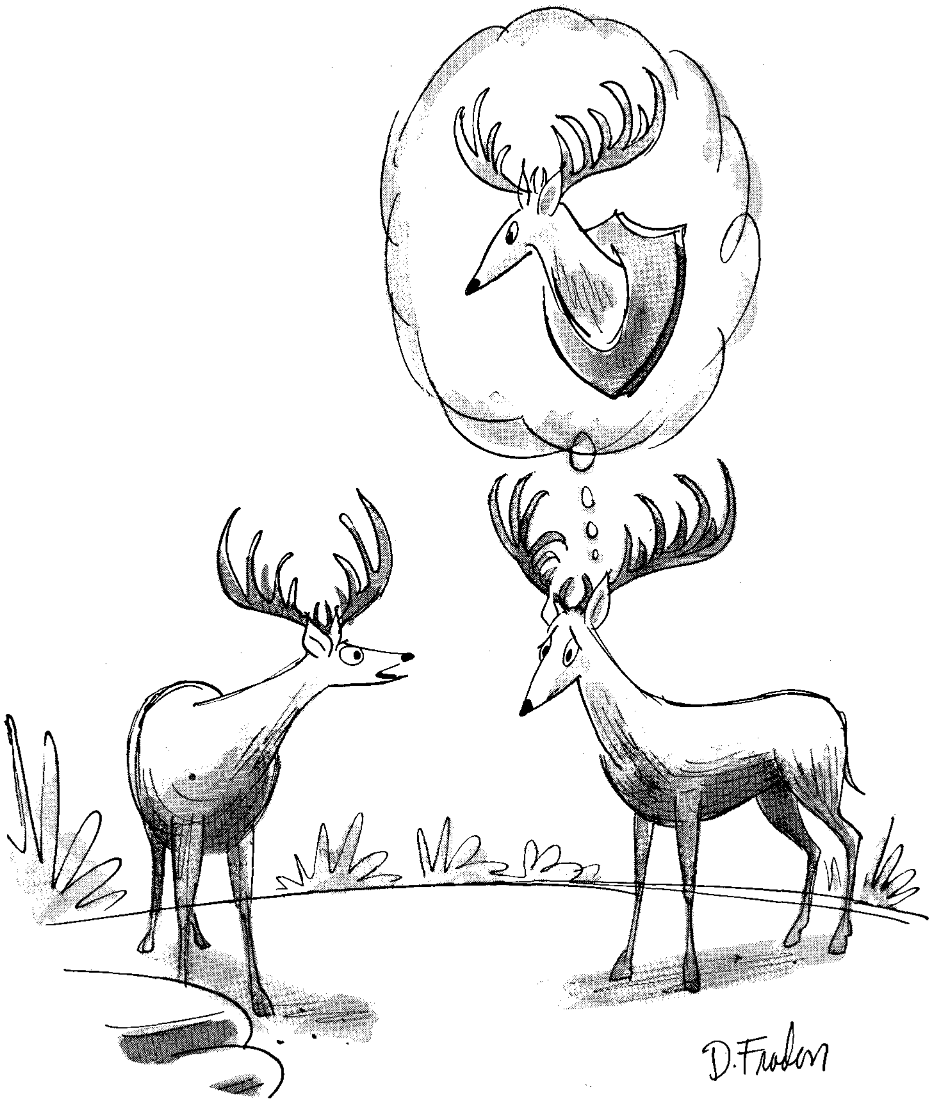
I have felt a sense of silence like that in one other place—in a big church to which I did not even belong. It was during Communion, and there was a hush that was merely accentuated by the sound of the priest's voice murmuring over and over, "The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee . . ." The communicants filed up in silence; those who had returned knelt silent in their pews. The vast structure was as still as death; even when the Gloria was sung it came only as the quietest awakening—"Lamb of God . . . that takest away the sins of the world. . . ."

Since in the church I was surrounded by hundreds of people, I must suppose that the similarity of those silences has more to do with me than with my mother, for her reactions to going to church were anything but restful. She once said at the church door after service, to the minister of the Unitarian church to which, out of sentiment for my father's family tradition, she used to go, "I'd come to church oftener, but it always makes me feel completely exhausted."

I saw the old man look into her earnest, forever-young face for a moment, before he said gently, "It's supposed to make you feel just the opposite."

It dawns on me that the silences I knew with my mother came to me not from being alone at all but from being close to her. They may have emanated out of her solitude, but for her being alone did not mean silence. She was listening, calmly rapt, to that humming dynamo, her secret source.

—NANCY HALE



*"You've simply got to stop thinking about things like that."*

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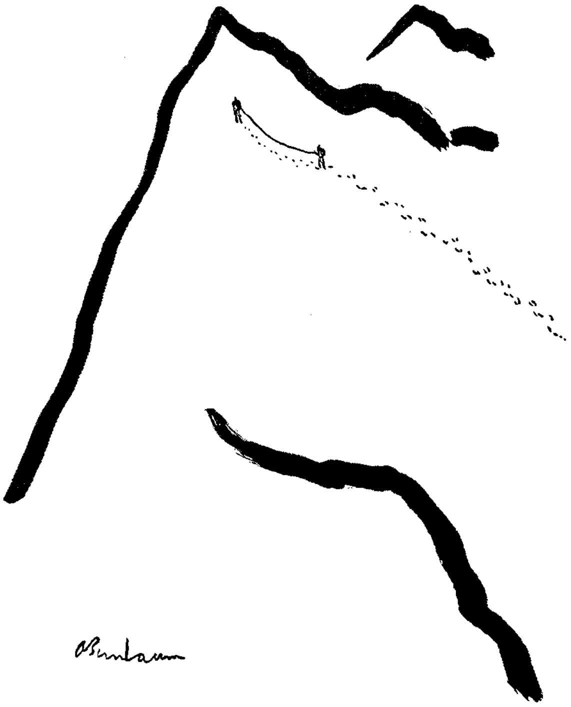
WANTED: Bookkeeper and deceptionist for doctor's office.—*Adv. in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Anybody asks, you just say he's operating.

# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## ASCENT

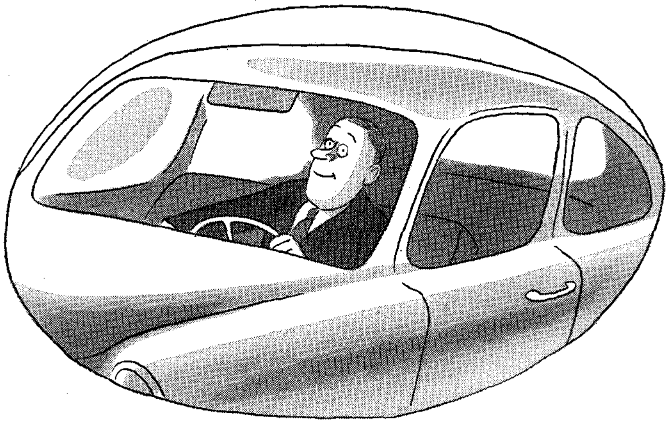
### I—THE ALTERNATION OF HOPE AND FEAR

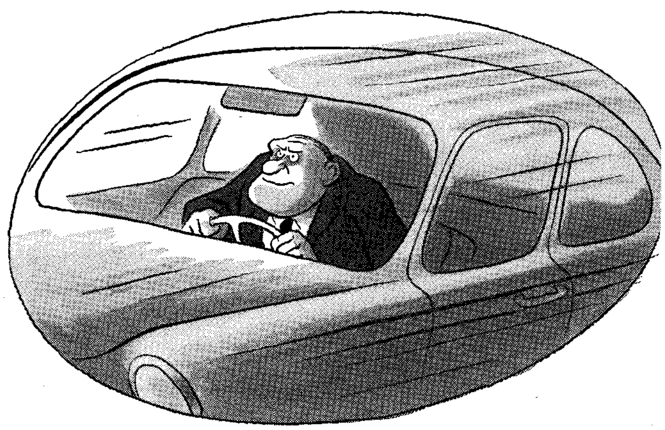


ALPINISM—that is, mountain climbing practiced for its own sake, as a sport—was born in the Chamonix Valley in the latter half of the eighteenth century. At that time, the valley, now part of the Department of the Haute-Savoie of France, belonged to the King of Sardinia; in 1858, Napoleon III received Nice and Savoy from the King in return for agreeing to help him drive the Austrians out of Italy, and since March 24, 1860—the Savoyards having ratified the union by a vote of 130,533 to 235—Savoy has belonged to France. In the valley, which was known as Chamouny, the language was a patois mixture of French and Italian. Today, almost everyone speaks French in the Savoie, although with an accent that must reflect the intonations of the old patois. The ancient town of Le Prieuré, founded in 1091, has become Chamonix, a sprawling tourist center and, undoubtedly, the mountain-climbing capital of Europe, if not of the world. A visitor to Chamonix, especially during July and August, in the climbing season, finds it difficult to imagine how the old town must have appeared two hundred years ago. Mountains at that time were hated and maligned. Even the names given to them reflected this feeling. For example, one of the satellites of Mont Blanc—which adjoins the valley and is the highest mountain in Europe—is still called Mont Maudit, or Cursed Mountain. An Englishman of that day wrote, "Nature has swept all the *ordures* on Earth into the Alps in order to form and clean the plain of Lombardy," and at the end of the seventeenth century the inhabitants of the valley asked their bishop to come "*exorciser et bénir les montagnes de glace qui menacent la Vallée.*" They were not disappointed, and in 1690 they were able to report to the bishop that "since the benediction given by Monseigneur Jean d'Arenthon d'Alex, the glaciers have withdrawn to such an extent that they are at present one-eighth of a league from where they were before his benediction." As a matter of fact, the glaciers are still retreating. As late as 1922, the tip of the Mer de Glace, a glacier that used to flow almost into Chamonix, broke off, and in that spring's floods great blocks of ice were carried into the center of town. Today only the Glacier des Bossons, which flows down from the side of Mont Blanc almost to the floor of the valley in a great cascade of blue-and-white ice, still gives one an impression of menace.

Mountains are now the main business of Chamonix. In the winter, people come from all over the world to ski, and in the summer they come to climb or just look. There are four elaborate systems of *téléphériques* that lead from the valley into the surrounding mountains, and two cog railroads, to say nothing of several lesser ski lifts. One can go from Chamonix, which is about three thousand feet above sea level, to just below the top of the Aiguille du Midi, which is over twelve thousand feet high, in less than fifteen minutes. The change is stunning. One makes the ascent in two stages. The first *téléphérique* lifts one across a rich pine forest to the timber line, and then above it to the first stop, called the Plan de l'Aiguille. There one changes into a yellow-and-red cabin suspended from a thick metal cable that runs about five thousand feet up an absolutely vertical face. Much of the face is covered with snow and ice, and in the late afternoon, if the weather is warm, it is frequently swept by avalanches. They are a magnificent and awesome sight. There is a roar, and then a thick cloud of snow hurtles down onto the glacier below. Sometimes there are giant cascades of rock, which plow up the snow as they fall. The top of the Aiguille du Midi is a granite pyramid. (Most of the aiguilles—the French word for "needles"—of Chamonix are granite. It provides an excellent surface for climbing, because it is solid and offers a great deal of traction, but it is somewhat dangerous during thunderstorms, since bolts of lightning race unchecked across it.) In the summit pyramid, a system of tunnels has been blasted out. One contains a snack bar and souvenir shop, and another leads to a *téléphérique* that conveys one in little four-man gondolas over the Vallée Blanche, a glacial valley, to the Italian frontier; there one may take another system of *téléphériques* down into Courmayeur, an Italian alpine village and climbing station. From the top of the Aiguille du Midi, one gets an immense feeling of space. On all sides, the snow-covered mountains drop away, and one has the impression of being suspended in midair. As the French climbers put it, "*Il y a du gaz.*"

The *téléphérique* to the Aiguille du Midi starts operating at six in the morning. The first couple of runs are devoted to climbers. If the weather is fair, there are usually a few hundred of them assembled around the lower station for the first trip. (The guides estimate that on a good day during the season there are between three and four thousand climbers in the valley.) The rather subdued talk is polyglot, with French predominating. There is a good deal of fussing with equipment and exchanging of information about routes and snow conditions. Here and there one can distinguish guides. Chamonix guides often wear a characteristic red sweater with thin blue stripes, and always wear prominently displayed on their sweaters or jackets a large metal medallion with the initials "S.G.C."—for "Syndicat des Guides de Chamonix"—embossed on its top, just above an impressive enamelled depiction of the aiguilles, two crossed ice axes, and the colors of France. At six, the doors of the station are opened, and everyone shoves inside to buy tickets in





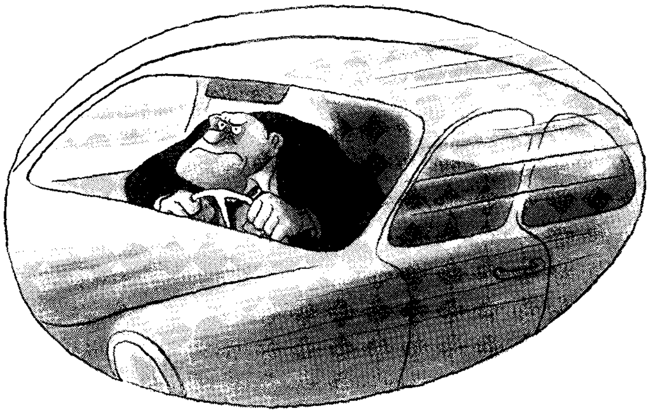
a wild melee of climbers and equipment. A couple of hours later, the tourists take over—families with large and small children, women who get sick at the top because of the lack of oxygen, and people who insist on going up in thin summer shirts and shorts. There are cameras everywhere. Some people get off at the Plan de l'Aiguille and walk along trails that lead out from the station, but most go on up, take a few pictures, drink a glass of tea, and return to Chamonix. In the village, the same mixture is repeated. There are climbers everywhere. Innumerable sports stores, like La Hutte and Rémi's, sell or rent climbing equipment of every kind. They are set in among souvenir shops, small hotels, and photographers' shops, like Tairraz's. (The Tairraz family has been in mountain photography in Chamonix for over a hundred years.) There are restaurants and cafés and a few *boîtes;* the *Guide Michelin* singles out one of the restaurants, Le Choucas, by crediting it with "*ambiance locale.*" The *choucas* is a jet-black mountain jackdaw that, according to local legend, feeds on the remains of expired and expiring climbers. It is one of the few forms of animal life that one sees on and about the really high mountains above Chamonix, and why the restaurant should have picked this somewhat ominous name is not clear, especially since it caters largely to climbers. Almost as incomprehensible is one feature of its décor—a sizable panel of photographs of climbers and skiers who, a guide once told me, "*sont presque tous morts.*"

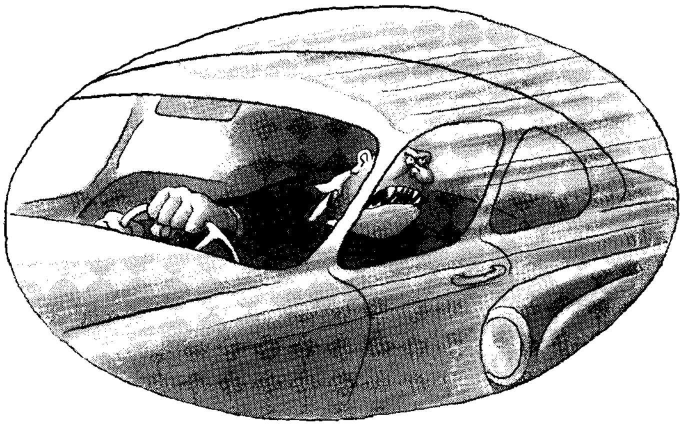
Until the middle of the eighteenth century, the village was all but unknown, except to a few clergymen, soldiers, and tax collectors. Then, in 1741, a young Englishman named William Windham, who was living in Geneva and becoming bored with it, decided to organize an expedition into the valley. "We left Geneva on the 18th of June, 1741, in a band consisting of eight masters and five servants, all well armed," he later wrote. After three days, they made their way into the valley, which, to their surprise, they found "rather agreeable." They went on to the village of "Chamouny"—Le Prieuré had changed its name. The sight of the glaciers fascinated them. "We camped there, and while refreshments were being prepared for us, we asked the peasants for information about the glaciers," Windham wrote. "First they showed us some of the tips [of the glaciers] which descended into the valley and which we could see from the village. That did not satisfy our curiosity, and we discovered that we had come too far simply to stop. We asked several questions of the peasants in order to find out if by climbing the mountain we could discover something more. They told us that we could but that it was a very difficult and arduous thing to do. One old prior, after a thousand apologies, tried to persuade us not to go any farther. However, our curiosity carried us on."

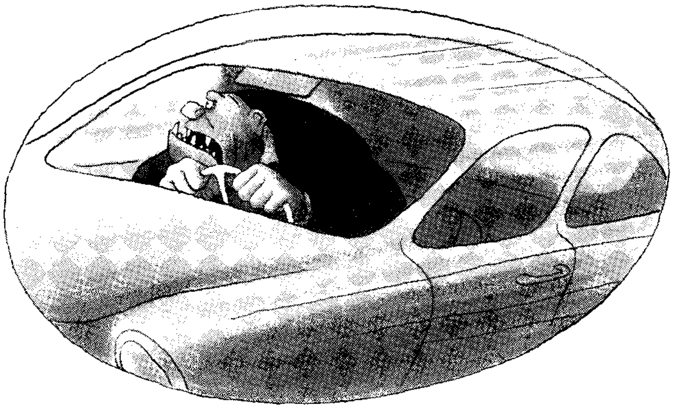
Windham and his group climbed some steep wooded and rocky slopes above the valley and, after about four hours of very difficult walking, arrived at a spot now known as Montenvers. Montenvers—the name probably derives from "*montagne verte*"—is a small plateau just above the Mer de Glace. (The ski run from the Aiguille du Midi to below Montenvers by way of the Vallée Blanche and the Mer de Glace is now one of the most famous runs in Europe.) The Mer de Glace has shrunk pitifully since Windham's day. Contemporary etchings and lithographs show it as a tortured river of ice coming almost up to the level of the plain itself. Today, anyone who wants to descend onto the glacier has to use either a little *téléphérique* or a system of extremely steep iron ladders and handrails. Windham's group made what was then the short descent onto the glacier "half falling, half sliding on our hands and feet" and found themselves surrounded by giant ice blocks and crevasses "so deep that we could not even see the bottom." He notes that some of the Chamoniards who came onto the glacier to look for quartz, hematite, and other crystals that are occasionally found there fell into crevasses "and were discovered after some time, their bodies entirely preserved under the ice." After half an hour on the glacier, Windham and his group climbed back up to Montenvers, made their way to Chamouny, and the next day returned to Geneva, their curiosity satisfied.

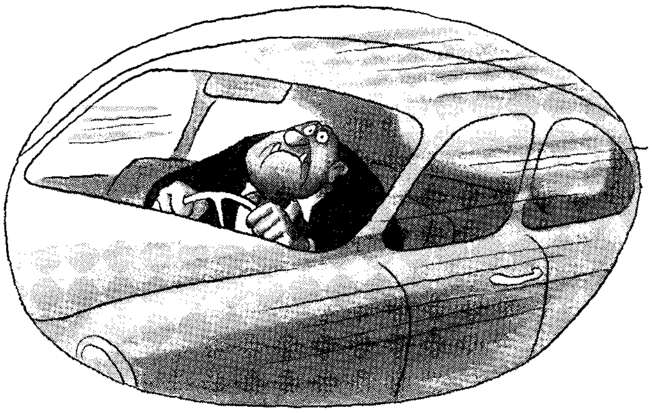
From Montenvers, which is now easily accessible by an electric cog railway, one gets a clear view of the fantastic architecture of the aiguilles. Stretching southwestward and rising more than five thousand feet above Montenvers is a broken wall of peaks that culminates with the Aiguille du Midi itself. This chain faces directly on the Chamonix Valley, and the mountains that make it up are known collectively as the Aiguilles de Chamonix. In back of them, but invisible from Montenvers, is the Vallée Blanche, which runs east and west, from the Mer de Glace to the base of Mont Blanc itself. From Montenvers, looking due south and up the Mer de Glace, one can see a second great Alpine wall—the one that separates France from Italy. It is dominated by the Grandes Jorasses, which rise to about fourteen thousand feet; the north face of the Grandes Jorasses is one of the most difficult climbs in Chamonix. To the east, directly across the Mer de Glace, is still another chain of aiguilles, this one dominated by the thirteen-thousand-five-hundred-foot Aiguille Verte, which, despite its name, is snow-covered. The whole effect is of wave after wave of mountains, each wave separated from the next by a glacier.

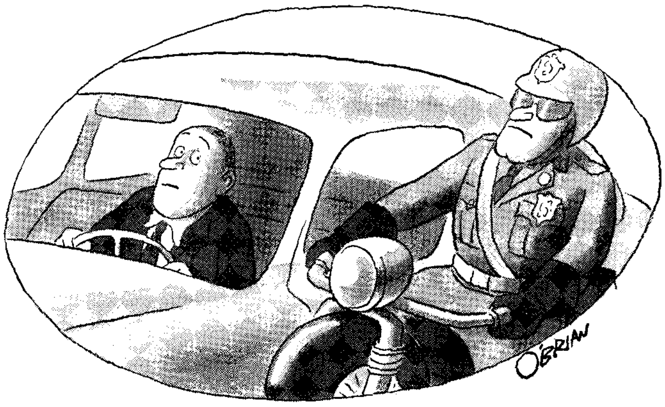
At first glance, the nearby Aiguilles de Chamonix present a totally jumbled arrangement of sharp points (some of





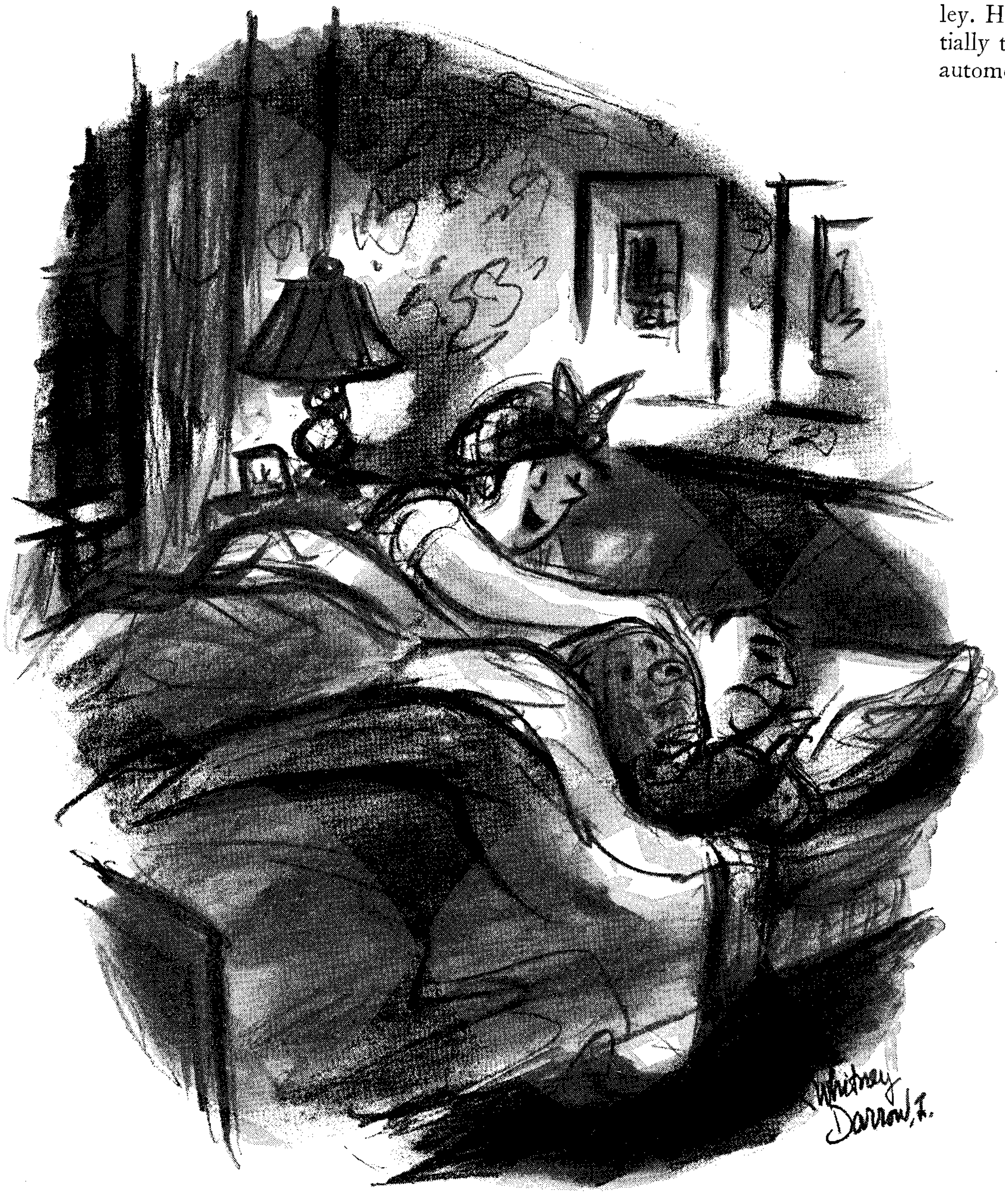




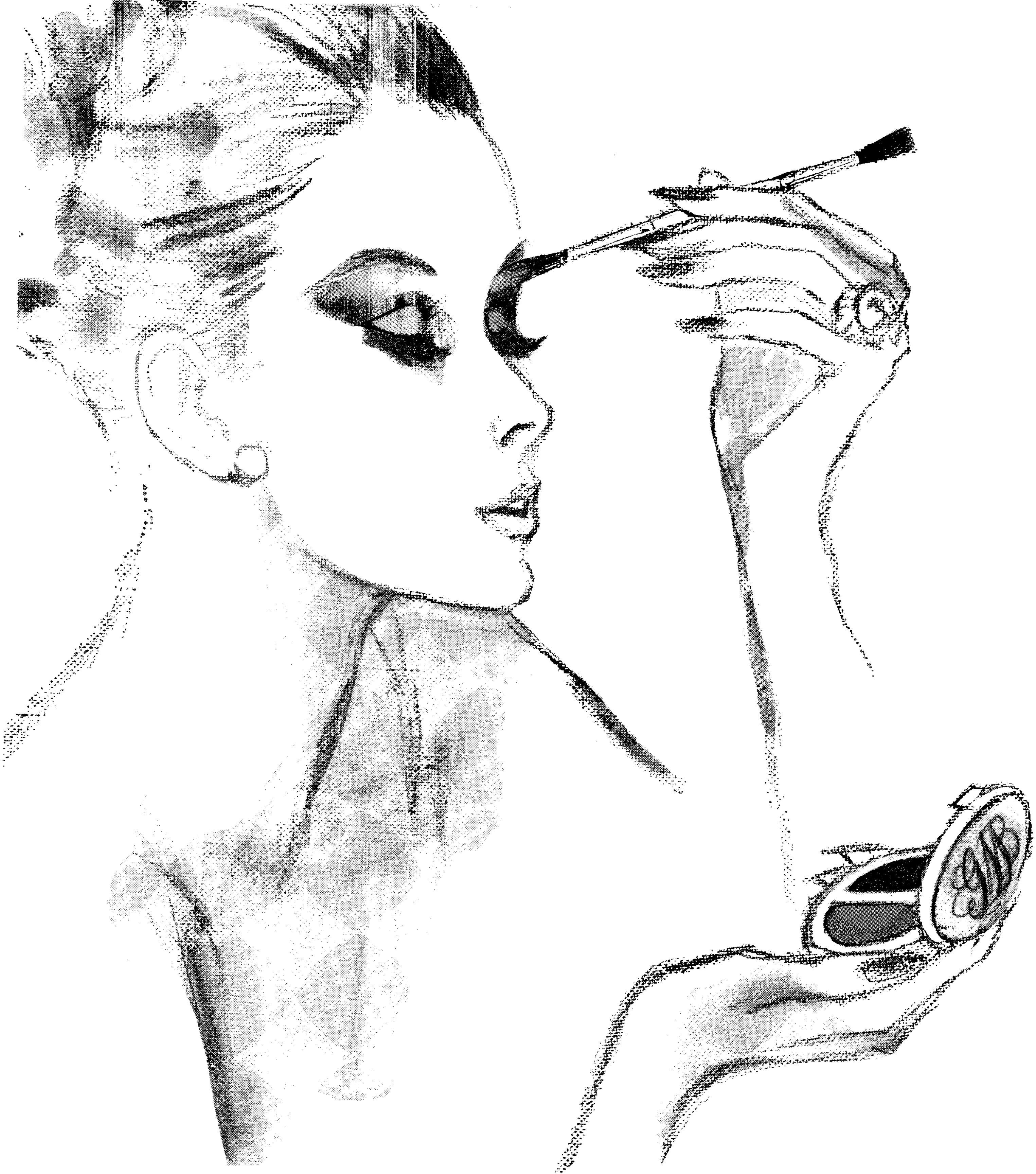


the summits are so small that there is barely room for a single climber on them), sawlike ridges, and vertical faces, often seamed with snow. In time, one gets to pick out familiar shapes. There is the Requin (11,224 feet), so called because it resembles a shark's head; the Grépon (11,420), which was thought until the late nineteenth century to be absolutely unclimbable; the Aiguille des Ciseaux (giant granite scissors); the Aiguille du Fou, so called because a well-known guide once said that only a madman would think of climbing it; the Aiguille des Deux Aigles, so called because the first climbers to ascend it (in 1905) were accompanied to the summit by two eagles who flew around and around them. As Windham wrote, these "sharp and arid rocks, elevated to enormous heights, resemble in some way buildings of Gothic architecture." Next to the Aiguille Verte are the twin summits of Les Drus. (The Grand Dru stands at 12,313 feet, and the Petit Dru at 12,245.) The sight of them from Montenvers is one of the most magnificent and awesome alpine scenes in all Europe. The *Guide Vallot,* a four-volume climbing guide that classifies according to difficulty all the climbs in the Chamonix region, says of Les Drus, "*Giantesque pyramide rocheuse, l'Aiguille du Dru est une des plus pures merveilles de la chaîne du Mont Blanc.*" Because of their imposing, towering quality, Les Drus have been the subject of innumerable paintings and photographs, and have even figured in novels. This year, Gallimard, a publishing house in France, brought out a new murder mystery by José Giovanni called "Meurtre au Sommet," about a climber who is killed (murder? suicide?) in an avalanche near the summit of Les Drus. The Aiguille Verte, alongside Les Drus, is about twelve hundred feet higher. The top of the Verte is always covered with snow, and it has the reputation of being an especially dangerous mountain to climb. There is a saying in the valley that goes, "*Si la Verte veut, le Mont-Blanc ne peut*"—"If the Verte has decided upon you, Mont Blanc cannot take you." The dangers on the Verte are mainly what climbers call "objective" dangers, meaning those that arise from the condition of the mountain, or perhaps the weather, and are essentially the same for all climbers. On the Verte, the objective dangers are falling rock and avalanches. Many of the routes to the summit involve a climb up exceedingly steep gullies of snow and ice, or at least a traverse across them. These gullies are particularly vulnerable to avalanches. This past summer, the Verte was the scene of the worst accident that has ever taken place in the Alps. On Tuesday, July 7th, fourteen climbers were killed in a single avalanche. What was even more stunning was that these men were all absolutely crack alpinists. Nine were students in the French government school in Chamonix—the École Nationale de Ski et d'Alpinisme, sometimes informally known as the Sorbonne de la Neige—which trains guides and ski instructors. They were on a final exercise before being promoted to the rank of full-fledged guide, and were accompanied by four instructors from the school, and also by Charles Bozon, a world-champion skier and former instructor at the school, who had gone along on the climb for the fun of it. The fourteen men were divided up into seven ropes of two each, and had taken a difficult, although often climbed, route. Near the top, they were traversing one of the steep gullies when they were caught in a sudden avalanche that swept them down the gully and onto the glacier below like so many straws. The weather conditions were perfect, and the director of the École Nationale had flown over the mountain in a helicopter just before the climb to make sure that the snow was solid. Every precaution had been taken, but the accident occurred anyway. It represented the minimum, ineluctable risk always present in climbing. A guide I spoke with shortly after the accident said simply, "*La montagne, vous savez.*" And Maurice Herzog, the Annapurna climber who is now the French Secretary of State for Youth and Sports, who came to the funeral as a representative of General de Gaulle, said, "*Je connaissais bien ces garçons; je comprenais bien leur vocation et leur destin.*" For a few days, climbing in the valley almost came to a stop. But climbers are optimistic by nature, and by the weekend after the accident there was as much activity as ever.

THE remarkable change of attitude toward the mountains—from abject fear to an almost lemming-like desire to climb them—was first manifested in Horace-Bénédict de Saussure, a wealthy Genevan who was a geologist and meteorologist of some importance and who became the first of the real mountain climbers and mountain writers. In a book called "Mont-Blanc, Jardin Féerique," Gaston Rébuffat, one of the greatest of the modern Chamonix guides and a prolific mountain writer and photographer, has produced a brilliantly illustrated account of de Saussure's climbs in the Chamonix region. He summarizes de Saussure's contribution to climbing by calling him "the founder of our family." The founder was born near Geneva on February 17, 1740, and fell in love with the mountains in early childhood. He began by making modest climbs near Geneva, and in 1760, "*brulant du désir*" to see the great snow-covered peaks around Chamonix, he made a solo expedition into the valley. His route from Geneva was essentially the same that one would take by automobile now. Mont Blanc is visible from Geneva, but after one leaves the city it is hidden by foothills until one reaches the town of Sallanches, a few miles from the opening of the Chamonix Valley. "From there," de Saussure wrote in his classic "Voyages dans les Alpes," "it appeared an astonishing height." De Saussure was instantly taken by the valley. He was charmed by everything—"the pure fresh air that one breathes, the beautiful cultivation of the valley, the pretty hamlets that one comes upon at every step." He goes on to say, "The inhabitants give the name '*montagnes maudites*' to Mont Blanc and the snow-covered peaks that surround it, and I myself heard from peasants in my infancy that these eternal snows are the result of a curse that the inhabitants of the mountains brought on themselves by their crimes. Until one got to know these good people as one knows them today, this superstitious opinion—absurd as it is—could well have served as a basis for a bad reputation, which was accepted even by people who are ordinarily far above such prejudice." Among the residents of Chamonix, de Saussure discovered a cadre of Chamonix guides. These men were really hunters, and any climbing done by them was



*"Hayden, wake up! The meaning of 'Tiny Alice' just came to me!"*



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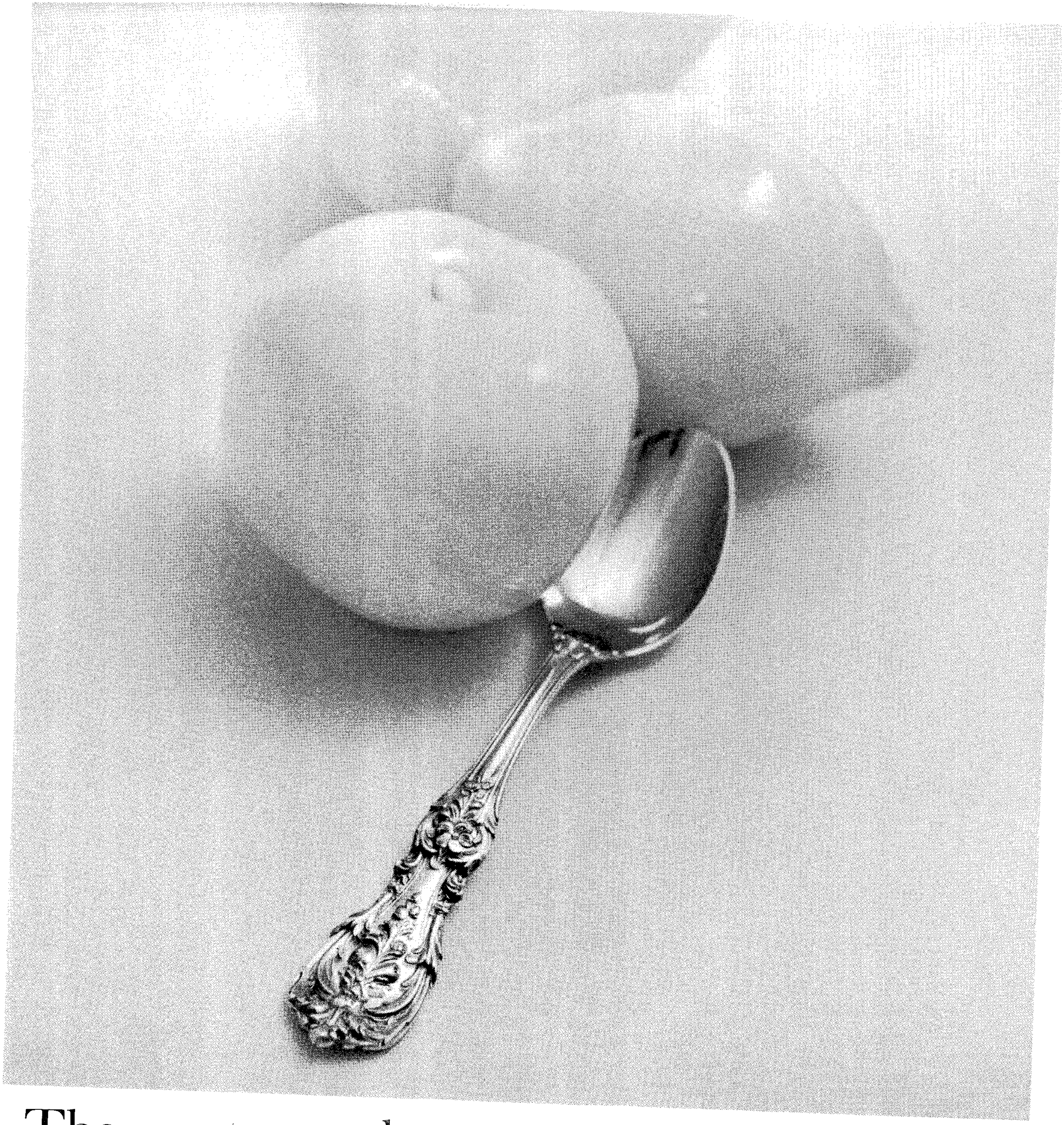
done only in the line of duty. De Saussure was much impressed by these men. "What is it that attracts them to this kind of life?" he asks in his book. He was well aware of the extreme dangers of chamois-hunting on the glaciers, and of the numerous accidents that the guides had had. "It is not cupidity," he answers himself, "at least not a rational cupidity, because the most magnificent chamois is not worth more than twelve francs to the man who kills it, even including the value of the meat. . . . It is the danger itself—the alternation of hope and fear, the continual agitation that these emotions make in the soul—that excites the hunter, just as it animates the gambler, the soldier, the navigator, and even, to a point, the Alpine naturalist, whose life resembles in certain respects that of a chamois-hunter." "The alternation of hope and fear," or what a guide once described for me as "*le charme de l'imprévu*," is still as good an explanation as any I know of why men become mountain guides.

De Saussure climbed the Brévent, a pinnacle in the Aiguilles Rouges, across the valley from Mont Blanc (it is now easily accessible by *téléphérique* and is the beginning of one of the most challenging ski runs in the Alps), which affords a superb view of Mont Blanc and the Aiguilles de Chamonix. He was entranced by the view, and Rébuffat writes, "That day—July 24, 1760—is a day of revelation; a great adventure begins. In the heart of a young man, for the first time in the world, there was formed an insane dream. A crazy desire, unreasonable, irrational was born: to climb Mont Blanc." And in a very real sense, with de Saussure's fantasy the sport of mountaineering began.

Upon descending to the valley, de Saussure announced that he would give a large reward to the first man who found a successful route up Mont Blanc, and that he would even pay daily wages to anyone who *tried* to find one. There were no takers, although one Pierre Simond made a few modest attempts to find the beginnings of a route. (Simond is one of the most common names now found in the valley. There are several Simonds who are guides, and one who is among the world's outstanding manufacturers of mountaineering equipment.) After several years, de Saussure decided that the mountain was unclimbable, and contented himself with making numerous trips around its base.

By 1775, visiting the Chamonix Valley had become almost commonplace. About this time, Marc-Théodore



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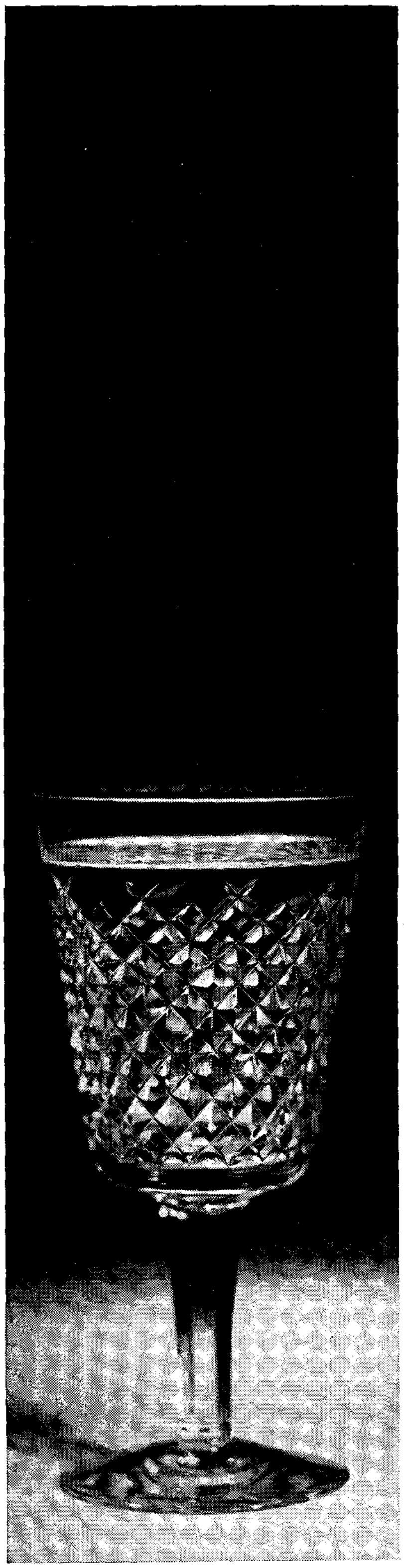

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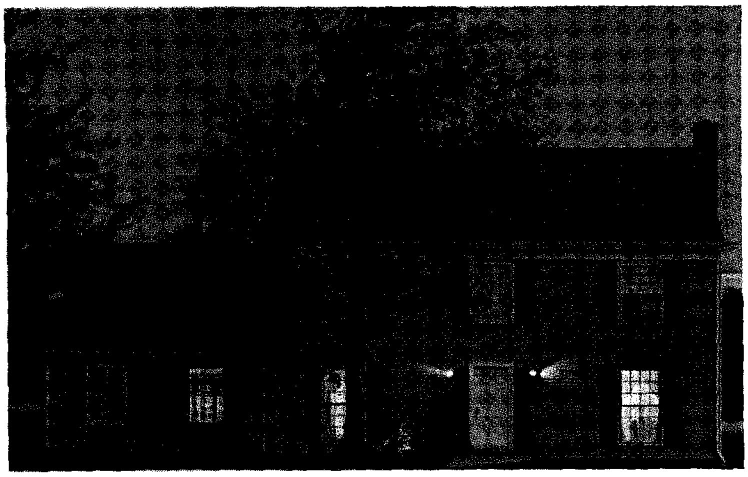
Bourrit, a fellow-townsman of de Saussure's, appeared on the scene. He was almost the perfect anti-type of de Saussure, being poor, uneducated, and physically weak. He felt himself to be greatly inferior to de Saussure, who treated him with disdain. Their only common ground was a mania to climb Mont Blanc; indeed, Bourrit's great ambition was to get to the top before de Saussure. He was a determined, if untalented, climber, and he did succeed in making a number of lesser climbs (now regarded more or less as hard walks) around the valley. In 1773, he published one of the first books on the valley, "Description des Glacières, Glaciers, et Amas de Glace du Duché de Savoye," and he became well known in Europe as an Alpine painter. In fact, Frederick the Great wrote Bourrit a letter in which he called him "the Historian of the Alps," and in later life Bourrit embellished the gardens of his house in Geneva with, as he put it, "beautiful acacias, planted for the comfort and convenience of strangers who do not wish to leave Geneva without visiting the Historian of the Alps." He also somewhat later succeeded—with at least the tacit aid of de Saussure—in writing and publicizing an entirely distorted and dishonest version of the first ascent of Mont Blanc, which was taken at face value until the middle of the nineteenth century.

The first real attempt on the mountain was made in 1775. Four Chamonix guides, carrying, among other things, long lances, which they used as supports in traversing crevasses, managed to get to the top (14,120 feet) of the Dôme du Goûter—a rounded summit only sixteen hundred feet below the peak of Mont Blanc and now on the most frequently used route to it. Before they could reach the top of Mont Blanc, thick clouds began forming, and they retreated back to the valley. They had counted on making the whole climb in one day, because it was universally held at the time that no one could spend a night on the glaciers and survive. (Today, no one would think of climbing Mont Blanc in one day.) Several years went by before the next serious attempt, and this time there was a new figure on the scene—Dr. Michel-Gabriel Paccard, a young physician, born in Chamonix in 1757, who had studied medicine in Turin and Paris, and had returned to Chamonix to settle down and practice. In 1784, after making an unsuccessful attempt on the Dôme du Goûter side of the mountain in the company of none other than Bourrit and some guides (Bourrit became terrified because of a turn of bad weather, and the attempt was aborted), Dr. Paccard began a serious telescopic study of the mountain, and hit upon a new idea. Until then, the climb had begun from the Chamonix side; now Paccard decided that it would be easier to start farther down the valley, first climbing to the Tête Rousse, then the Aiguille du Goûter, then the Dôme du Goûter, and finally to the summit itself. Late in the summer of 1784, Paccard explored the new route, and in September Bourrit and some guides tried it. Bourrit was stopped below the summit of the Aiguille du Goûter, but two of his guides made it to the top and continued to the top of the Dôme, where they were finally stopped by the difficulty of the summit ridge. (Today, the so-called *voie normale* up Mont Blanc follows Paccard's plan. One begins in Saint-Gervais, a small town just outside the Chamonix Valley, where one boards a cog railroad that goes as far as the Nid d'Aigle, at about eight thousand feet. Here there is a small railroad station and buffet, and close by, on a cliff where one begins the climb to the summit, a sign reading, "Mt. Blanc: 8h"—eight hours, broken into two days, with a stopover in a mountain refuge, being about the standard time for the climb.) As a result of the success of his guides, Bourrit proposed to de Saussure that they make a joint try at the mountain. Rébuffat quotes de Saussure's answer: "I always prefer to go on excursions of this type alone with my guides, but I will consent with pleasure." In September, 1785, de Saussure, Bourrit, Bourrit's son Isaac, and fourteen guides proceeded to a cabin that Bourrit had had constructed at the foot of the Aiguille du Goûter. It may well have been the first climbing hut ever built; now there are no fewer than three mountain refuges between the Nid d'Aigle and the summit, and several more on the other approaches to it. On this trip, de Saussure made frequent use of an extraordinary climbing technique that he had developed on earlier expeditions. It consisted of stationing one guide in front of him and one behind him, each

# *Tonight in Oak Brook, Illinois*



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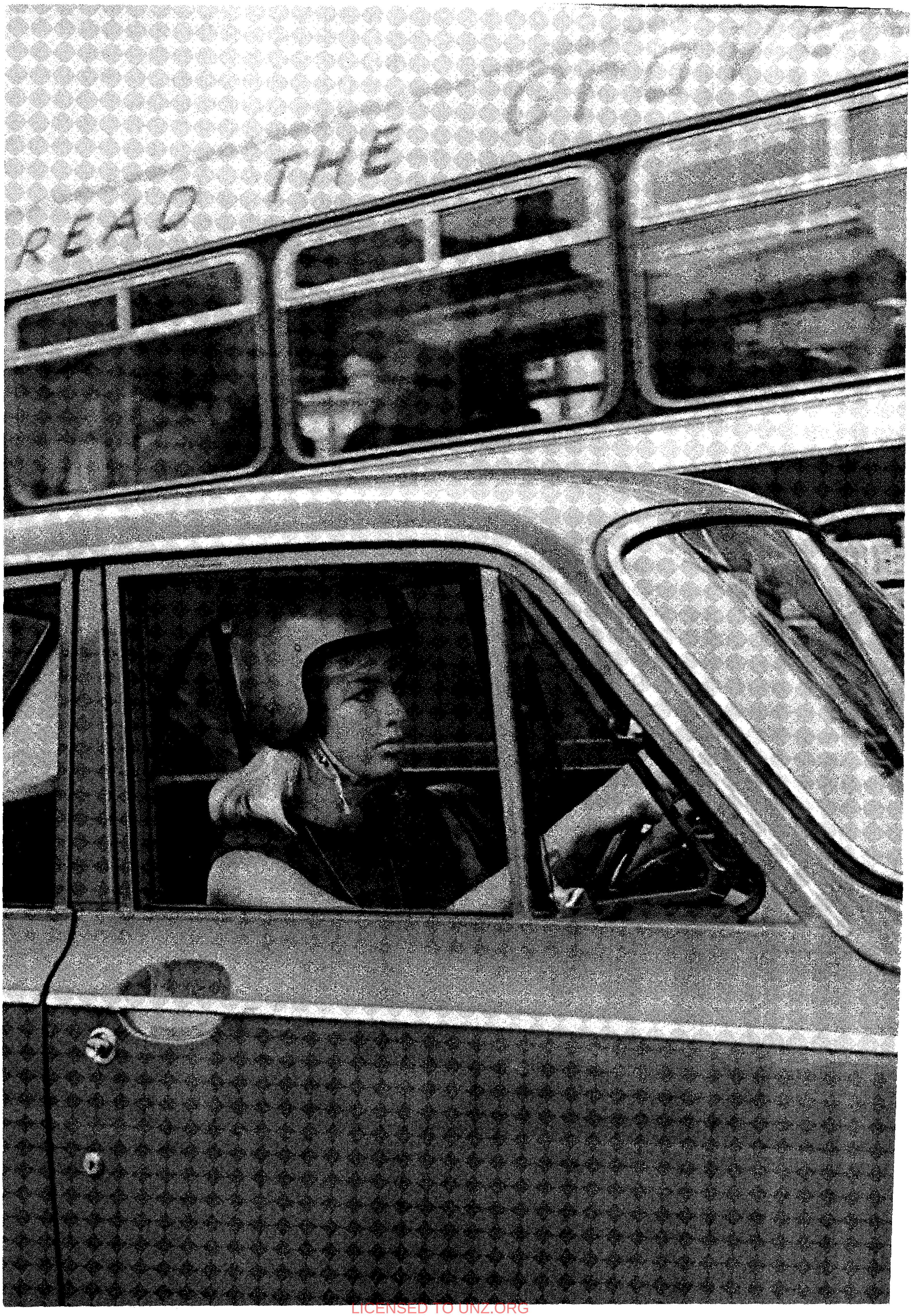
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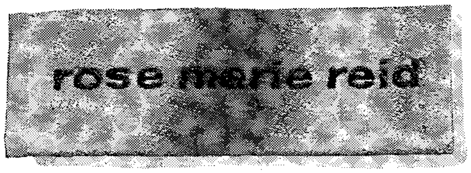

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holding one end of a long climbing baton, to which de Saussure, in the middle, was able to cling. But the technique did not always work. "Often, not knowing what else to hold on to, I was reduced to seizing the bottom of the foot of the guide who was in front of me," he wrote later.

The caravan never got to the top of the Aiguille du Goûter and was fortunate to get back unscathed to Chamonix. A totally absurd altercation followed, which is wonderfully described in a book by Sir Arnold Lunn entitled "The Swiss and Their Mountains." As Sir Arnold tells it, "De Saussure, on his return to Geneva, was annoyed by reports which not only greatly exaggerated the perils which they had encountered but which also attributed the failure of the expedition to his shortcomings as a rock climber. To his protest, Bourrit replied, 'I could not but notice that the way you came down was not the happiest. You might have fallen backwards, you might have been hit by the rocks dislodged by the guides, whom you made keep behind you, and we noticed the trouble they had to avoid this.' " To atone for this attack, the Historian later sent de Saussure an account of the expedition (which he no doubt intended to publish) that praised him in overelaborate terms. De Saussure found this excessive praise even less to his taste than the unjustified criticism. "No one, perhaps," he magnanimously wrote in a return letter, "believes more than I do in the kindness and honesty of your heart, but I know very well also that your flighty imagination often makes you see things in a false light. If you could put aside this tendency, there is no reason you should not keep an agreeable recollection of our excursion. I had every reason to be satisfied with you and your son." Meanwhile, the son had himself launched an attack on de Saussure in a vainglorious letter. "Sir," he wrote, "do you not envy me my twenty-one years? Who will wonder if a youth of this age, who has nothing to lose, is bolder than a father of a family, a man of forty-six?" As Lunn goes on to say, "Even this impudent letter could only provoke a gentle retort: 'A moderate amount of boastfulness is no great crime, especially at your age. . . . One may proclaim oneself a little stronger, a little more active than one really is, and yet be the most honest fellow in the world. The truth is that though I recognized in you a slight tendency in this direction, I did not fail to find you very amiable.' "

However, de Saussure, although he treats the Bourrits very well in his

# Legs, let's face it!

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"Voyages," refused to climb with them again, and the elder Bourrit's last attempt on Mont Blanc, in 1788, ended in failure about four hundred feet below the summit. As for Paccard, he and de Saussure had some correspondence about their respective attempts on the Aiguille du Goûter in which de Saussure more or less dismissed Paccard's achievements. Neither de Saussure nor Bourrit could accept the fact that a humble village doctor, almost singlehanded and without a vast retinue of guides and servants, could do as well or better than they.

Now still another new figure enters the drama—Jacques Balmat. Balmat was a Chamoniard guide and hunter, and his principal motive for climbing was a desire to earn the prize that de Saussure had offered nearly thirty years before. In 1786, Balmat made an attempt on the summit with a number of fellow-guides. They were turned back by a storm, and Balmat, losing the rest of the party, was forced to spend a night at more than twelve thousand feet—probably the first bivouac ever attempted at such an altitude. At this point, the myth about the first climb of Mont Blanc begins. De Saussure writes in his "Voyages" that Balmat, while resting in his bivouac and contemplating the mountain, spotted a new route to the summit from the Chamonix side. He planned to keep it secret but then, hearing that Dr. Paccard was ready to make another attempt, he offered his services (and, according to the myth, his route) to him for hire. In reality, it appears that the route the two men finally took was Dr. Paccard's own, which he had plotted out as a result of very careful telescopic observations of the mountain, and which was quite unknown to Balmat before the climb. In any event, on Monday, August 7, 1786, the two men started up, Balmat carrying most of the provisions, which included a barometer that Paccard made frequent use of to check his altitude. On the night of August 7th, which was exceptionally warm, they bivouacked at 7,640 feet. At four the next morning, they started up again. Sir Arnold Lunn notes, "On no less than four occasions, [they] broke through small concealed crevasses and saved themselves by flinging themselves forward, with poles horizontal, to the snow. They had no rope. At some point above the Grands Mulets, Balmat felt that he had had enough. [The Grands Mulets is a rock outcropping above the glaciers, on which there is now a very elaborate mountain refuge.] He told

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Paccard that his child was ill and that he had promised to return to help his wife. Paccard dismissed the story of the sick child as a mere excuse, though in fact the child was ill and had died before they returned to Chamonix.... There was a second crisis when they reached the Grand Plateau. Once again, Balmat refused to continue. They had been climbing for nine hours. The wind had risen, the temperature had fallen, and there was no certainty that they would reach the summit before sunset. Paccard's decision to continue was outstandingly courageous. We can understand Balmat's misgivings, and must give him full credit for overcoming his natural reluctance to continue. They were observed from the valley to leave the Petits Mulets rocks at 6:12 P.M. and to reach the summit at 6:23 P.M. on August 8, 1786."

The route they took is by no means the easiest one, and few climbers would like to be on the summit as late as 7 P.M., which is when Balmat and Paccard began their descent to Chamonix. The whole ascent had been witnessed by a Baron Adolf von Gersdorf through a high-powered telescope and carefully recorded by him in a journal. This was fortunate for Paccard's subsequent reputation, because no sooner had the climbers returned to Chamonix than Bourrit put all his energies to work to discredit Dr. Paccard. He created the story that Paccard had been all but carried to the top by Balmat (in fact, Paccard did become snow-blind on the way down, and was partly led by Balmat), and that Balmat had discovered the route that the climbers used. Balmat—who received de Saussure's prize, amounting to about sixty dollars, plus his guide's fee and the right, conferred on him by the King of Sardinia, to sign his name "Jacques Balmat, dit Mont-Blanc"—went as far as to sign an affidavit attesting to Dr. Paccard's crucial role in the climb. But it appears to have been ignored, and Bourrit succeeded in discrediting Paccard to such an extent that when the Doctor wrote an account of the climb, he could never get it printed. In a brief introduction to a masterly historical study called "The First Ascent of Mont Blanc," by T. Graham Brown and Sir Gavin de Beer, Sir John Hunt, the leader of the successful British Everest expedition, writes, "Reading the long accepted myth of Dr. Paccard being supported by his companion Balmat to the highest point after the latter had returned from the top to fetch him, I was reminded

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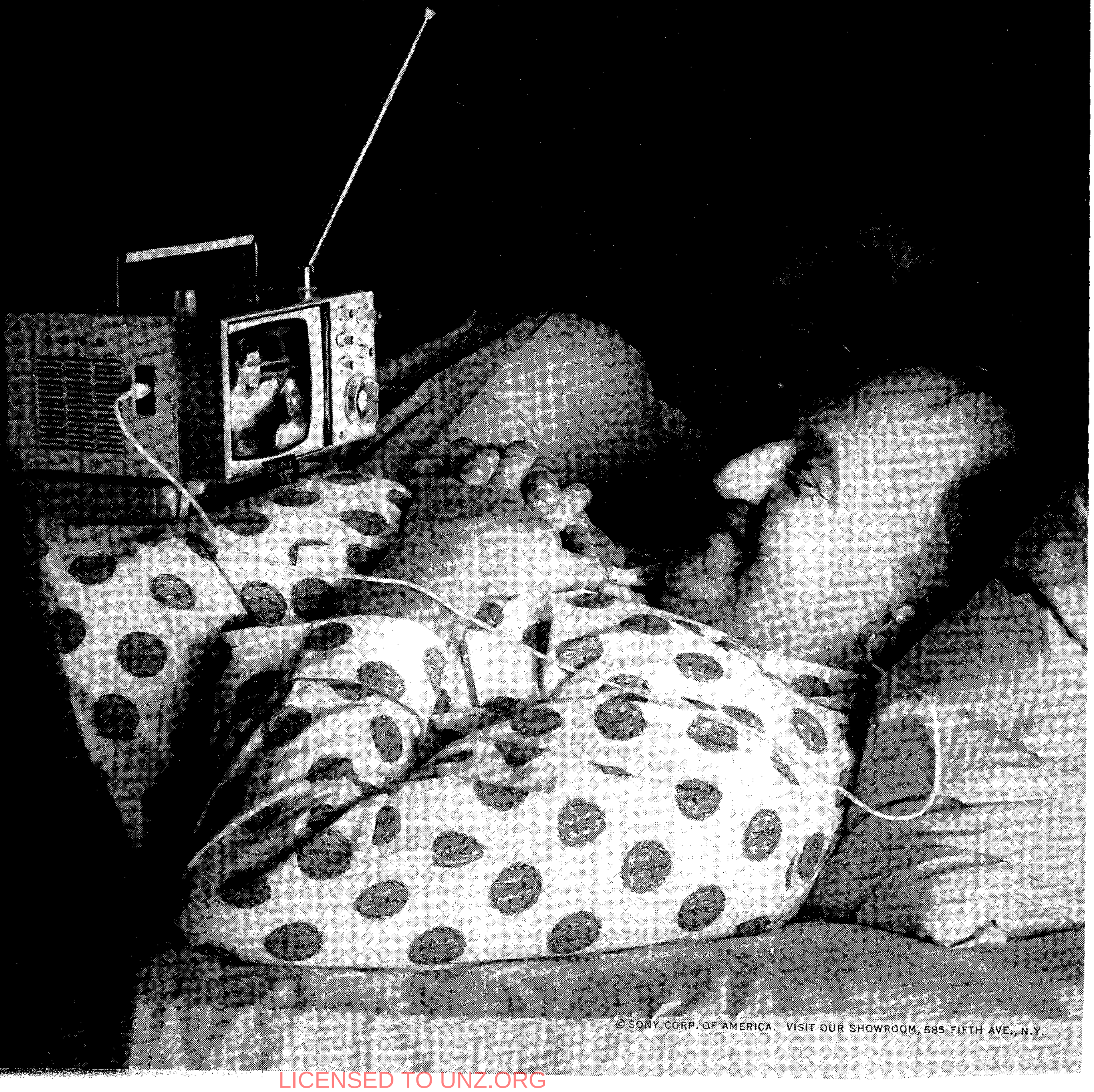

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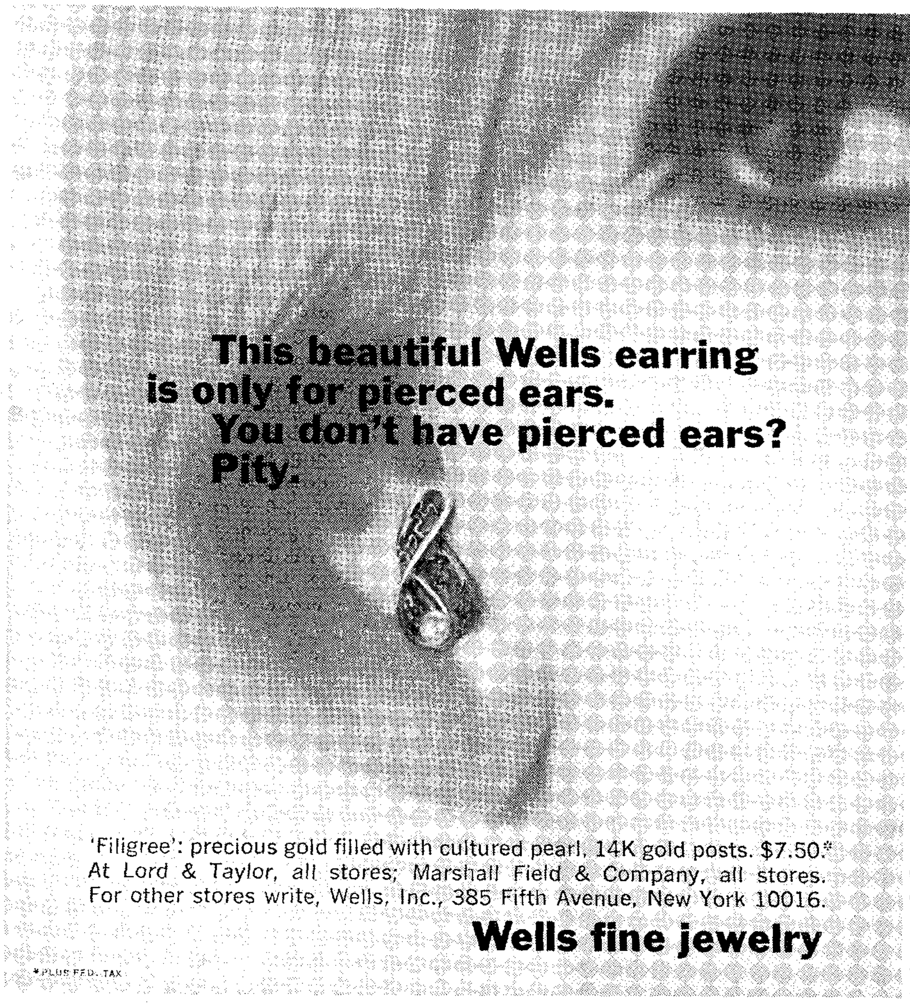
of the illustrations of an unconscious Hillary being dragged hand over hand to the summit of Everest by conquering Tenzing (who had no such notion), which adorned the triumphal arches along the road as we returned to Kathmandu. . . . Thus lesser men will ever seek their own advantage, even from adventure in high places."

As part of his campaign, Bourrit wrote a vicious pamphlet attacking Paccard, which was published in Geneva. De Saussure, who knew the truth and could have set the record straight, saw the pamphlet but did essentially nothing about it. Thus, the legend denying Paccard's achievement grew, and it was perpetuated by no less a figure than Alexandre Dumas *père,* who visited Chamonix in 1832 and interviewed Balmat. By this time, Balmat, who appears to have been something of a moral coward, had changed his story, even claiming that the original affidavit was a forgery. Dumas had no knowledge of Alpine climbing, but he had a well-developed view that all guides were supermen. Balmat, liberally plied with wine and under no inhibitions about failing to tell the truth, since all of the principals were now dead—Paccard in 1827 and Bourrit in 1819—produced a bold and almost completely untrue version of the ascent, which Dumas took at face value. The interview was printed and reprinted in many languages, and the legend was taken to be historical fact. Its debunking, which is described in great detail by Brown and de Beer, seems to have had its origin in the publication of a diary of the English climber Gilbert Elliot, Earl of Minto, which was published in 1892. He had been on an expedition near Zermatt in 1830 with Ambroise Paccard, the Doctor's son, who informed Lord Minto that his father had been slighted in the history of the climb, and that he had documents to prove it, including a copy of Balmat's affidavit. Lord Minto's reference to this long-forgotten affidavit caught the eye of a number of British climbers who read his diary and decided to investigate further. In 1909, H. F. Montagnier, a Swiss mountaineer; Edward Whymper, the first man to climb the Matterhorn; and Dr. Heinrich Dübi, a Swiss climber and well-known editor of Alpine guidebooks, met in Geneva to plan a concerted attempt to learn the real history of the first climb of Mont Blanc. Soon after this meeting, Montagnier turned up a copy of the prospectus that Paccard had written in an attempt to sell his planned book, and although it was bad-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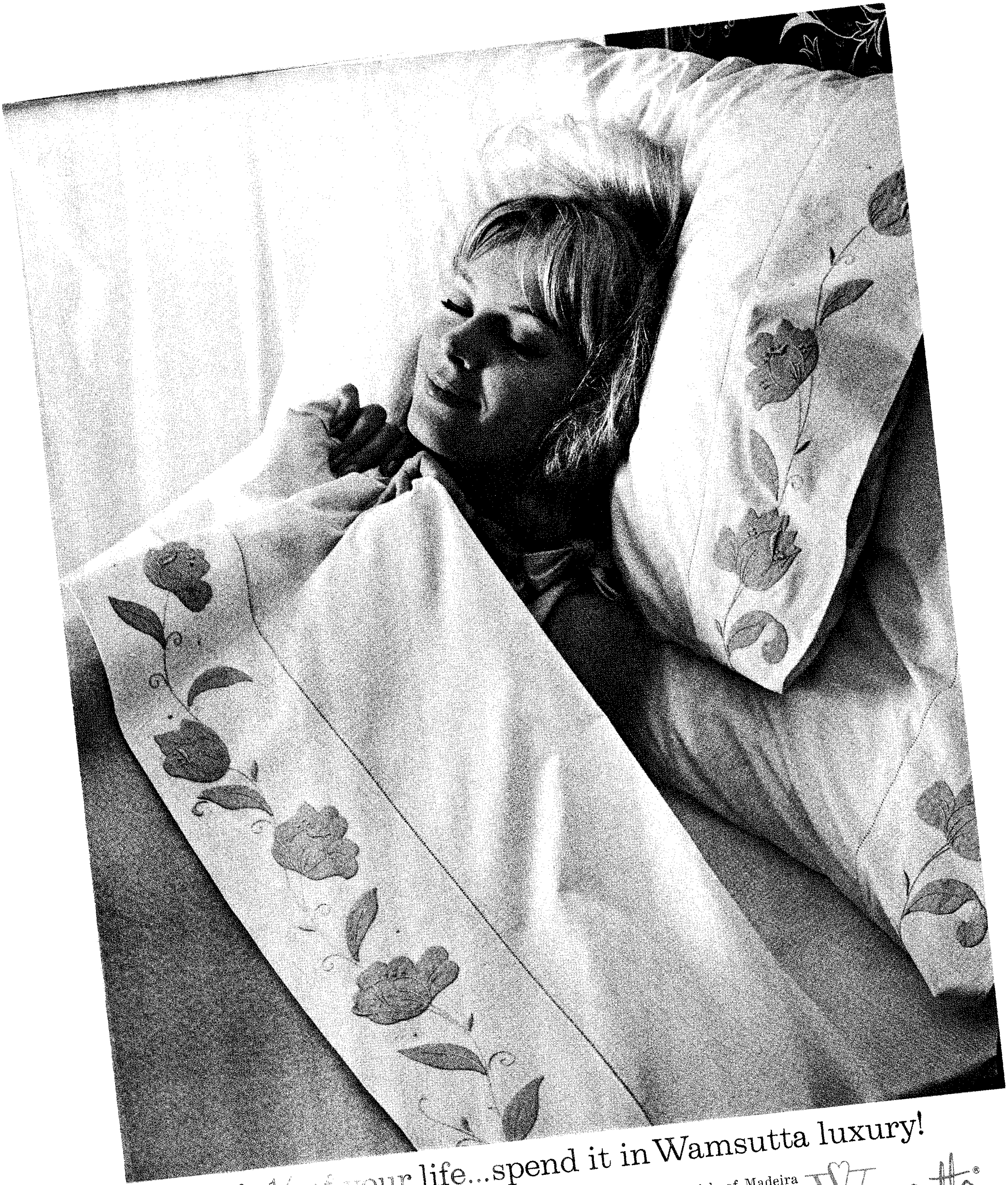

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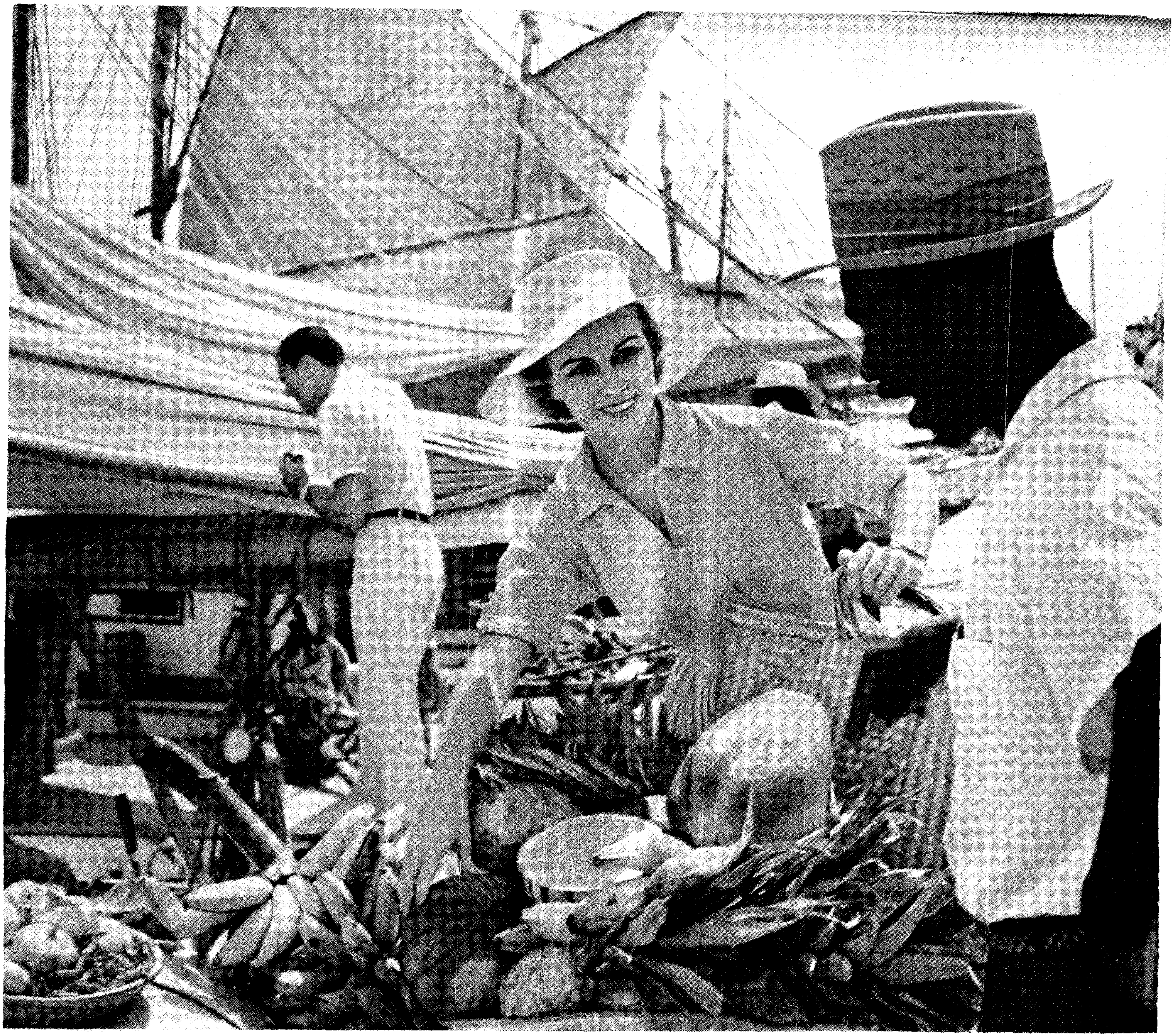

Nassau's waterfront fruit market. Photograph by John Lewis Stage.

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ly nibbled by mice, it disclosed the fact that one Baron von Gersdorf headed the list of subscribers to the book. This led to Dübi's discovery of von Gersdorf's eyewitness account of the whole ascent as he had seen it through a telescope from Chamonix. In addition, Montagnier managed to find in de Saussure's journal, which was in the possession of de Saussure's grandson, the transcript of a long interview that de Saussure had had with Paccard just after the climb. As a final step, de Beer discovered in 1955 a careful description of the climb in Dr. Paccard's own hand, including the various barometric readings he had taken along the route to determine the altitudes. The combined evidence of these documents provides a convincing picture of what actually happened on the climb, and enables one to follow it step by step. But all this is of recent vintage; a hundred years ago it was even being claimed in some books that de Saussure was the first man to climb Mont Blanc.

As it happened, in 1787, at the age of forty-seven, de Saussure did succeed in making the third ascent of the mountain, which had been climbed in between by Balmat and two other guides. De Saussure took with him a servant and eighteen guides, including Balmat, and among the bits of personal equipment that were carried up for him were a table of logarithms, two half bottles of *eau de cerises*, mattresses, bed linen and a green curtain, two green jackets, a white suit and three vests, five pairs of shoes, five shirts for day wear and four to be worn at night, stockings of silk and wool, six half bottles of white wine, and a parasol. The party had a tent, and a stepladder for crossing crevasses. Rébuffat, in his book, has some splendid etchings, done by Marquart Wocher, a well-known Swiss mountain artist of the early nineteenth century, that show this improbable caravan plodding its way across the glaciers. One of the most interesting features of the etchings is some retouching that de Saussure ordered before publication was allowed. The original shows de Saussure as a portly middle-aged gentleman sliding down a glacial slope on his backside while two guides appear to be struggling to make sure he doesn't fall into a crevasse. In the retouched version, he has lost several pounds and many years, and is shown striding along the glaciers with the regal, commanding air of a prince. At the summit, de Saussure made numerous scientific observations, and at one-thirty in the afternoon the party began its long and triumphal de-

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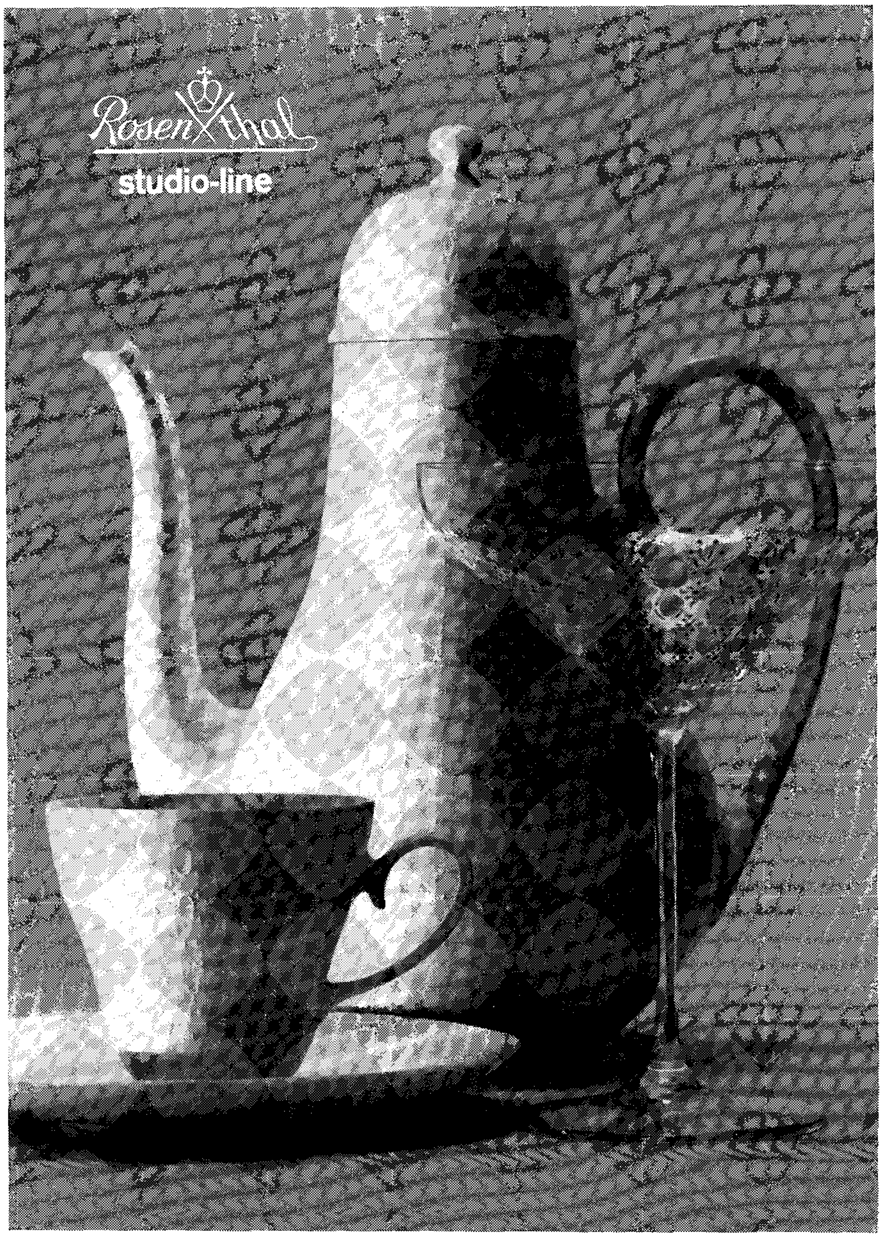

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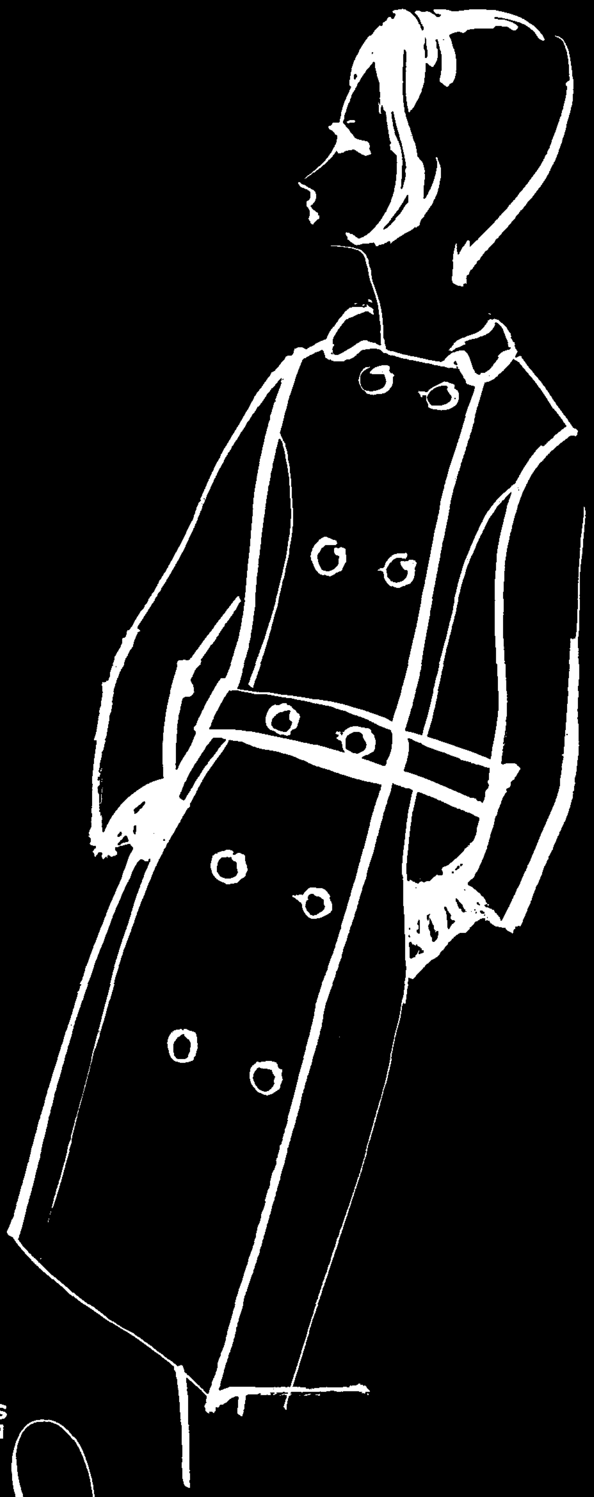
scent to the valley. "I spent the next day at Chamouni to make some comparative observations," de Saussure wrote, "after which we returned completely happy to Geneva, from where I see Mont Blanc with real pleasure and without feeling that sentiment of trouble and pain that it used to cause me."

It was not long before Chamonix became the new mode. Hotels were built, and people came from all over Europe to see the mountains and, in some cases, to try to climb them. In 1808, the first woman—Marie Paradis, a native of the valley—climbed Mont Blanc. Her brief, very frank account of the experience is one of the delights of mountain literature: "I was at my work when the guides, conducted by Jacques Balmat, who were just leaving for Mont Blanc, came up to say to me, 'Marie, you are a nice girl who needs to earn her living. Come with us. We will take you to the summit, and afterward foreigners will want to come and look at you and give you presents.' That decided me, and I left with them. At the Grand Plateau, I couldn't go any farther. . . . I was really sick. . . . I lay down on the snow. I puffed like a chicken that is too hot. They took me by both arms and pulled me, but at the Rochers Rouges I found it impossible to go on." And then comes, in the patois of Savoy, a touching lament that probably would sound quite familiar to any modern Chamonix guide. Said Marie, "*Ficha mé din una crevasse et alla ô vo vodra*"—"Dump me in a crevasse and go wherever you want." (Armand Charlet, who was generally acknowledged to be the greatest of the prewar Chamonix guides, once told me about a lady client of his whom he took from Chamonix to Zermatt, in Switzerland, via the Haute Route, across the glaciers. The Haute Route usually takes about five days, either on foot or on skis; huts are situated along the route about one day's march apart. At the end of the fourth day, Charlet's client was tiring, but Charlet had hopes that the sight of the Matterhorn, near Zermatt, would revive her. However, when she finally saw the great peak, she lay down in the snow and said, "I have now seen the Matterhorn, and I want to stay here and die." Charlet told her, in no uncertain terms, that he did not intend to die watching the Matterhorn, and managed to persuade her to go on to Zermatt.) Marie continues, "The guides responded by saying, 'It is necessary that you go on to the top.' They took me, they pulled me, they pushed me, and finally we got there." Upon being asked what she had



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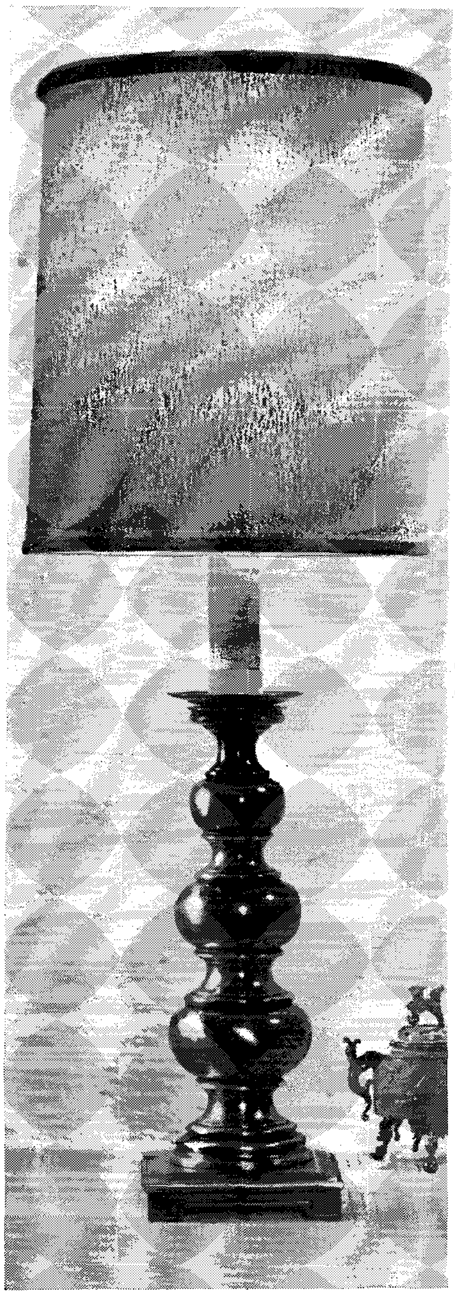

seen from the summit, Marie said, "On the summit I could not see clearly; I could neither breathe nor talk. It was very white where I was, and very dark wherever else I looked."

Between 1786 and 1850, there were thirty-nine successful climbs of Mont Blanc, including the second climb by a woman—the Countess Henriette d'Angeville, who made the ascent in 1838 with a caravan that rivalled de Saussure's. She became known as the Fiancée du Mont Blanc, and her costume, which included fur gloves and a boa, was frequently sketched by contemporary artists. Near the summit, in a state of extreme exhaustion, she told the guides, "If I die before getting to the top, drag my body up and leave it there; my family will reward you for carrying out my last wishes." However, she did get to the top, and there released a pigeon with a note tied to its foot reading, "At 1:25, Mlle. d'Angeville arrived at the summit of Mont Blanc, along with the eight people who accompanied her." The unfortunate pigeon landed in the nearby village of Les Contamines, where it was shot on the roof of the church and eaten by the curé; its identity was established by the string that was still tied to its foot. By this time, the now standard route to the summit—via Saint-Gervais and the Nid d'Aigle—had become popular. In 1819, Joseph-Nicolas Genoux-Roux, the proprietor of a hotel near Saint-Gervais, distributed a number of advertising placards announcing his readiness to organize guided trips to the summit by the new route. "If the traveller cannot get to the summit of Mont Blanc because of a lack of intelligence, discouragement, or any other reason that is the fault of the guides, the guides will receive no salary," his proposal went. "Exceptions to this condition are bad weather, discouragement, and any other indispositions on the part of the traveller—in a word, all obstacles that are not part of the guide's function." Genoux-Roux insisted that four guides were absolutely necessary for one climber but that five could take two climbers. Each guide was to receive twenty-five francs (about five dollars) in addition to his food. (At present, a climb of Mont Blanc by the standard route costs two hundred and seventy-four new francs—almost exactly the amount of de Saussure's prize—in guide's fees, plus food and lodging and the cost of whatever lifts or trains are used. A guide will take two, or sometimes three, climbers on one rope.)

By the early eighteen-twenties, society had come to Chamonix, and a

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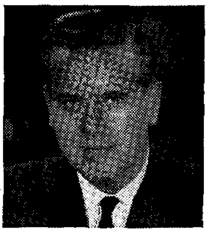

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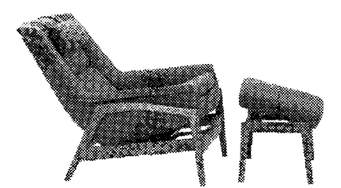

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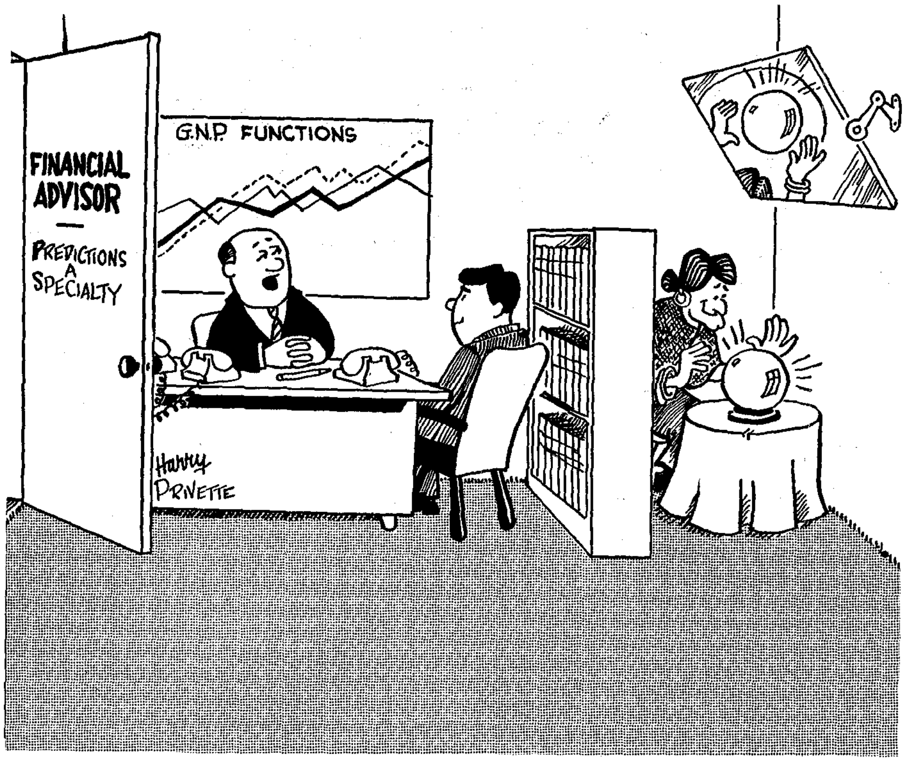

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writer noted in 1823, "Never has nature been more in fashion, nor fashion closer to nature. Women dressed in decorated dresses, English ladies in travelling dresses richly embroidered, men in black suits and *en grande tenue*—such is the spectacle that the Auberge de l'Union offers us. A dinner with sixty places is served, and some of the ladies, while waiting for it to be ready, play the piano, while others rest in the corner near the fire. . . . M. Charlet, who is the *aubergiste,* comes and goes, and animates his waiters with his voice, gestures, and looks; there isn't more activity on a boat during a storm."

ON May 9, 1823, the King of Sardinia issued a decree proclaiming the founding of the Syndicat des Guides de Chamonix. The decree consisted of fifty-eight articles, and began, "There shall be formed in the Commune of Chamonix a company of guides designated to conduct and direct, both on the glaciers and anywhere else, foreigners who have need of them while visiting the Valley of Chamonix." The decree contained a long list of the guides' functions and obligations, even down to the training of the young. "On ordinary climbs, the guides may take with them their children or other young people of the valley, in order that they may one day join the Company; however, the guides may do this the first time only after obtaining the consent of the 'Chef des Guides,' and . . . these young people may never be counted as guides, nor can they in any way be put in charge of travellers." At the same time, a fund for aiding the families of guides who had been killed or disabled while climbing was established. It was, and is, financed largely by the "*masse,*" a kind of informal fund into which each guide pays a fixed percentage—five per cent in Chamonix now—of his fees. At first, the number of guides in the Syndicat was limited to forty, but in 1846 it was increased to sixty, and in 1852 was made unlimited. Until the early nineteen-thirties, no one who was not born in or near Chamonix (within about ten kilometres) could be a Chamonix guide. The first outsider to be admitted to the Syndicat was Roger Frison-Roche, but even he, though born in Paris, was of Chamonix stock and at seventeen had come back to live in the valley. He is one of the foremost mountain writers in the world, his best-known novel, "Premier de Cordée," dealing with the education of a young Chamonix guide.

Although the climb of Mont Blanc

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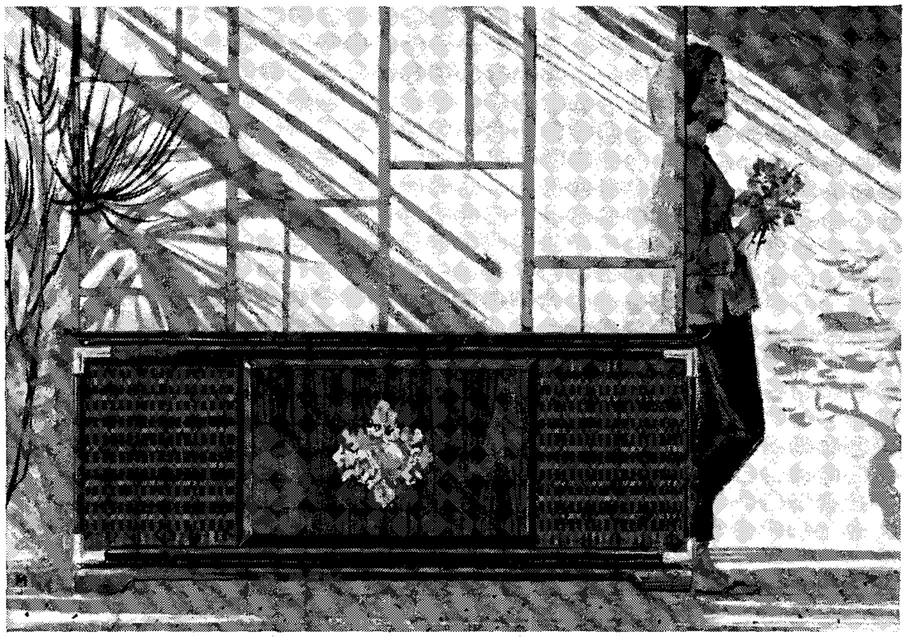

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had become fairly common by the time of the founding of the Syndicat, none of the other peaks in the valley—with one remarkable exception—had received any attention from climbers. The exception was the Aiguille du Midi, which hovers like a fantastic vertical wall over Chamonix. From the Chamonix side, the Aiguille is still considered a difficult climb, but when it is approached from the back, up the Mer de Glace and the Vallée Blanche, it is relatively easy. The first person to climb the Aiguille was a mysterious and romantic Polish count named Antoni Malczewski, said to have been "*beau et séduisant*" and the idol of the salons of Warsaw. The Count arrived in Chamonix in the summer of 1818, when he was twenty-five, and decided to climb the Aiguille du Midi because it had never been done. He engaged a party of guides and set off up the Mer de Glace. After a short night's sleep near the head of the Mer, the Count and his party began the ascent of the Vallée Blanche. At four in the afternoon, after a twelve-hour climb, they reached the northern summit of the Aiguille. Count Malczewski had the idea of going on, by a long and difficult traverse, to the summit of Mont Blanc itself, but his party was not equipped to spend the night on the snow, so he returned to the valley and climbed Mont Blanc a few days later—"a pleasure in comparison with the sad and terrible Aiguille du Midi." It was his last climb. He returned to Warsaw and died there eight years later, in a "mixture of mystical crises, of a veritable delirium both spiritual and sentimental," according to a contemporary account. Moreover, his ascent of the Aiguille was completely forgotten. In fact, almost forty years later, when Count Fernand de Bouillé and ten guides reached the central summit of the Aiguille—or, more precisely, when two of de Bouillé's guides, Alexandre Devouassoud and Ambroise Simond, reached the central summit—they were under the impression that no one had been there before. De Bouillé, who was opposed to Napoleon III and wanted a restoration of the monarchy in France, intended to make the climb for the sole purpose of planting the royal flag where no flag had ever stood, as an affront to the Emperor. The group left Chamonix in an atmosphere of drama and apprehension. Tourists sadly shook de Bouillé's hand in farewell, and an ancient guide told the party, "My poor friends, you would do very well to stay home; Jacques Balmat could never climb it, and you won't get any further

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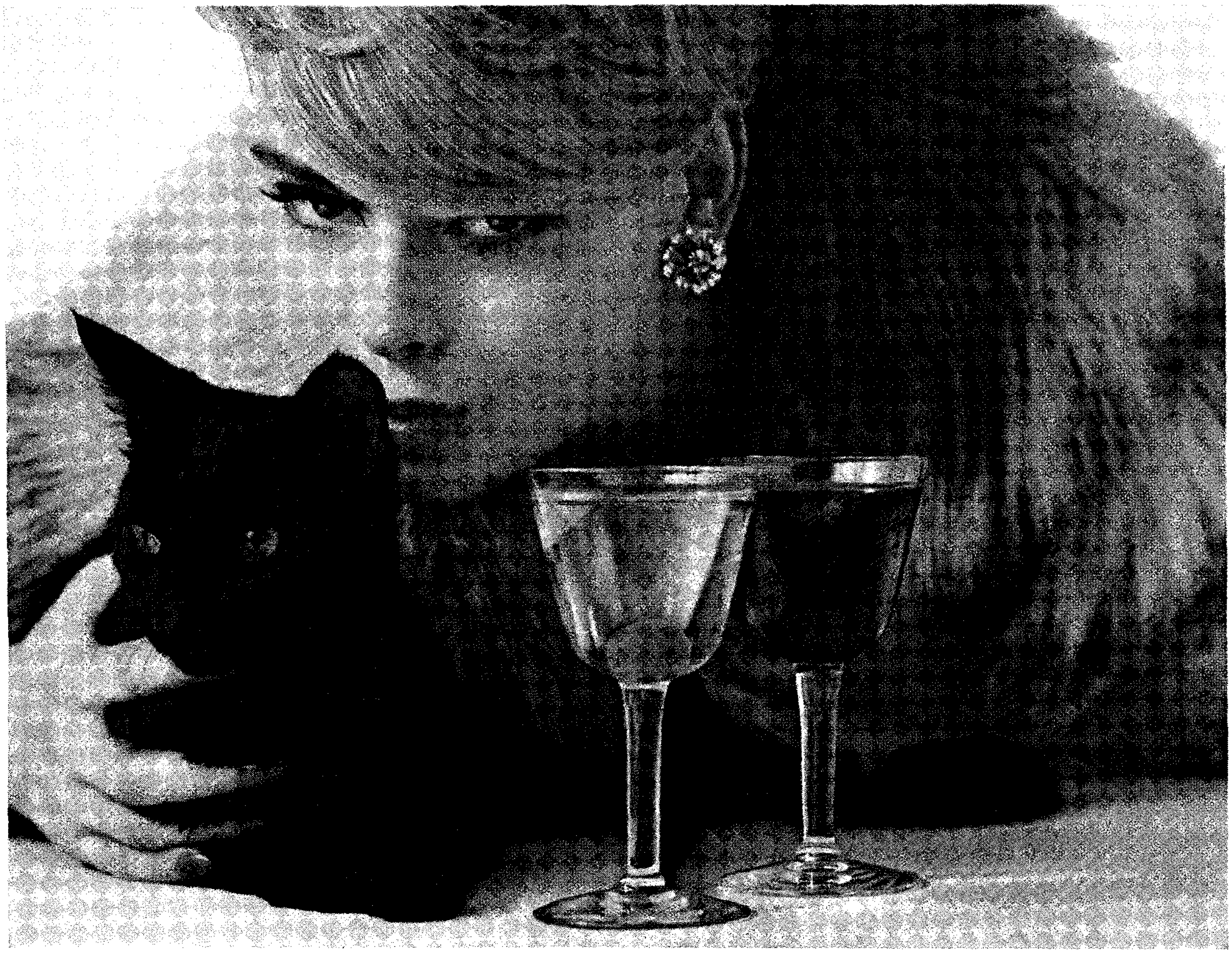

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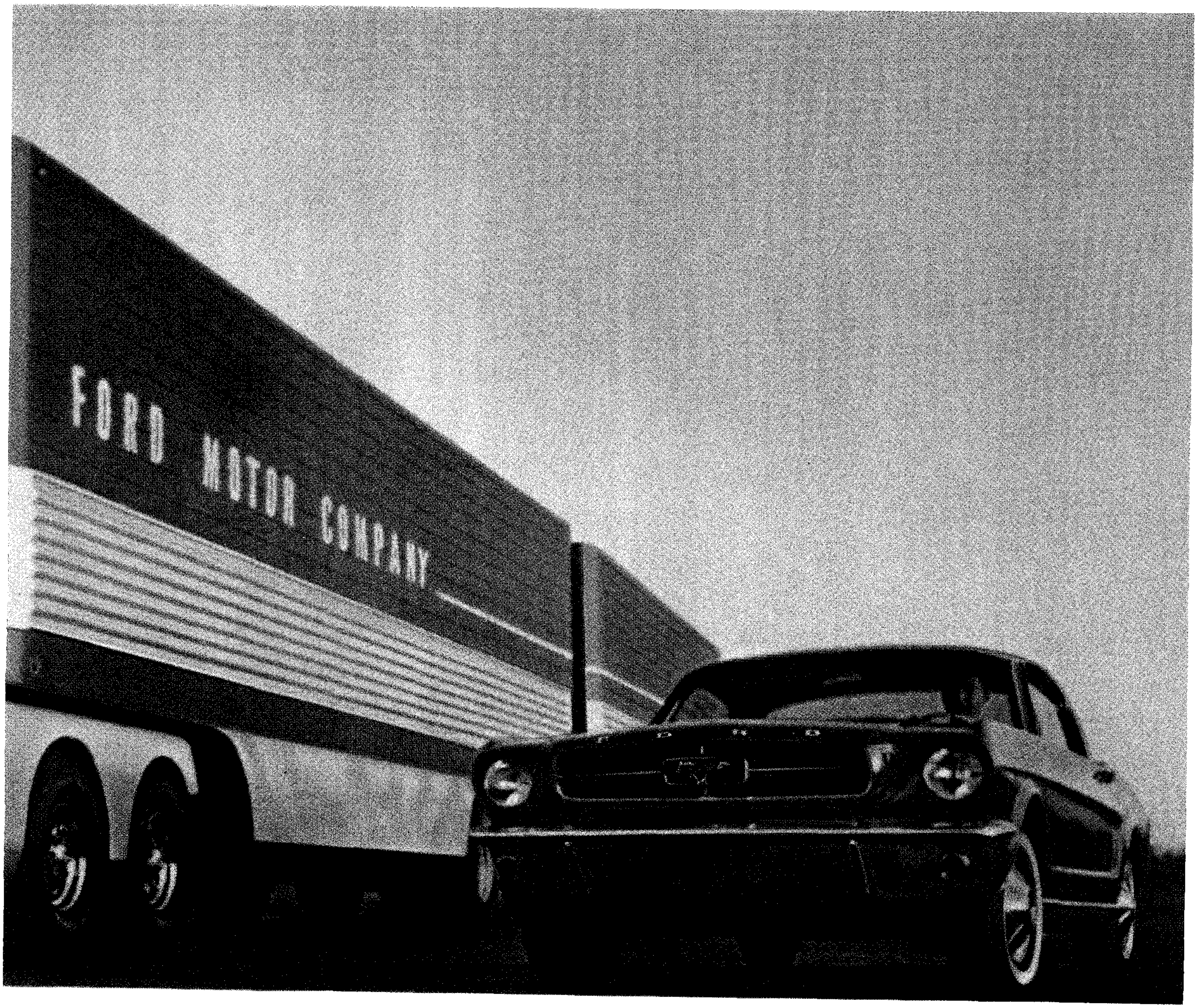

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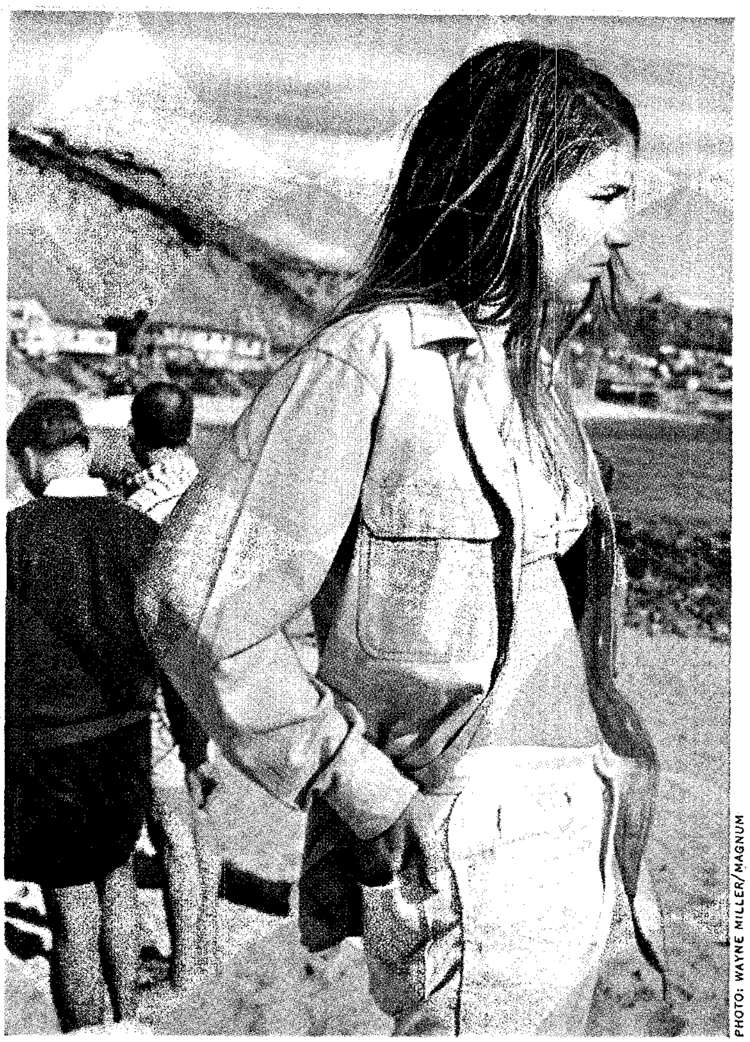

PHOTO: WAYNE MILLER/MAGNUM

"Happiness is hyperbolic."

The interesting girl on the beach who makes this puzzling statement is one of many individualistic, outspoken young people closely observed on their own home grounds by Stephen Birmingham in Holiday's March issue.

What sets "A Generation Under the Gun" apart from other articles on youth, in other publications, at other times, is that the young people themselves provide the viewpoint.

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than he did." The group followed the route of the forgotten Malczewski and spent the night on the Vallée Blanche. There was a good deal of the atmosphere of a picnic about the whole thing. Everyone had brought along plenty to drink, and there was singing and general merriment until midnight, when the weather became almost unbearably cold. A little before four o'clock, the party got under way again, and, after hours of severe effort, came within several metres of the summit. The place where they stopped was the target of small avalanches of stones and ice, and Ambroise Simond told de Bouillé to take shelter while he and Devouassoud tried to fight their way to the summit. The Count agreed, and an hour later the two guides came back, pale and trembling. "*Monsieur le comte, votre drapeau flotte là-haut*," said Devouassoud, adding, "The climb is done, but all the money in the world would not get me to do it again." Simond agreed. "Perhaps my soul will go there again after I die, but my body—never!" he said. Upon returning to Chamonix, the Count and his party were greeted by a crowd of fifteen hundred people. An arch of triumph had been erected in front of his hotel, and when the Count passed beneath it, he was given a crown and a certificate from the chief of guides attesting to his having made the first ascent of "the terrible Aiguille." Speaking of the harrowing climb, de Bouillé said, "I doubt if there will ever be a second."

Construction of the comfortable *téléphérique* that runs up the Chamonix face of the Aiguille du Midi began in 1949, under the direction of the brilliant Italian engineer Dino Lora-Totino. A caravan of thirty guides, some from Chamonix, and some from the Italian side of Mont Blanc, carried a steel cable—seventeen hundred metres long, and weighing nearly twenty-five hundred pounds—up the route followed by Malczewski, de Bouillé, and innumerable climbers since. The guides were about ten feet apart, and each man carried some seventy pounds of cable. On July 29, 1949, the cable was lowered along the north face, toward Chamonix; three French and three Italian guides were attached to its end, in order to keep it from catching on the rocks. This cable served as the basis for the construction of the *téléphérique*, which went into service in 1954. In 1960 alone, five hundred thousand people were transported to the top. Since 1959, when I first visited the valley, I have ridden up on the *télé-*

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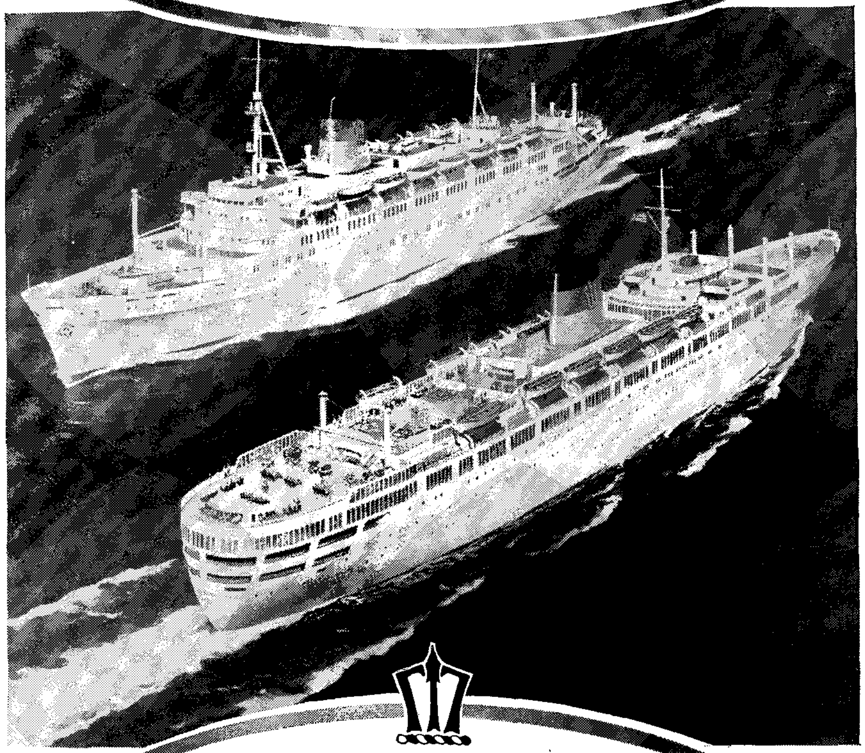

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*phérique* many times—early in the morning and at sunset, in fog, in snow, and in thunderstorms, when there were temporary power failures. I have mixed feelings about it. On the one hand, it brings thousands of people into the heart of the high mountains, which they would otherwise never see; on the other, it mars what is otherwise an absolutely primitive and forbidding landscape. At night, one can see the lights of the top *téléphérique* station glittering down on Chamonix almost like the jewels in a crown. It is a lovely and friendly sight, and one cannot help thinking back to the early Chamonix guides and their clients, who had the courage, for whatever reasons, to reach up to where no one had been before them. —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

A recent battle in the Howard M. Helmers' East Jarvis street apartment changed the course of history.

They and the Sidney Lehmans invited 50 friends to come up and fight the Revolutionary war—with confetti. It seems appropriate to tell the tale on this, George Washington's birthday.

Naturally a portrait of George [borrowed from room 212 of the Foreman High school] greeted guests as they arrived. [How often do you see a picture of the Father of Our Country hanging in a wall grouping these days?] Guests added their names with flourish to the Declaration of Independence.

To put everyone in the mood for battle, the Helmers posted Revolutionary war cries. "Redskins Go Home!" "Don't Shoot Til You See the Whites of Their Eyes!" "One If By Land, Two If By Sea!"

Then they passed out bloody bandages [dyed with food coloring] to the troops [before the battle, yet.]

The "British" picked advertising man, Edward Doody, as their Gen. Cornwallis. Stan Lehman served as George.

Ten pounds of confetti were distributed. The dining room was battle headquarters for the British: the Americans used the living room. The hall served as the Delaware river.

Mrs. Helmer and Mrs. Lehman raised their American flags and with dramatic gestures and diction recounted events leading up to the war. "And now we are going to fight the war with CONFETTI!" exclaimed Mrs. Helmer.

Suddenly, chaos! Confetti flew in a blizzard thicker than the snow outside. But how did the fight change the course of history?

As host Helmer put it: "The British won this war. They had more confetti."

The party was a smashing success, tho the Helmers still are picking up confetti lodged in floor cracks and every other place. It doesn't worry them. They plan to hold a Bastille day party in the near future.—*Chicago's American.*

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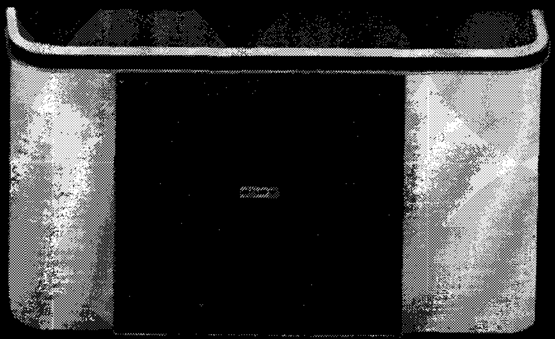

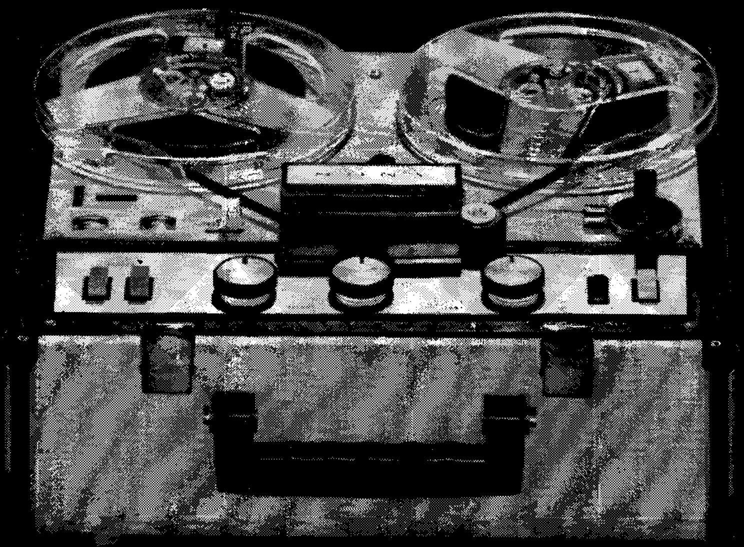

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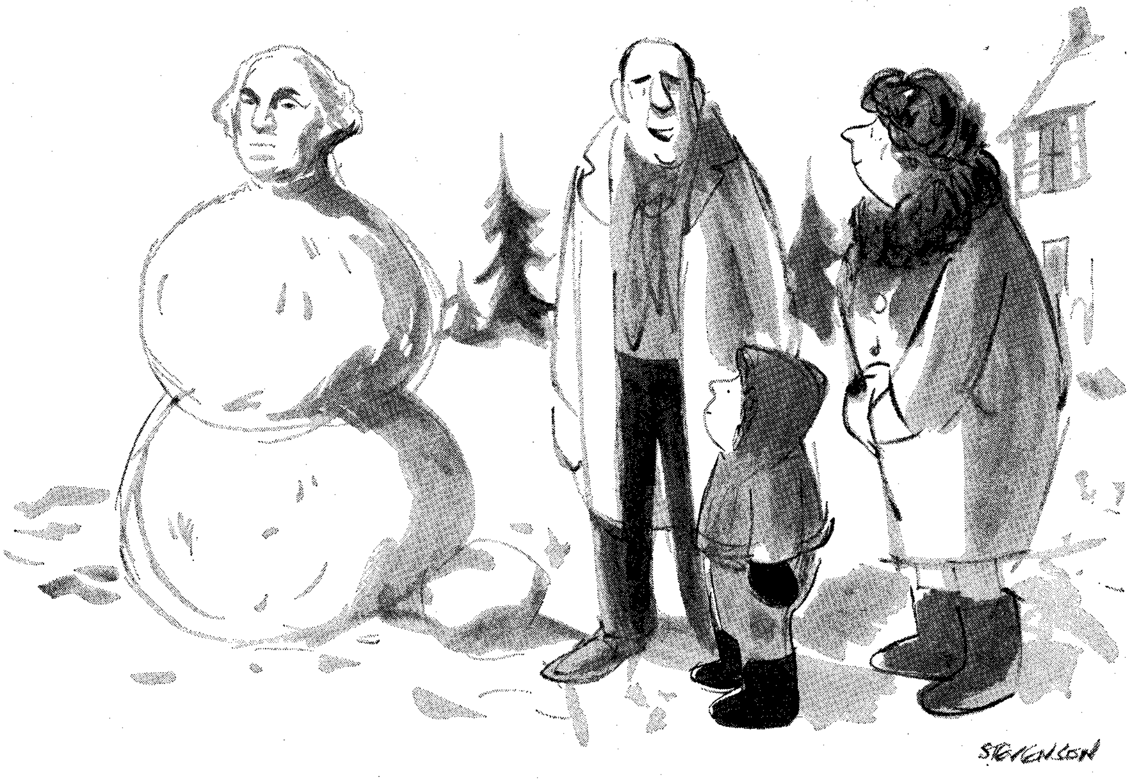
# THE THEATRE

## OFF BROADWAY

UGO BETTI'S "The Queen and the Rebels," at Theatre Four, is a romantic thriller about a prostitute who—partly out of mischief, partly out of a yearning for respect and decent treatment, and partly out of heroism—allows herself to be mistaken for a queen, even though it means that she will be killed. The man who does the mistaking is a commissar of her country, where a revolution has taken place. The setting is the town hall of a mountain village. At the opening, in files a group of greatly agitated travellers (actually, the commissar turns out to be one of them) whose truck has been stopped by soldiers. The commissar discloses his identity, and the passengers are told why they have been arrested: there is reason to believe that the queen is hiding out in their midst. Two women are present—one a haggard country woman with a shawl around her head, and the other the prostitute. When they are alone, the prostitute discovers that the peasant is indeed the queen and, in the hope of getting back into the good graces of her lover—a venal petty official—reports her discovery to him; in the end, however, she has a change of heart and gets the queen out. The commissar, ignorant of all this, is convinced, as he has been from the beginning, that it is the prostitute who is really his royal prey, and she never denies it, playing right along with him in fey and regal fashion. Most of the rest of the play is taken up with his interrogation of her, first at a kind of kangaroo trial and later alone, in the hope of getting some information from her.

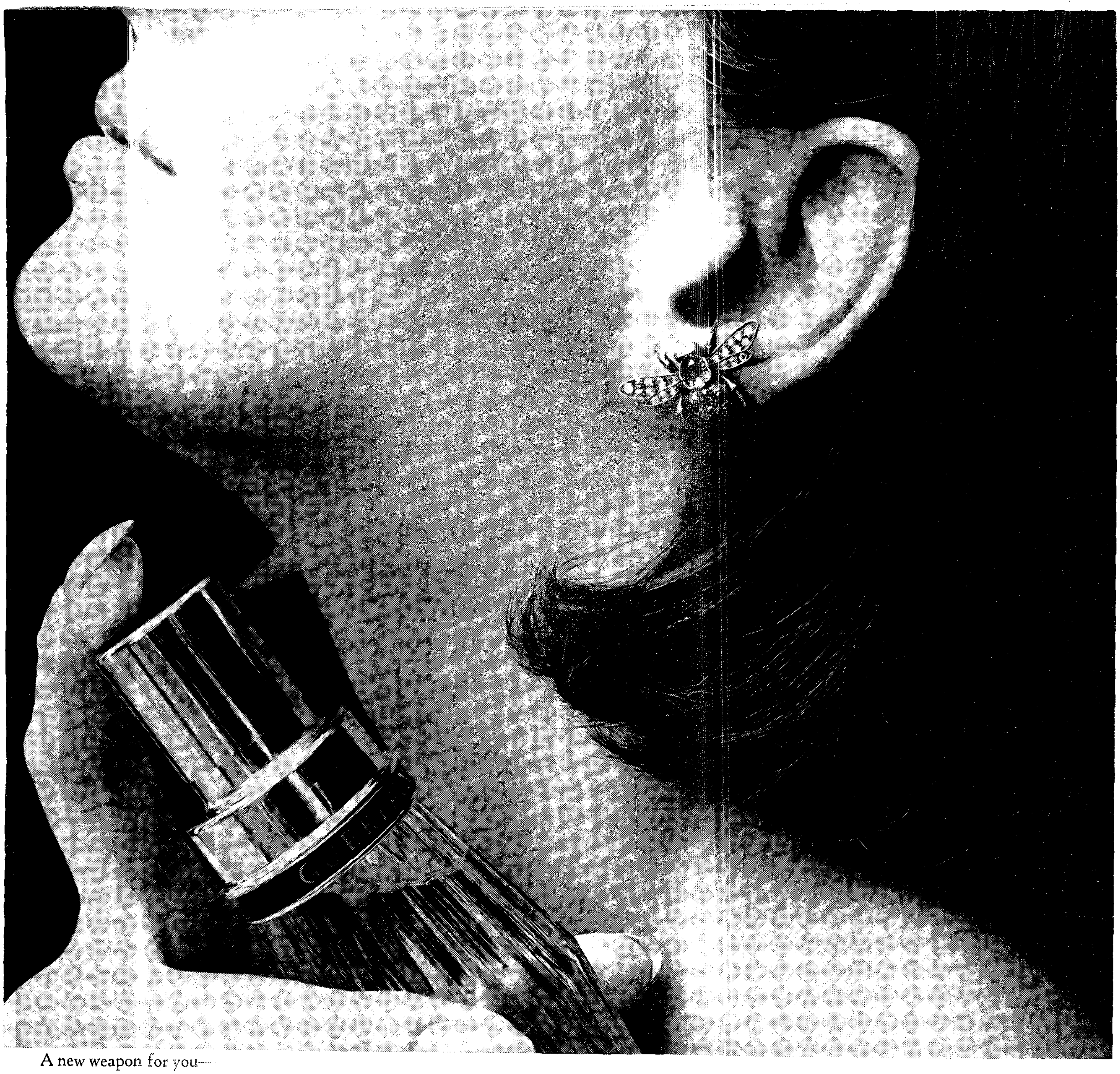
Mr. Betti, an Italian magistrate who died in 1953, quite comfortably uses courtroom tactics as a dramatic device, as he did in last year's "Corruption in the Palace of Justice." Like that play, "The Queen and the Rebels" has some shrewd ideas, theatrically speaking, but otherwise doesn't mean much of anything. The playwright gets quite a lot going in the first act (the notion that a prostitute should so relish respect and the power to command it that she would assume nobility at the risk of her life is sound enough—across the footlights, at any rate—and, besides, a touch of Sydney Carton never did a show any harm), and then swamps it all in bogus, high-flown eloquence, reaching for a significance that the characters and events do nothing to justify. If it is depth, morality, and significance you are after, the noble floozy is out. There are also a number of bitter, empty harangues from the other characters on the general subject of the downtrodden poor and the downtreading rich.

As the prostitute, Tamara Geva has the advantage of a part that is appealing and showy and that allows her to scoot up and down the emotional scale, which she does quite creditably; she has the even greater advantage of playing opposite Michael Higgins, as the commissar, for Mr. Higgins, himself a fine actor, somehow brings out the best in everyone who appears in a scene with him. His own work is so free of the shoddy that he makes fakery impossible, and he even makes Mr. Betti's lines sound less pretentious than they are. Of the other performances, I admired Khigh Diegh as a brash rebel general, Conrad Bain as the despicable petty official, and George Sampson as a zealous young soldier. I wish, however, that Clarice Blackburn had managed to play a queen disguised as a peasant rather than a peasant disguised as a peasant. The translation from the Italian is only so-so ("The only human needs she ever craved were dignity and honor"), but the handsome production—direction by Paul Shyre, setting by John Boyt—is several cuts above the Off Broadway standard.



*"By golly, Ronnie, I don't know what to say. I feel sort of all choked up."*

"KREMLIN CHIMES," the final offering of the Moscow Art Theatre, late at City Center, was more fun than I had expected. The disheartening synopsis in the program made it sound like Russia's reply to Warner Brothers' "Wings for the Eagle," or one of those other recruiting posters—which it was, in a way, and yet it was anything but disheartening. The production was full of bounce and vigor; there were some funny scenes and lines; and the old-fashioned, no-holds-barred acting style of several members of the company, which took some getting used to in Chekhov, was entirely suitable for a script that was



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no more subtle in concept, though considerably more inventive, than a school pageant. It was written by Nikolai Pogodin, and, according to an article by Harrison Salisbury in the *Times*, it was first done in 1942, with Stalin as a leading character; then, in 1956, it was revised and restaged in a version that dropped Stalin from the *dramatis personae*, along with a number of suddenly un-chic incidents. The setting is Moscow in 1920, and the principal characters are Lenin and an elderly engineer who is so discouraged and disgruntled by the Bolsheviks that he has taken to selling matches in the street. The plot concerns Lenin's efforts to convince the engineer that there is a place for him in the new Russia, and that it is his duty to build hydroelectric plants all over the lot. The whole thing is what used to be called a documentary, with scenes set here and there among all sorts of people, and with several subplots and a free-floating episode or two. (One of the subplots has to do with Lenin's search for someone to repair the chimes on the clock tower of the Kremlin, and by the time the curtain comes down, there they are—fixed and pealing the "Internationale.")

As Lenin and the engineer, Boris Smirnov and Boris Livanov could not have been better. Mr. Livanov's engineer was the more delicate and, ultimately, the stronger performance of the two, but Mr. Smirnov's Lenin was a most convincing portrayal of a genius—a man of tremendous energy, completely in focus at all times, whether he is teasing peasant children, changing abruptly from expansive affability to let's-get-down-to-business, laughing a bit too uproariously at a joke, or talking quietly with an old watchmaker who once repaired a watch of Tolstoy's. (The old watchmaker was delightfully played by Boris Petker.) Angelina Stepanova, who was so amusing as Charlotta in "The Cherry Orchard," added another portrait to her gallery of zanies, as a woman who insists on playing Lotto in the pitch dark during a family crisis. Lev Zolotukin and Marguarita Anastasseva made an attractive, though somewhat overdedicated, pair of lovers. Everybody was at least O.K., and the evening, as I have said, went well, but underneath the fun there was a certain sadness in watching a troupe of highly trained artists perform such blatant non-art and put so much skill and energy into it.

—EDITH OLIVER

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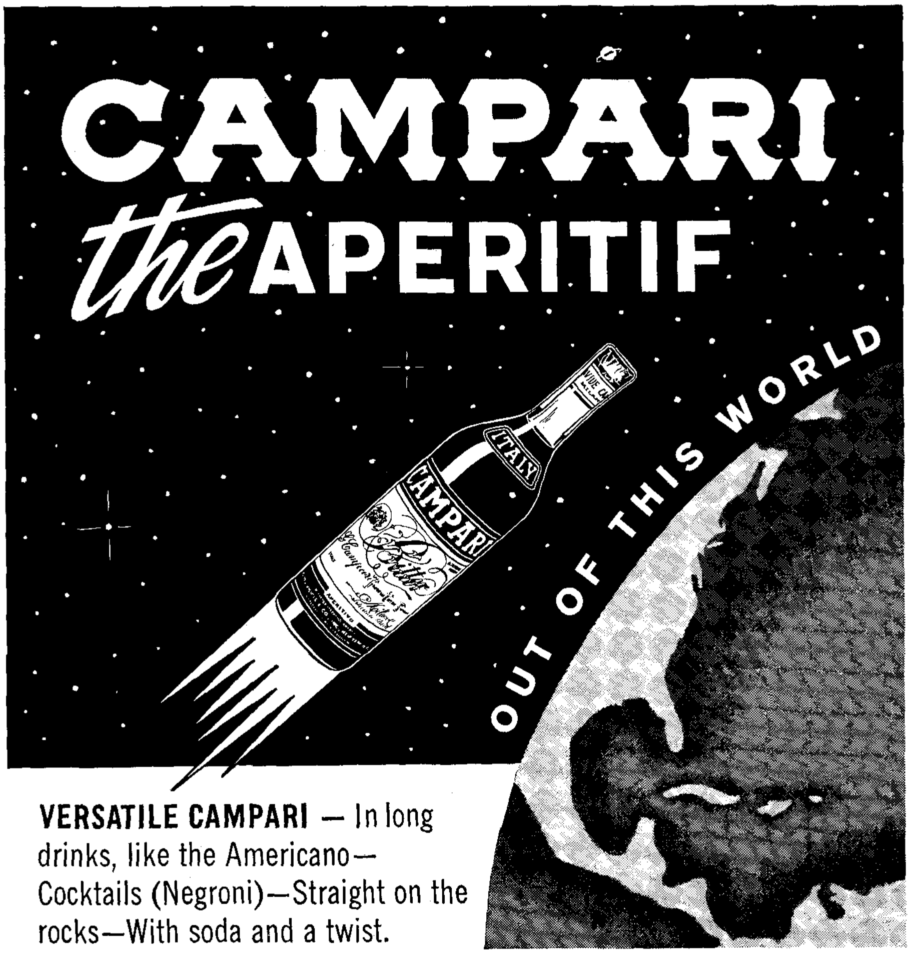

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# THE RACE TRACK

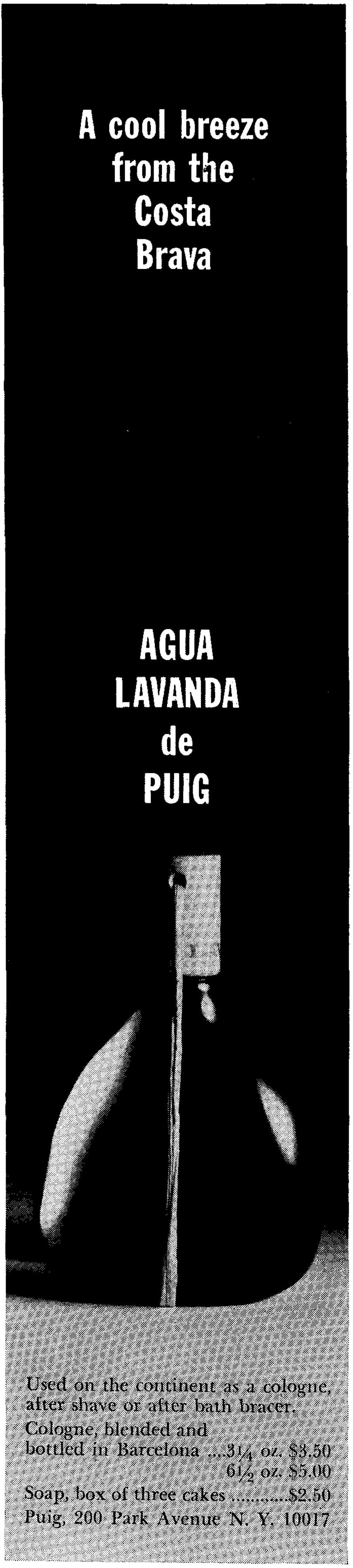
## *Princely Comeback*

FOR those who try to predict the antics of race horses, the Santa Anita Handicap last Saturday was a flabbergaster. I, for one, couldn't have foreseen, even with a king-size crystal ball, that Hill Rise would win the Big 'Cap, as they call it in California, and that Gun Bow would wind up a poor fourth, which, as you've probably heard, is what happened. That Candy Spots was second and George Royal third figured, because they had finished in that order in the San Antonio a fortnight before. Only eight runners, the fewest in years, went to the post for the Santa Anita, and from all accounts there was no crowding or bumping throughout the mile and a quarter. As expected, Gun Bow set a lively pace, doing the first quarter in 0:22⅘, the half mile in 0:45⅗, and six furlongs in 1:09⅗, followed closest by Doc Jocoy, who was second in the race last year, and Candy Spots. Hill Rise was running fifth. After seven furlongs, Gun Bow slowed down, and Candy Spots headed him as they passed the mile pole, in 1:35⅕. Meanwhile, Hill Rise had quickened his pace as he rounded the stretch turn, and, taking the lead in the last furlong, he won going away by a length and a half. George Royal, who finished fastest of all, was only a neck behind Candy Spots. It was a happy comeback for Hill Rise. Twelve months ago, he was the top three-year-old in the West, having won three stakes, including the Santa Anita Derby, but then he came East and his races here were a series of disappointments. Obviously, he likes the Santa Anita track, and I fancy he would have won the Charles H. Strub Stakes, earlier in the meeting—as George Pope, Jr., his owner, and Bill Finnegan, his trainer, expected him to—if he hadn't been crowded and boxed in most of the way. Duel, winner of the Strub, was next to last in the Santa Anita.

No doubt the favorite-players are saying that the hundred and thirty-one pounds Gun Bow carried is what beat him. As a matter of record, he carried only one pound less in the race last year, and finished seventh. By the way, I was surprised that Gun Bow and Candy Spots were not listed as an entry and coupled in the betting. Though Gun Bow ran in the name and colors of the Gedney Farm stable and Candy Spots ran in the name and colors of Rex Ellsworth, both have been syndicated by John R. Gaines, who owns a share in each. Section 77-b of the Rules of Racing states, "All horses owned wholly or in part by the same person or the spouse of any such person or trained by the same trainer must be coupled and run as an entry." But perhaps that doesn't go for horses that have been syndicated.

Candy Spots, of course, was the principal item in the deal that dazzled horsemen from coast to coast a fortnight ago, when Mr. Gaines bought him, together with Olden Times and Prove It, from Mr. Ellsworth for syndication, the amount involved being more than three and a half million dollars. Mr. Gaines, a son of Clarence F. Gaines, who founded the Gaines Dog Food Company, has been in the horse business for years, first with trotters—he syndicated Demon Hanover, winner of the Hambletonian, for half a million—and later with thoroughbreds. Last August, he bought Gun Bow from Harry Albert and Mrs. John T. Stanley, and syndicated him for a million. As one whose knowledge of arithmetic barely goes beyond the difference between 7–5 and 3–2, I've never understood syndication, but I gather that it's more complicated than just selling shares in a horse, since it involves not only winnings but stud privileges and that sort of thing. Anyway, there must be money in it, because so many people are doing it.

NO horse has ever won both the Widener Handicap and the Hialeah Turf Cup, the two big plums for older racers at Hialeah, but here's one for the book. Hot Dust and Your Alibhai, who finished second and third to Primordial II in the recent running of the Widener, ran one, two in the Hialeah Turf Cup last weekend. Primordial II was never in the picture; he went lame in the race. The Widener was a rough-and-tumble affair, but the dozen runners in the Cup had clear sailing all the way, Hot Dust and Your Alibhai coming up in the last quarter to pass the post in a head finish. Knightly Manner was third, and



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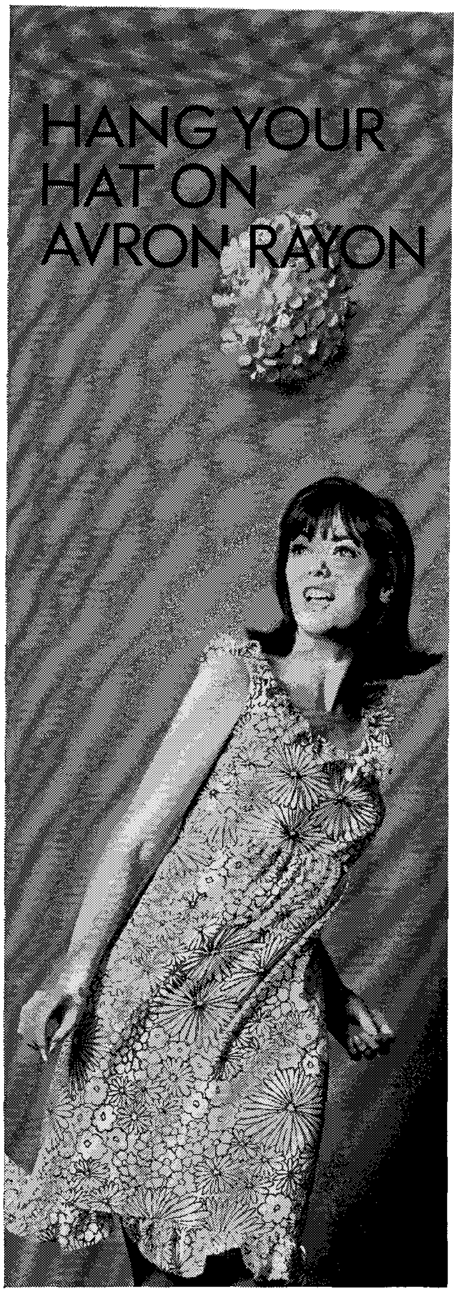

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Tarpon, who set most of the pace, was fourth.

EARLIER last week, both the San Felipe Handicap, which is the customary winding-up gallop for the Santa Anita Derby, and the Hibiscus Stakes, which is a prelude to the Flamingo, at Hialeah, came off as expected. The former indicated that Jacinto, who won it, is one of our top three-year-olds, for he gave from six to fifteen pounds to his opposition, which included three winners of stakes races in California this winter. (Lucky Debonair, who was second, had won the San Vincente; Gummo, who was fourth, had won the Bay Meadows Juvenile Championship and the California Breeders' Champion Stakes; and Arksroni, who was sixth, had won the Santa Catalina.) Furthermore, Jacinto did not have too easy a passage, because from the first turn on he was caught between Gummo and Lucky Debonair, and the three ran head and head for nearly a mile. In the last furlong, however, he pulled out in front to win by a neck. Barring the completely unforeseen, he should win the Derby on Saturday.

Ever since Hail to All's spectacular finish in a minor event early last month, he has been ballyhooed as the probable winner of the Flamingo Stakes. His performance in the Hibiscus was, if anything, more spectacular than his first one. Last of the eleven runners leaving the backstretch, and with only half a mile to go, he mowed down the leaders, winning handily from Hi-Hasty, with Beaupy, who had set the pace, nearly two lengths behind. Needless to say, this established him as the firm favorite for the Flamingo, of which you'll know the result before you read this.

OUR old pet Chateaugay, the best three-year-old colt of 1963, who was on the hospital list most of last season because of ankle trouble, has been retired to the stud at John Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm, in Kentucky. A few weeks ago, a full brother to Chateaugay was foaled there. Colonel Martingale hopes the youngster is almost as good, and has better luck.

—AUDAX MINOR

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—*The Times.*

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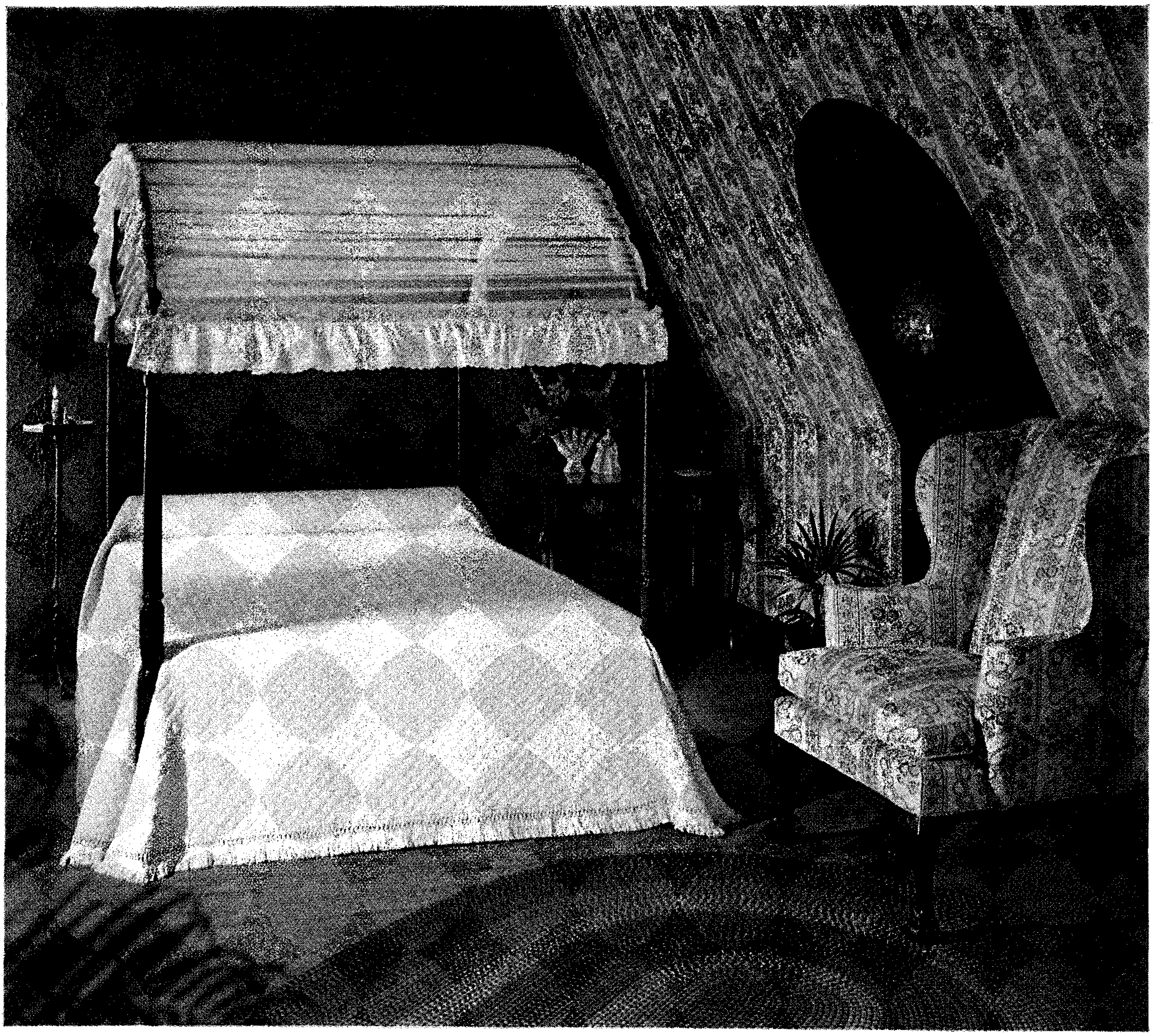

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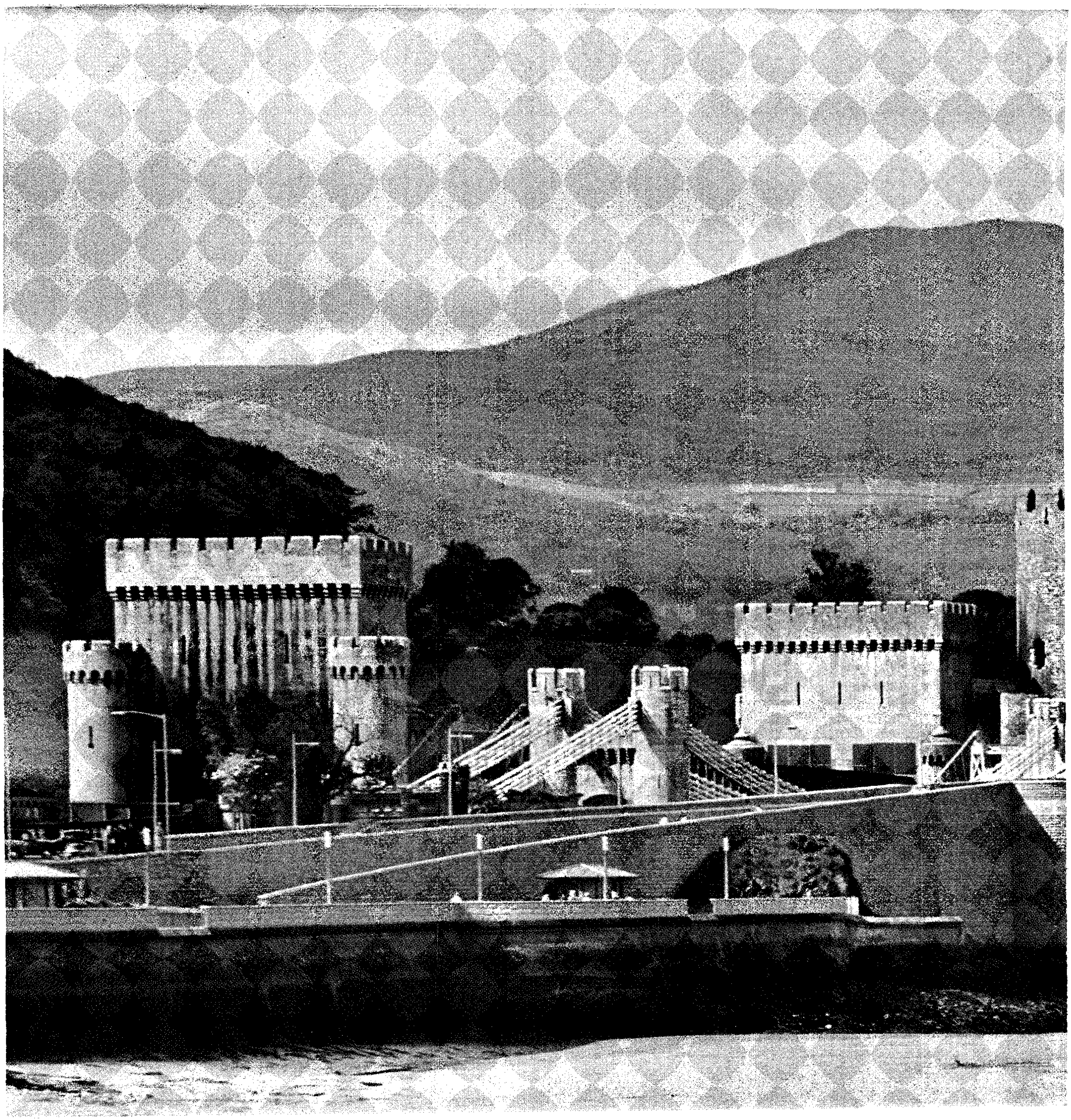

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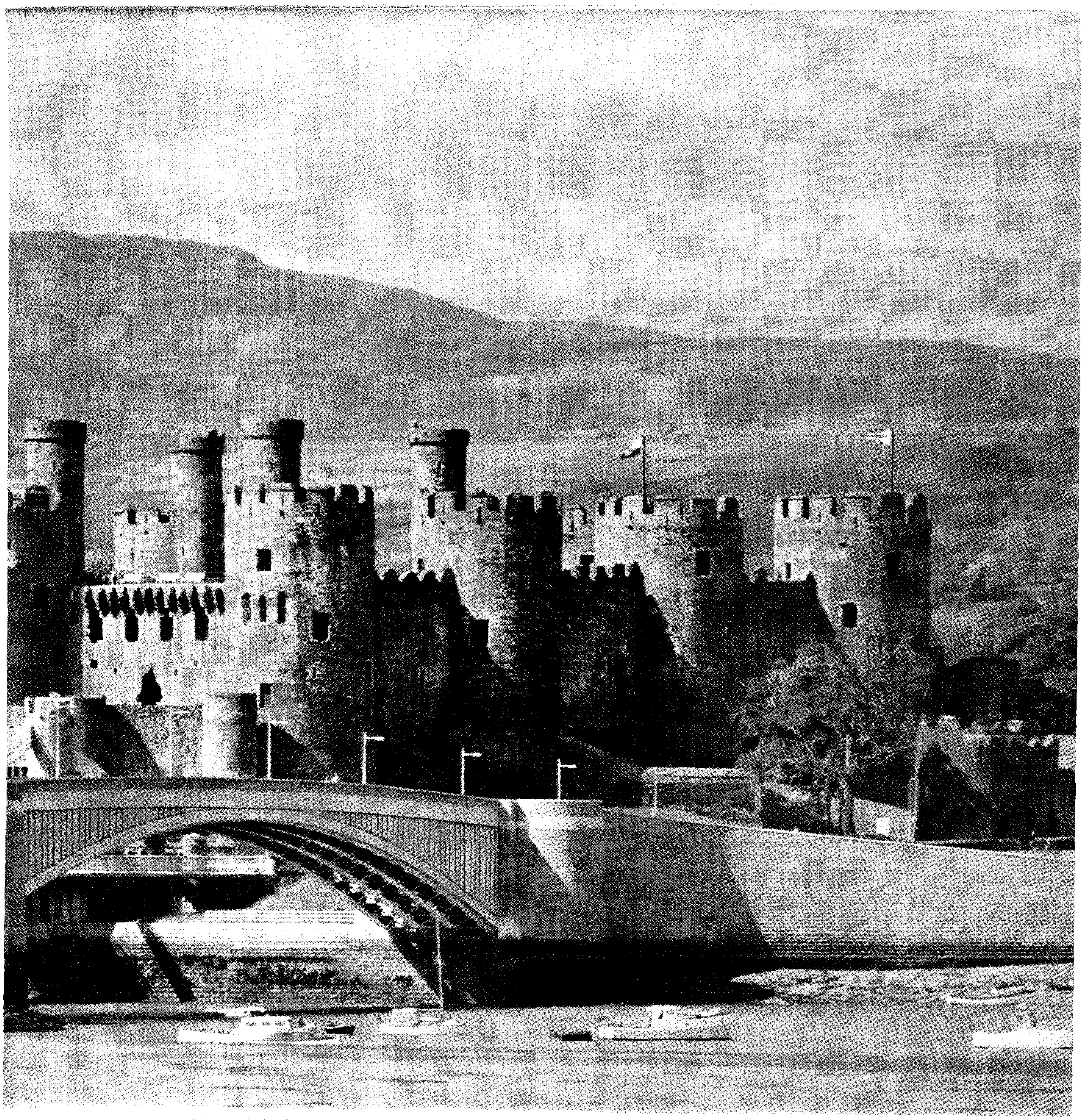

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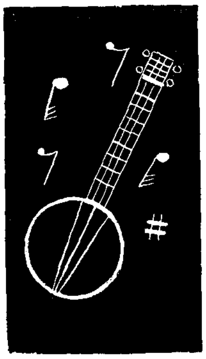
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Change of Pace*

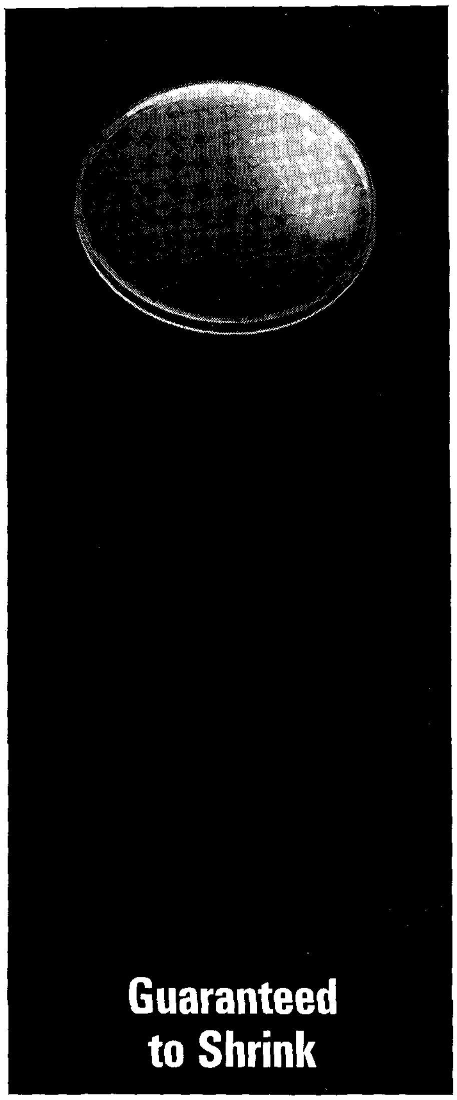
"DIE WALKÜRE" was presented at the Metropolitan on Monday night of last week before an audience obviously starved for Wagner's "Ring." In fact, this audience's eagerness to applaud anything and everything clashed here and there with my own impressions, which were not always so enthusiastic. If I had heard only the first act, I would have come away with the idea that William Steinberg, who was doing the opera for the first time at the Met, was a poor Wagnerian conductor, and that the Met's orchestra had forgotten the score since "Die Walküre's" last performance there, three years ago, and was, in effect, sight-reading its parts. Mr. Steinberg wavered between the extremely subdued and the rattle-bang; the orchestral tone, instead of being sombre, as is appropriate in Wagner, inclined toward the brittle and harsh, and the strings were often inaudible under massive assaults from the brass. This situation continued right up to the short introduction that precedes Act II, where a particularly noisy brass passage completely obliterated the strings, and then, miraculously, everything changed: Mr. Steinberg became a very fine Wagner conductor indeed, and the orchestra began playing beautifully. I cannot explain this except, perhaps, on the ground that Mr. Steinberg had not had sufficient rehearsals for the first act or that he is somehow ill at ease in it and very much at ease in the rest of the opera.



"Die Walküre" is the most human of the "Ring" dramas, and for this reason, I think, is the most popular of them. Except for the orchestral performance in the first act, it came over very well the other night, and even though the current scenery, by Lee Simonson, is now pretty aged and decrepit, I found this no bar to enjoyment. The main thing about opera is, after all, the music, and there are times when overlavish, brand-new sets defeat what they are supposed to enhance, by drawing one's attention away from it. Let us say that the Simonson sets are still adequate—certainly a great deal better than the bottom-of-a-coal-mine abstractions fashionable at Bayreuth a few years ago.

As for the singing, it was, on the whole, agreeable, but it varied in quality. Birgit Nilsson's Brünnhilde, in which a powerful, cool, goddesslike voice is placed at the service of a character having peculiarities of precisely this sort, has become something of a legend, even among us who can hear her every season, and she did not disappoint us. Jon Vickers, the handsomest of all Siegmunds in my memory, acted like the athlete he is supposed to be, and sang with both power and grace, but there are areas of tenderness in his role that he did not penetrate from the purely vocal point of view. He is, in short, a very fine Siegmund—probably the best one now singing—but he is not quite the master of nuance that Lauritz Melchior was. George London was an imposing Wotan, a little gruff, perhaps, in the lower register, and David Ward was an excellent Hunding. The role of Sieglinde lies badly for Leonie Rysanek's voice, since it employs consistently the middle register, which is her weakest. She often sang uncertainly, but she brought the part off fairly well from a dramatic standpoint. Irene Dalis made an acceptable Fricka, though her voice and presence seemed a bit on the small side, and her shrewishness petulant rather than regal.

NOT everybody seems to have enjoyed the concert performance of Rossini's "Il Turco in Italia" that was put on by the American Opera Society in Carnegie Hall last Tuesday night, but I did. I don't think this means that I am getting soft. I, too, had a number of reservations about the singing, but I found the opera a delightful one, abounding in all the dear old Rossini clichés and formulas, and having a drama—if you can call it that—abounding in all the clichés and formulas (deceived husbands, mistaken identities, and so on) characteristic of the theatrical side of *opera buffa*. "Il Turco" is not the masterpiece that Donizetti's "Don Pasquale" is. But it is amusing and melodically sparkling. It would, I think, have been more effective fully staged than it was in this concert performance, for it contains a great deal of horseplay that would be underlined by costumes and scenery. In any case, this



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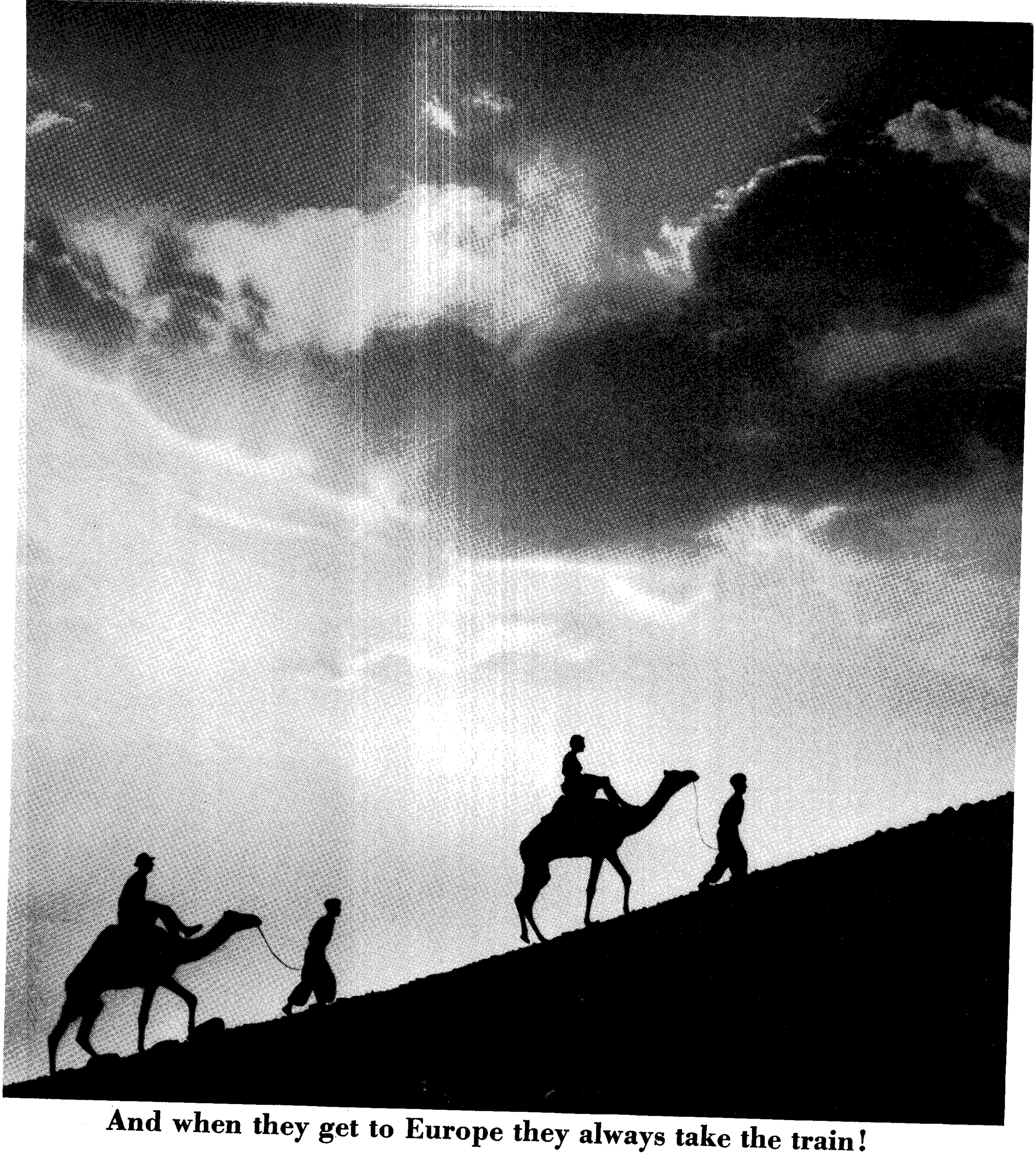
was said to be the first New York performance of "Il Turco" in a hundred years, so I cannot bring myself to be very critical of it. Judith Raskin, as the deceiving wife, did not make of her role the astounding bit of virtuosity it must have been in Rossini's time, but she sang it neatly and ingratiatingly. Elfego Esparza, as her befuddled husband, was, I thought, close to perfect, and his rapid-patter arias, which are difficult, were extraordinarily well done. Also among the assets of this production was Sherrill Milnes, as the sardonic poet who acts as the *deus ex machina.* Giorgio Tadeo, who was making his New York opera début, as the Turk, turned out to be a little fuzzy and inelastic vocally but displayed at least a pleasant comic personality. Jerold Siena, as the wife's platonic lover, had too small a voice, and Betty Allen, as the gypsy Zaida, was unfortunately one of those rare instances of miscasting by Allen Sven Oxenburg, the troupe's impresario. Miss Allen has a lovely voice, but it is much too rich and heavy for this role. John Pritchard, who played the harpsichord between his bouts as conductor, was not exactly brilliant, but he held things together efficiently.

LAST Wednesday evening, I dropped in at Town Hall to hear the Esterhazy Orchestra, for the first time, and Miss Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, whom I had heard before with considerable gratification. I was not anywhere disappointed. Under the baton of David Blum, the small orchestra, which consists entirely of players of chamber-music quality, performed with pearl-like smoothness and impeccable phrasing some works by Haydn and Mozart, which I shall not bother to list. Then came the aria "Parto, parto" from Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito" and Act II of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice." In "Parto, parto," Miss Verrett was accompanied by a superb artist named Charles Russo, who played the clarinet obbligato, and in "Orfeo" she was partnered by Patricia Brooks, who gave a good account of the comparatively short moments allotted to Euridice. Here, also, Miss Verrett was backed up by an exceedingly well-trained vocal ensemble known as the Esterhazy Chorus. This was a program of sublime music, and it was beautifully done. Miss Verrett is, as I believe I have previously remarked, a distinct stage personality, smashingly pretty and elegantly poised in both person and voice. The voice itself is a vibrant yet pure



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one, with a large range, including low contralto notes, and it was handled on this occasion with a mastery of classical style. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

## JAZZ

### *Headwater*

NO one needs celebration more than the celebrated. Once renowned, the famous are often shelved, as if the exposure of fame had made them brittle and breakable. One of the fuels the ennobled thrive on is acclaim, and it becomes, like a mirror for a great beauty, one of their very elements. Yet the celebrated must hold up their end; they must, in the manner of a good teacher, stay at least a nose ahead of their students. Coleman Hawkins, who has turned sixty, has done just that for the past thirty years. Indeed, no other jazz instrumentalist has *given* so much for so long. Such peers as Art Tatum and Sidney Catlett and Lester Young kept pace for a while, and then burnt themselves out, while the likes of Louis Armstrong and Dickie Wells have been diluted by time. Hawkins not only invented the tenor saxophone and taught a generation or two how to play it but has steadily breasted fresh methods and fresh schools simply by adapting their best. Most jazz musicians are sentenced to a single style for life, but Hawkins has coined and discarded three distinctive approaches. The first, which lasted until the early thirties, was fluent and aggressive; it sported a lot of notes, a tough tone, and occasional vaudeville effects, and it provided much of the heat for the early Fletcher Henderson band. Hawkins' next attack was rich, serene, and almost unctuous. His tone became massive, his vibrato an easy ground swell. He embraced his materials, warmed them, and released them recharged and resilient. He seemed to add new rooms and new halls to each ballad he played. Chu Berry sprouted from this style, and in 1934 Hawkins recorded a solo in Henderson's "Hocus Pocus" that gave birth to Herschel Evans, who then founded his own seminary. Toward the end of the decade, after a long stay in Europe, Hawkins announced through his flawless recording of "Body and Soul" that he had entered still another period. The romanticism of his preceding attack was turned into muscle, the vibrato was dammed, and his tone took on a full-moon hardness and beauty. His improvisations moved like swallows in the evening. This consummate grace

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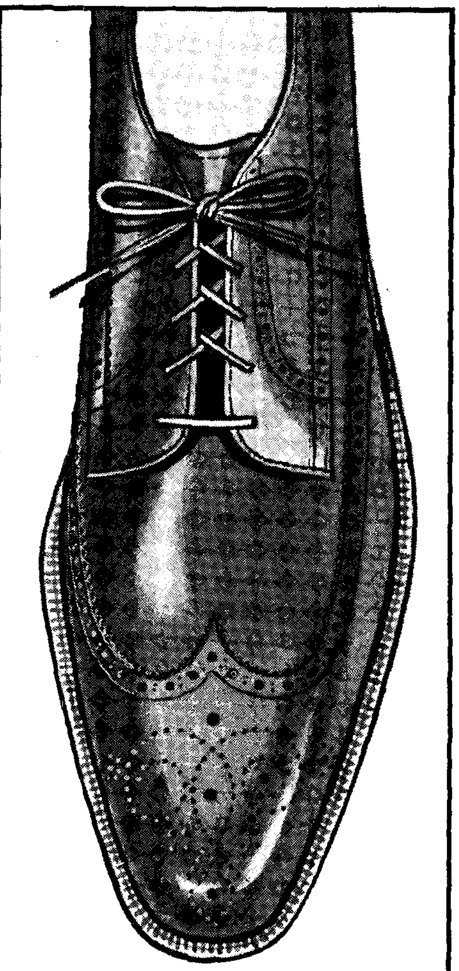

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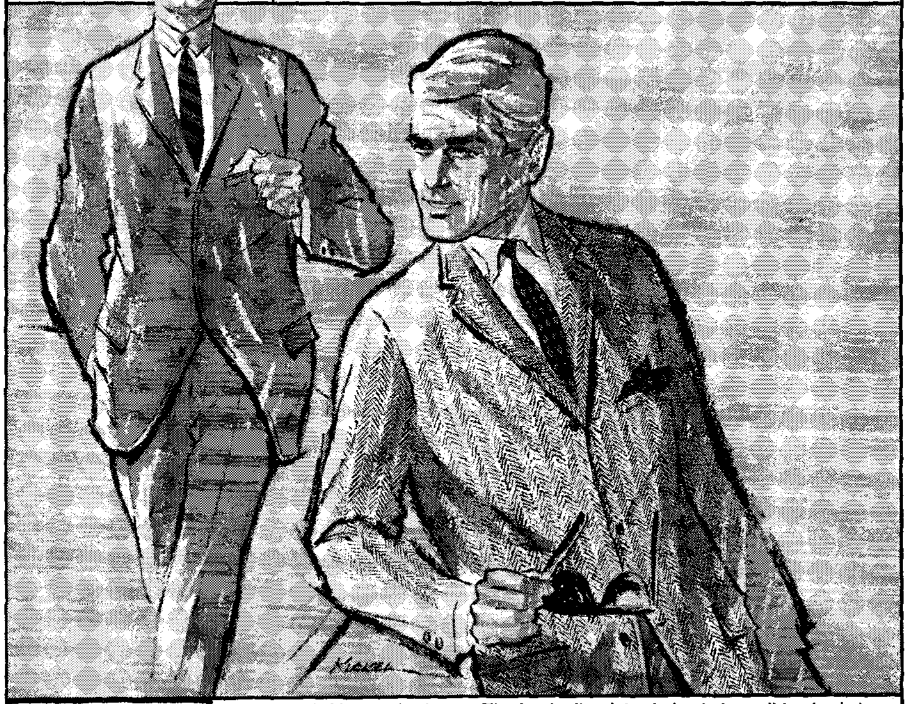

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was set aside in the early fifties, when Hawkins, having survived bebop and hard bop, began to absorb what appealed to him in those schools. His tone grew thinner and he broke up his solos with silences, rough descending and ascending runs, and feverish wails. He got wilder and wilder, like an aging conservative who dons sneakers and a sports jacket for lunch at the Plaza. For the first time, the emotion beneath the surface of his solos became steadily visible, and once in a while it backed up and burst through. One's cup ran over after hearing him.

Such was the case a week or so ago when I listened to Hawkins with a quartet at the Five Spot. In a medium-fast "I Won't Dance," he opened with a high, querulous tone that was at one with his sudden pauses and two-steps-at-a-time runs. In his next chorus his tone ballooned, and he darted through soft, fast figures that were more shadow than sound, and in his third he alternated between legato slides and staccato preaching. It was sweet talk laced with philosophy. A slow "September Song" was even more of a crazy quilt. Quiet runs were followed by staccato stabs, which gave way to slamming pauses, which were broken by furious figures that started and ended in midair. Sometimes he pared his materials to the bone, and sometimes he made them swell and swagger. He did not play much in a long, fast "Caravan," but he was a locomotive when he did. Unfortunately, Hawkins' accompanists—Barry Harris on piano, Major Holley (who has now departed) on bass, and Eddie Locke on drums—marched to their own music. Holley pulled the beat in "September Song" almost to a halt, and this depressed Locke. Or perhaps it was the other way around. Harris, a sound post-bop pianist who lets very little air through his notes, worked closely with Hawkins, but it was hard to tell whether his constant echoes of Hawkins' phrases were mocking or admiring. Yet Hawkins, who is now thin and gray and slightly stooped, has long carried his own world with him, and the other night he was busy examining every corner of it, seemingly saying again and again, "You come, too." I did.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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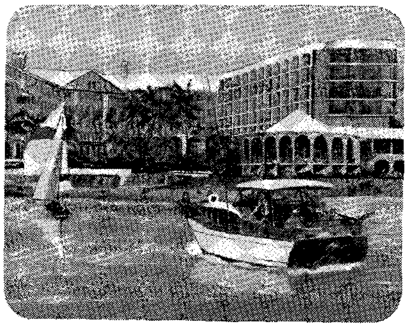
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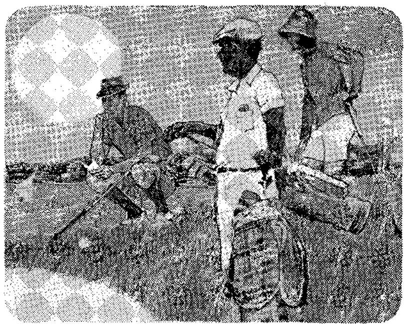
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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Unlucky Jim*

CONRAD, that superb dissembler, begins his "Lord Jim" as if it were, in the author's words, "a yarn" that might be swapped "after dinner, on a verandah draped in motionless foliage and crowned with flowers, in the deep dusk speckled by fiery cigar-ends." Now, a yarn implies a loose, exaggerated narrative, crammed with exotic adventures and making up in surface hurly-burly what it purposely lacks in depth; we are to avoid probing into the nature of the characters as the turbulent tide of incident sweeps over us, lulling our minds into a trance of postprandial pleasure. But Conrad is notoriously artful at provoking false expectations, and to swap a yarn is the very least of his concerns; indeed, he has scarcely set down the conventional bland opening sentence of his novel, in which the hero is described as if he were a figure on loan from Burt L. Standish ("He was an inch, perhaps two, under six feet, powerfully built, and he advanced straight at you with a slight stoop of the shoulders, head forward, and a fixed from-under stare which made you think of a charging bull"), before he invites us to take note of certain wholly unyarnlike hints—we learn, for example, of Jim's "exquisite sensibility" and "keen perception of the Intolerable," and of how the latter "deplorable faculty" will eventually drive him straight into the virgin forests of the Malay Peninsula and, after many tribulations and a few joys, to his death. It's plain that our hero isn't a Frank Merriwell who has unaccountably gone bad and that "Lord Jim" isn't a yarn simply because Conrad chooses to pretend it is, and the irremediable defect of the movie that Richard Brooks has based on the novel is its failure to get past the author's seductive disguises and deal with his real point. Mr. Brooks, who directed the picture from his own screenplay, has plumped hard for exotic adventures and surface hurly-burly, and has all but ignored Jim's exquisite sensibility. Now and then, Mr. Brooks traces Jim's difficulties back to the fact that at a critical juncture in his career he played the coward, but Conrad is constantly signalling to us—sometimes even over the head of his narrator, Marlow—that this single act meant less to Jim than its sequel, an "acute consciousness of lost honor," in which he struggled "to save from the fire his idea of what his moral identity should be." "Lord Jim" is, in short, no more a tragedy about a man who was cowardly when he ought to have been brave than "Hamlet" is—in the words of Laurence Olivier's famous prologue to his movie version of the play—"the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind."

If it were to be objected that movies are a device for reproducing actions in pictures and not for reproducing a "keen perception of the Intolerable" (especially the Intolerable in upper case), I'd reply that this is precisely the problem that Mr. Brooks should have devoted his abundant energies to, instead of squandering them on the invention of even more melodrama than Conrad and many generations of readers of the novel have found necessary. Quite early on, he breaks away from the original plot in order to present us with a series of brightly colored but incoherent cops-and-robbers tales, the last of which we are so little prepared for that it seems to belong to a different movie altogether. The many desperate battles between good natives and bad whites and bad natives and good natives and bad whites and good whites that fill the enormous screen for reel after reel place us at a greater and greater distance from Lord Jim; his last effort to discover his moral identity strikes us as an inexplicable irrelevance and his death a perverse folly.

Mr. Brooks's failure as a writer has been heightened by his failure as a director to get an adequate performance out of Peter O'Toole, who is an extremely handsome man and nearly always an extremely tired-looking one. (The electricians keep extra light playing about his eyes, presumably to achieve a smoothly youthful appearance, but the effect is that of a botched attempt to convey sanctity.) Others in the cast include James Mason, Eli Wallach, Paul Lukas, Curt Jurgens, and Jack Hawkins, and with the exception of Mr. Lukas they're all pretty terrible. The girl Lord Jim loves is played with a studied vacancy of expression by Daliah Lavi, who is said to be a prominent Israeli movie star and whom it is inexcusable of me to confuse with the Dalai Lama. The photography, by Frederick A. Young, is magnificent, particularly in the outdoor scenes in and about the Angkor

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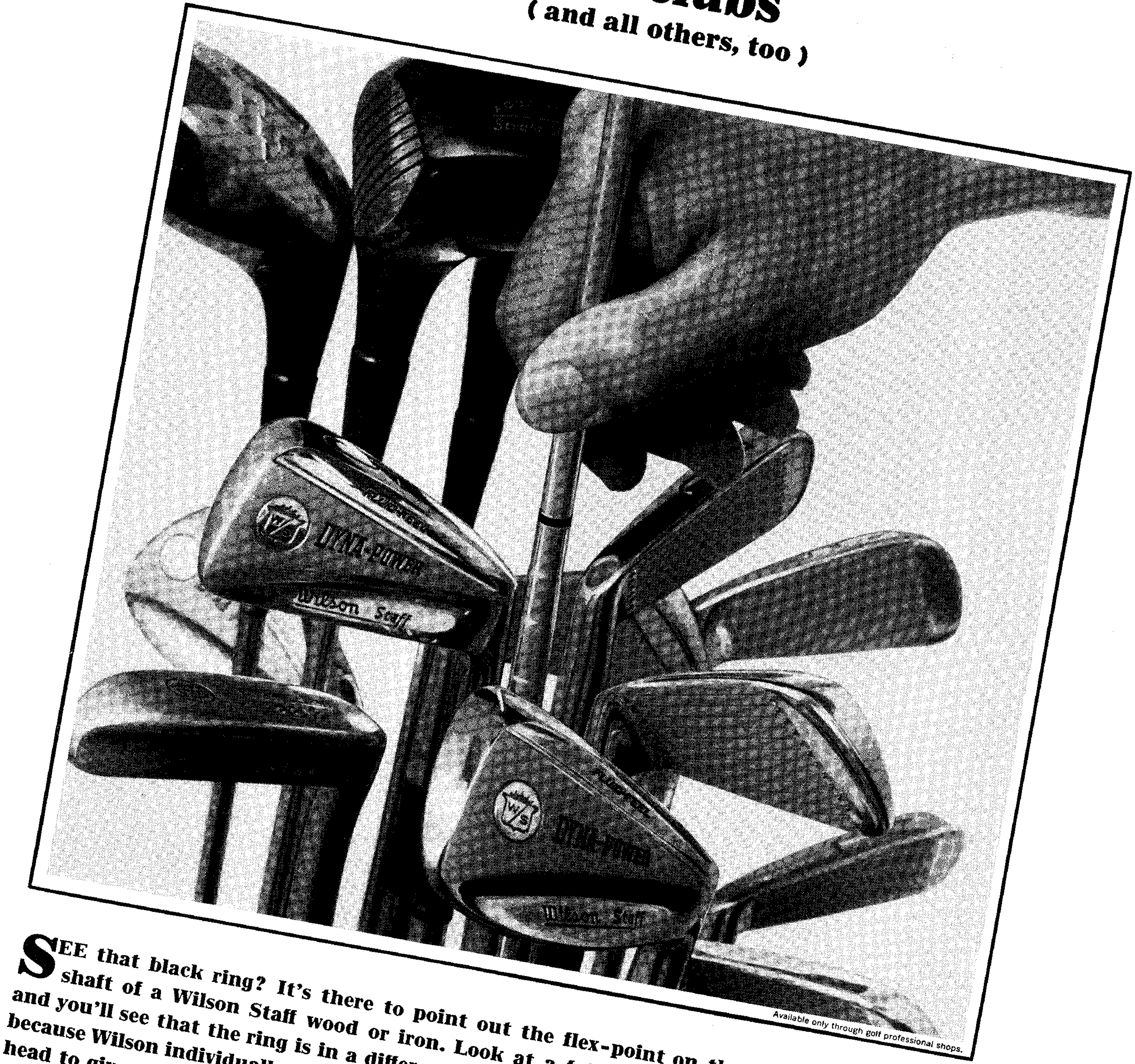

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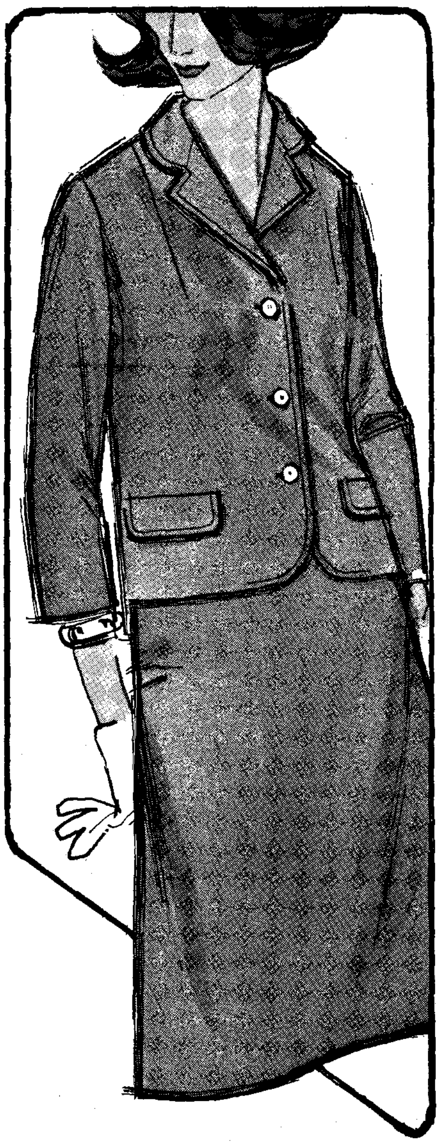

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Wat, but the weird beauties of Cambodia cannot conceal the fact that, geography aside, we are deep in the heart of Hollywood.

THE scene is still stubbornly Hollywood in "The Sound of Music," a huge, tasteless blowup of the celebrated Rodgers and Hammerstein musical about the Trapp Family Singers. The pretense is that we're all romping wholesomely about in *Lederhosen* among the mountain meadows and lakes of dear old Austria, but even the handful of authentic location shots have a hokey studio sheen, and when one adds the falseness of the plot to the falseness of the dialogue and then observes that the standard of acting maintained by Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer, Richard Haydn, and Eleanor Parker is well under ordinary high-school level, it becomes obvious that an equal degree of verisimilitude could have been attained by shooting the picture at the nearest Walgreen's. Perhaps the bad temper with which I felt myself slowly drowning in a pit of sticky-sweet whipped cream not of the first freshness was prompted in part by my having been instructed at the start of the picture that the time was "the very end of the golden thirties." To my knowledge, the words "golden" and "thirties" have never been joined in that context before, and I marvel that Ernest Lehman, the author of the screenplay, could have typed the words without reflecting that while nowhere on earth were the end of the thirties golden, they were surely least golden of all in Austria, within whose borders, in the period covered by "The Sound of Music," the local Nazis were already preparing for *Anschluss* and for that happy day when the two hundred thousand Jews of Vienna could be liquidated. What a lack of imagination it requires to use the horror of that time as a device for furthering the plot of a silly musical about a family who, however attractive they may have been in real life, on the evidence shown here went rushing about incessantly whinnying, squealing, sulking, and singing tinkly songs!

—BRENDAN GILL

•

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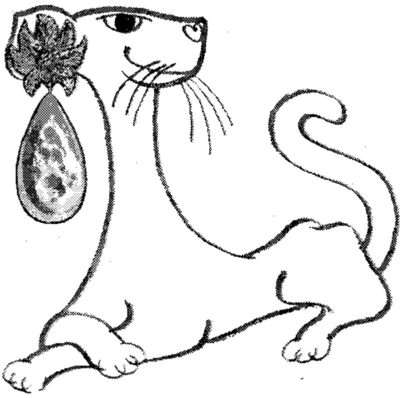

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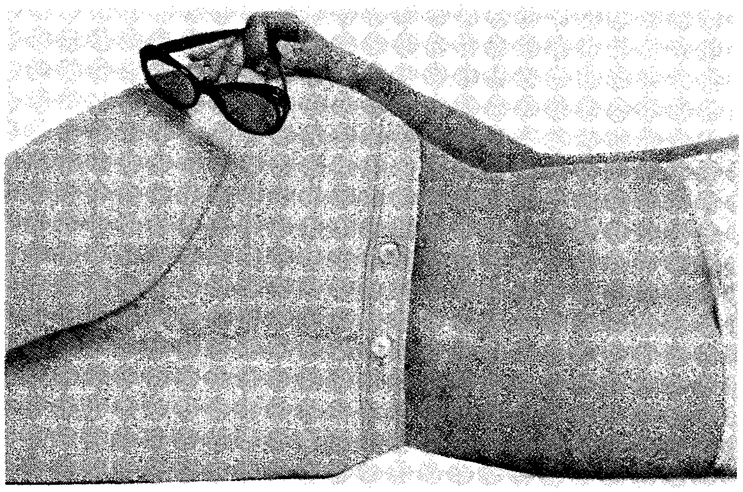

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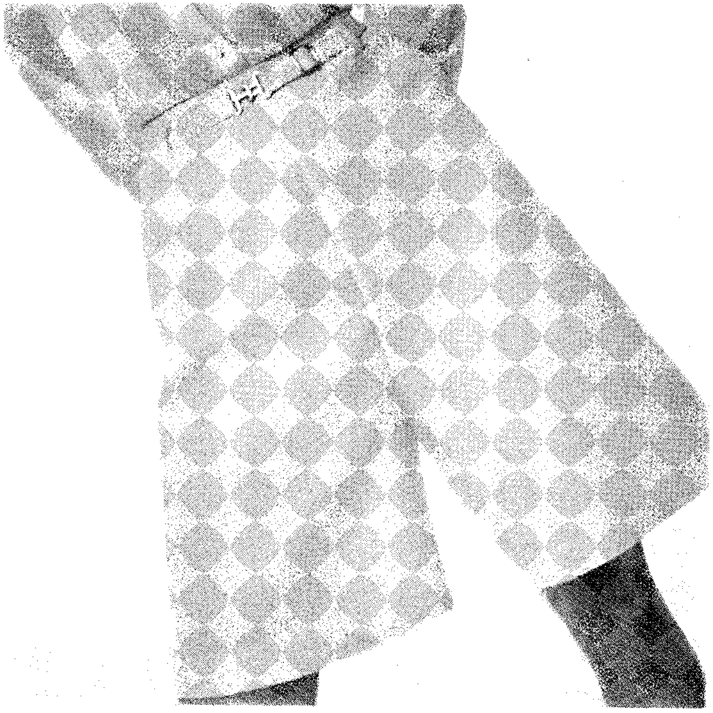

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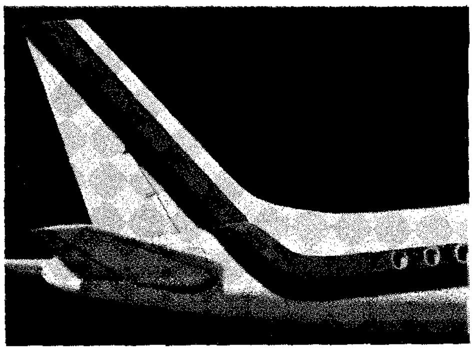

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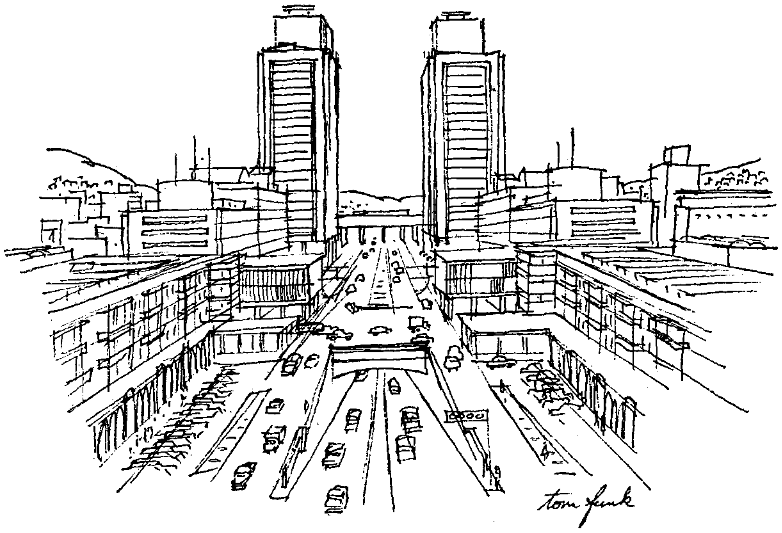
# LETTER FROM CARACAS



WHEN I arrived here for an extended stay some months ago, everyone kept assuring me that the city was "very quiet." It was obvious that they meant politically, for in almost every other way Caracas, a zestful, pushy, cacophonous place, was certainly far from quiet. Years ago, when cars were first introduced, a law required that horns be honked at every corner. That law has long since been repealed, but Caracas drivers are faithful to its memory. I rode one day in a taxi whose horn was broken but whose driver was undaunted. At every intersection, he pounded violently on the side of his cab until the cars ahead moved off. The first time this occurred, I nearly jumped out in alarm. But after a bit, when I had realized what the racket was, I rather got to enjoy the experience, and even rolled down my own window, so that at clogged intersections I could lend a hand. At that point, I began to feel quite Venezuelan.

For most of my time here, I have been staying at the Montserrat, a residential hotel in the Altamira district, which is in the eastern part of town. The hotel fronts on an extremely busy boulevard, and I was lucky enough to get a room in the back, where my balcony overlooks the handsome grounds of one of the last private estates to be found among the apartments and office buildings hereabouts. This is the old Sosa hacienda, a leftover from an age when most of the terrain now occupied by the city of Caracas was covered with sugar-cane and coffee plantations. The prospect from my balcony is a pleasant one, with nearby mist-covered mountains looming right above the trees in the Sosa garden. Mangoes and jacarandas and brilliant flamboyants grow there, and India-rubber trees and bananas, with their floppy, paddle-shaped leaves—the flora one would expect in this climate. There is also a row of pines, which someone planted as a border along the side of the estate near my hotel. The pines are tall, cool, unostentatious, soft-spoken, and it is rather surprising to see them here amid the floral carnival, with fancy birds sporting in their chaste branches and a red-flowered vine entwined familiarly about their trunks. I moved to the Montserrat after a brief, noisy stay at a big, glossy edifice constructed, for some reason, in the shape of a Mayan temple—with dance band, floor show, swimming pool, and ubiquitous canned music. My first night at the Montserrat, I went to bed well content to have found a comparatively peaceful island in Caracas, but some time before dawn I was startled from sleep by strange loud noises, which, in my confusion, I could only imagine to be the sounds of a huge, rusty pump at work. The same thing happened several mornings in a row, bringing to mind each time the same odd and rather perturbing image. Then, one afternoon while I was on my balcony, my confusion was resolved when I looked out and saw, cropping the grass, not a rusty pump but a small white burro. He is an attractive beast, ever so much smaller than his bray. He still wakes me regularly, but now that I have seen him I find that I don't mind so much. He certainly is loud, though, and if one rode him through Caracas traffic one would not need a horn.

Actually, in Caracas, the era of the burro and of the sugar-cane-and-coffee-plantation way of life ended just a short time ago, though it is hard for the present-day visitor to believe this. Change began only after a long period of stagnation, but once it did it proceeded at a frantic and, for some of the older residents, disconcerting pace. Maurice Rotival, the distinguished international city planner, who has been principally responsible for such planning as Caracas has known, told me, during a conversation we had in New York before I set out for Venezuela, that in 1938, when he began work on a master plan for Caracas, it was a charming, somnolent, provincial place of about two hundred and fifty thousand, in whose narrow cobble-stoned streets one encountered more burros than automobiles—a town of one- and two-story colonial-style buildings, with life centering on the old Plaza Bolívar, with its statue of the Liberator (a native son) in the center and its four fountains set amid formal plantings at the four sides. "It was rather a shame to change the town," he said. "But somebody was going to do it, I knew, so I thought it had best be me." At that time, Rotival projected a population rise to six hundred thousand by 1970—a prediction that caused most of the government officials he had to deal with to label him a wild visionary. Now the city's population has reached the million-and-a-half mark, and it is still growing fast. Most of the colonial buildings have been replaced by high-rise offices and apartments; the *autopista*, or freeway, system that Rotival laid out is already jammed to the point of virtual immobility during the day's four rush hours (people still try to dash home for a siesta at noon, and sometimes find themselves having to take the siesta on the *autopista* in their stalled cars); and nowadays nobody can say where the center or focus of the town may be. In the last two decades, Caracas has put up buildings at an extraordinary rate. Situated in a narrow valley about three thousand feet above sea level, and confined by steep mountains that rise at least another three thousand feet, the city suggests an urban river flowing from west to east—the direction of its growth. The eye as well as the ear is assaulted by an exuberant discord. The new architecture of Caracas is not reticent. It employs a wide variety of forms, materials, textures, and spatial relationships. Color is used lavishly. Even quite tall buildings are faced with bright-colored Italian or Spanish tiles, and stretches of wall on the sides of buildings or between stories are apt to be adorned with paintings or mosaics. Much of the architecture is, I should say, excellent and imaginative, but the over-all effect of the splashy colors and anarchic form is quite dazzling and strenuous, particularly under the bright sunlight of this latitude—just ten degrees above the equator—where sharply delineated patches of light alternate with deep shadow. After a bit, as one drives about Caracas, the buildings seem to be vibrating before one's eyes like the decorations strung across the entrance of a used-car lot.

Most of Caracas's present buildings, along with the countless grandiose monuments to be found on every hand, went up in the regime of the dictator Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez, between 1952 and 1958. During that time, the government poured vast sums into the capital to make it a showplace, while cruelly neglecting the rest of the country. The dictator's motives in this effort were apparently not entirely disinterested. Construction projects notoriously offer a grand opportunity for boodle. By the time he was overthrown, Pérez Jiménez is said to have amassed a fortune of over two hundred million dollars. This is an old story with Latin-American dictators, but here there is a novel element, in that after the dictator fled, expecting to rusticate luxuriously in Miami for the rest of his days, the democratic regime that took over, under President Rómulo Betancourt, broke all the Latin-American rules of the game by obtaining his extradition. For a year and a half, he has been in confinement here, and as time goes by frequent speculation is heard that so many prominent Caracans run the risk of being embarrassed by Pérez Jiménez's testimony that the odds are he will never be put on a public witness stand.

Because of Venezuela's relative lack of ancient cultural heritage, other Latin Americans like to say disparagingly of the Venezuelans, "They fell out of the trees into Cadillacs." The way of life here is just as new as the fancy buildings and monuments. In Caracas, even the slums are new. In these *ranchos*, as they are called, live almost half a million people—nearly a third of the city's population—most of whom have come in from the countryside within the past decade, pulled as if by a magnet from the hopeless land to the vibrant metropolis. They are squatters, the *rancho* dwellers; throughout the city, they have seized hillsides that were thought to be too steep to build on and have put up their shacks of cardboard and scrap wood and whatever else may have come to hand. This is a city in which the rich live down below and the poor up above. The people down below get paved streets, utilities, police protection,

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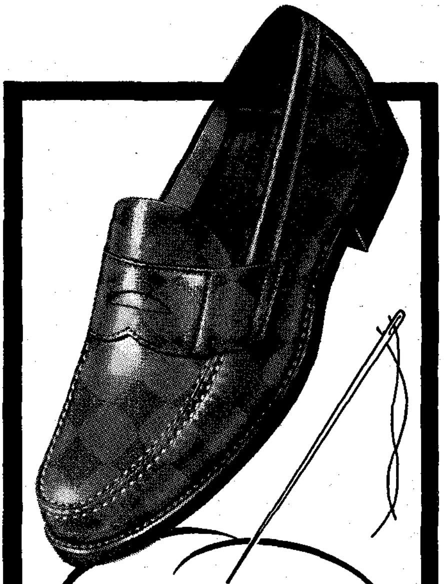

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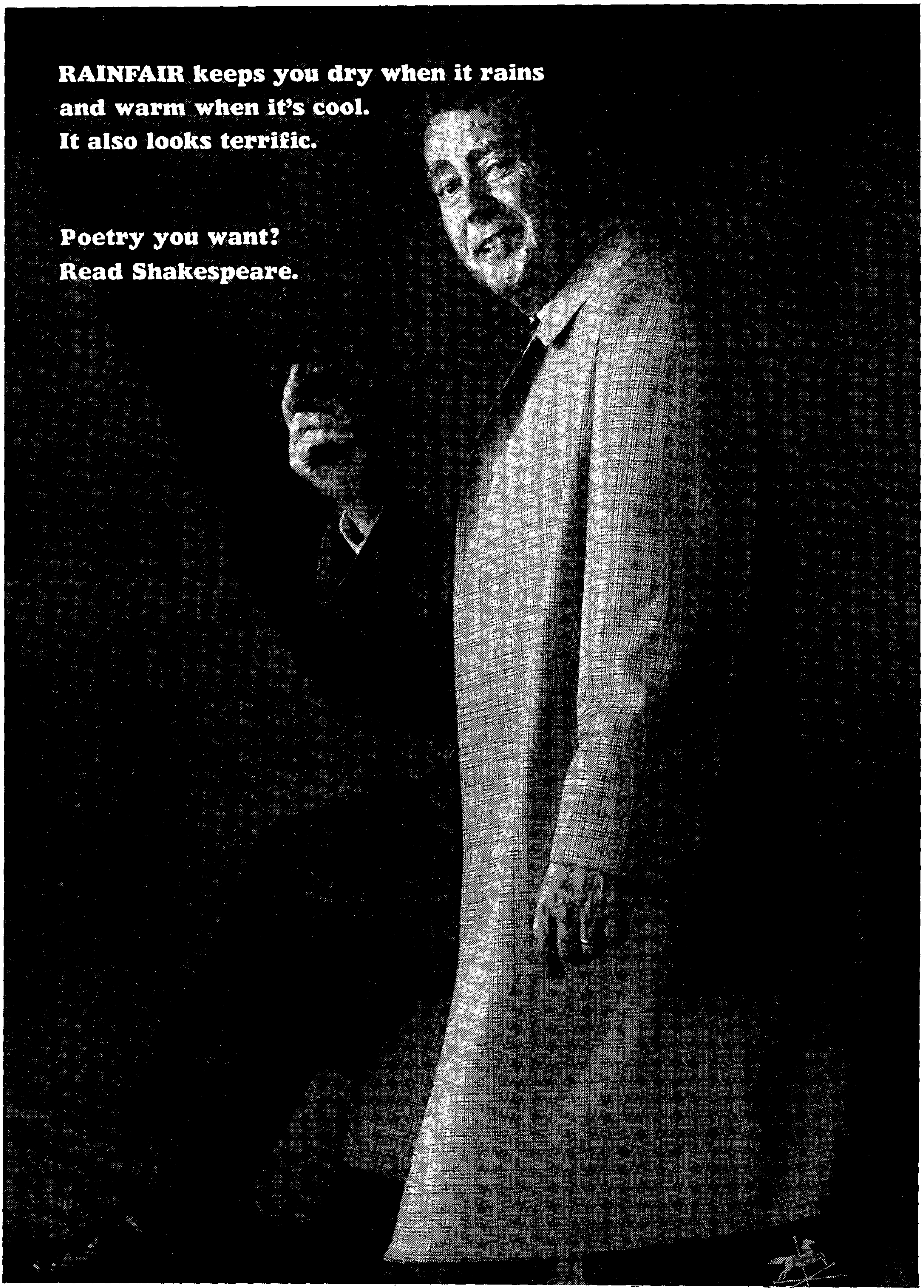
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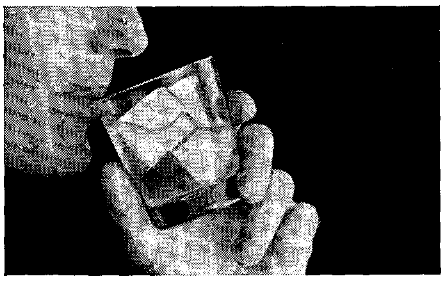
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schools, playgrounds, and all the other amenities of modern life. Those above get fine vistas, fresh breezes, and little else. The *ranchos* are a dominant element of the cityscape; almost everywhere you go in Caracas, you have only to lift your eyes to see them. It is a view that is likely to shock the visitor, for it obliges him to contrast the deprivations of the *rancho* dwellers' lives with the extravagance and wealth of the city proper, yet it must be said that there is something oddly impressive about the sight of these makeshift homes jammed together in crazy fashion, clinging to the hillsides. The prospect elicits respect for the people who, in defiance of gravity and all constituted authority, have put them there.

Contrasts between extremes of wealth and poverty are a commonplace in Latin America, but, because of Venezuela's oil riches, they are sharper and more glaring here than anywhere else on the continent. It is sometimes said that this country should be called The Venezuelas, so deeply is it cleft in two. One need go only a few miles outside of the glittering capital to find a way of life that can hardly even be considered to have reached a feudal stage of development; though there have been serious efforts at agrarian reform in recent years, the most prevalent agricultural existence is still that of the *conuquero*—the nomadic peasant who, without the help of mules or oxen, and with only the most rudimentary tools, raises subsistence crops on mountain slopes that he has cleared and burned and then, when the soil becomes exhausted, moves on to a new patch of land, puts up another rude shelter for his family, and starts over. The oil companies here, mostly United States-owned, pay Venezuela royalties of about a billion dollars a year, while iron-ore production brings in another hundred million or so in foreign exchange, and the result is an impressive average-per-capita-income statistic of eight hundred dollars a year—a figure that not only is far higher than that of any other Latin-American country but compares favorably with the figures for all except the most advanced Western European nations. It would, however, be a big mistake to assume, on the basis of this statistic, that the average Venezuelan lives on the same level as the average Netherlander or Austrian. At the top, three per cent of the people enjoy some thirty per cent of the national income, while down near the bottom the thirty-five per cent of the people who live by farming share just seven per cent of the national wealth—

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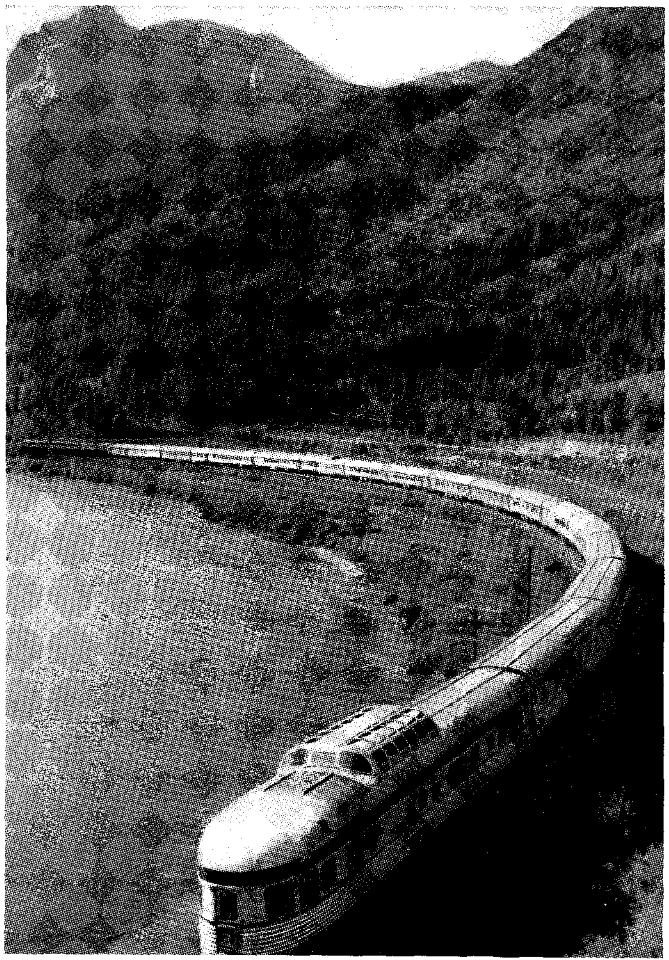

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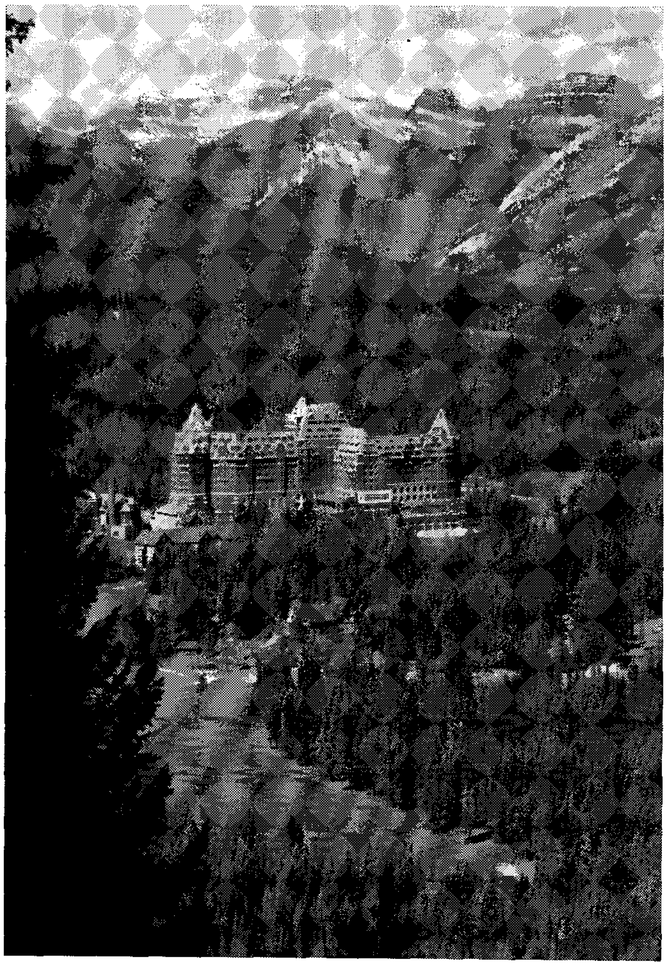

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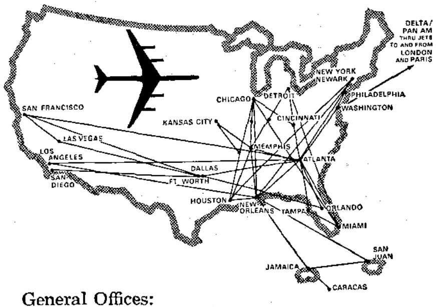

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and among these the great majority, more than a quarter of the population, are *conuqueros*, who are scarcely part of the market economy at all. For some time, there has been talk of the need to "sow the oil"—that is, use the oil revenues to develop the country's economy on a sounder, more diversified basis—and sizable steps have been taken toward the attainment of this goal. There is widespread recognition of the fact that if the opportunity is not seized now it may be lost forever, because at the present rate of production Venezuela has only about fifteen years to go before her known oil reserves are used up. Exploration may reveal new reserves, but it is a chancy prospect, and the uncertainty is compounded by the difficulty of forecasting future demand and future prices for the product on which so much depends. Ambitious development programs are now being formulated by the government, the most significant being a scheme for the creation of a great industrial city in the sparsely populated Guayana region, at the confluence of the Orinoco and Caroní Rivers. The programs envision something close to an overhaul of the entire country—education, agriculture, technology, social structure, and all. Every day, the newspapers carry stories of new projects inaugurated, new plans announced, new industries fostered. Experts, brought here at the government's expense from all over the world, come and go in droves to give advice on everything from police reform to the question of whether it might be feasible to develop a pulp-and-paper industry, using the hardwoods of the vast tropical forests. All this is part of the lively atmosphere of Caracas—an ambience quite different from that of many other Latin-American capitals, notorious for their apathy and inertia. An American anthropologist I met here, who has worked in several Latin-American countries, one day summarized his findings on Caracas for me. He said, "This place is jumping."

IN the midst of all the bustle and ferment, I nevertheless became aware, almost as soon as I arrived, of the quiet that people were talking about; indeed, everybody seemed to be listening intently to that silence within the hubbub. The missing element was the political terrorism that had been an explosive part of the city's daily life only a few months before. The regime of President Betancourt encountered continual stormy going before it ended last spring with the peaceful succession

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of President Raúl Leoni. There were repeated violent attempts not only upon Betancourt's government but upon his life, by both the Right and the Left—the former being represented primarily by agents of the late Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo and the latter by local followers of Fidel Castro. Ultimately, it was from the Left that the greater threat was mounted. Between Castro and Betancourt, confronting each other across the Caribbean, an implacable rivalry grew up. Though Betancourt was a generation older, the two men had many things in common. They had taken office at almost the same time, on the heels of corrupt and brutal military dictatorships, and each led a country whose economy had long been heavily dominated by United States investments. The lines of development of the two men's political ideologies would make an interesting pattern on a graph. Betancourt started out as a Marxist, but during ten years of exile before the downfall of Pérez Jiménez he came closely under the influence of José Figueres, of Costa Rica, and Luis Muñoz-Marín, of Puerto Rico, and he modified his position to that of an eclectic and pragmatic social reformer with an avowed commitment to the democratic process. Castro, on the other hand, started out in the Sierra Maestra by espousing ideals moderate enough to warm the cockles of the New York *Times*' heart; it was only some time after he took office that he declared himself to be a Communist and summed up his attitude toward the democratic process in the contemptuous slogan "*Elecciones—para qué?*" Each man accused the other of betraying a revolution. Each aspired to set an example that would reverberate beyond the borders of his own country, for each, in his own way, sought to show other Latin-American countries how to emerge from the morass of political corruption, social inequality, and economic stagnation. Betancourt wished above all to demonstrate that significant social changes could be brought about by democratic means. Just a few years ago, he told the leader of an extreme Left Wing faction that was breaking away from Acción Democrática, the Betancourt party, in order to devote itself to the cause of active revolution, "We want the same things you do." He was speaking only in terms of ultimate goals, for though he sought change, he was not in favor of upheaval. For instance, the Left Wing continually pressed for the expropriation of the oil industry, but Betancourt was realistic enough to know that he could never get away with it—the brutal likelihood being that Venezuelan oil would be boycotted on the world market and the country would soon be brought to its knees. Anyway, Betancourt said, there was no profit to be gained from expropriation; he often pointed out that the earnings Mexico realized from her oil industry after nationalizing it were proportionately lower than those Venezuela received as her share of the foreign-owned oil companies' profits. But if Betancourt had no intention of throttling the life out of foreign-owned companies, he was a canny enough nationalist to squeeze as much from them as he could get, and he obtained a sizable increase in the government's oil royalties—as much as sixty-five per cent of the profits, instead of the previous fifty per cent. (In 1936, the figure had been only thirty per cent.) Then he made it clear that while he would honor all existing royalty agreements, no further oil concessions would be given, and that with the revenues obtained from the oil companies he intended to finance a social revolution in his country that would ultimately free it from its dependence on oil and on the United States. Castro, meanwhile, has been financing his social revolution with massive loans from the Soviet Union, so it seems that he has merely substituted one set of chains for another.

That Castro should show greater animus toward Betancourt's comparatively liberal government than he did toward any of the reactionary dictatorships entrenched in Latin America might be thought strange if there were not ample historic precedent for such an attitude. In Germany, after all, the Communists fought the Social Democrats much more bitterly than they fought the Nazis. For that matter, in the days when Castro was playing the role of unaffiliated idealist in the Sierra Maestra, the Communists in Cuba fought against him and his movement almost to the very end, while enjoying the fruits of the corrupt peace they had made with Batista—a scandalous episode that the present Cuban regime keeps trying to forget or rewrite. But then there is always more to ideological rivalries than mere ideology, as Marx so carefully pointed out. Practical and tactical considerations count for at least as much as ideals do in the Communist-dominated efforts to upset the Venezuelan government. For one thing, Venezuela is a fairly handy

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country to get at from Cuba, in terms of the smuggling of agents and arms. Then, with the American presence so much in evidence and with a social situation that could be pointed to as virtually a textbook example of the inequitable distribution of wealth resulting from exploitative capitalism, Venezuela has long provided an inviting target for Communist propaganda. And looming largest of all, of course, is the oil that comes welling up from the depths below Lake Maracaibo at the rate of more than three million barrels a day. In total oil production, Venezuela ranks third in the world, being surpassed only by the United States and the Soviet Union, and for decades it has been the world's leading exporter of this strategic commodity. Direct investments by United States firms total a whopping four and a half billion dollars (more than four times the stake we had in Cuba), with Creole Petroleum Corporation, an affiliate of Standard Oil of New Jersey, being by far the biggest Venezuelan corporation, and with Nelson Rockefeller and his brothers being the largest investors. As much as two-thirds of the Venezuelan government's revenue comes from royalties and other taxes on oil. (With its oil money, Venezuela does a lot of shopping in the United States, and despite the fact that it has only eight million people, it ranks as our third-best customer, after Canada and Mexico, in the hemisphere, and our twelfth-best in the world.) There can be little doubt that if such a prize were to fall into Communist hands it would constitute a blow to the United States that would make our Cuban troubles look minor.

Early in the Betancourt regime, the coalition of Left Wing oppositionists known as the Armed Forces for National Liberation, or F.A.L.N., showed that they meant business. In 1962, having succeeded in winning some Navy junior officers over to their cause, they staged an uprising at the harbor city of Puerto Cabello, which was put down only after four hundred lives were lost. The total number of F.A.L.N. activists has been estimated at no more than a few thousand, but this proved enough to do considerable subsequent damage, largely because, instead of trying additional frontal attacks, the organization shifted its tactics to terrorism and sabotage. The F.A.L.N. blew up oil pipelines and burned warehouses, destroying about twenty million dollars' worth of property, most of it American-owned, and it planted bombs in department stores, office buildings,

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and movie houses in an effort to disrupt the fabric of normal life. During the year before the Presidential election of 1963, some fifty policemen were killed by the F.A.L.N. As terrorism mounted, the inexperienced and increasingly jittery police—mostly raw recruits—developed a tendency to blaze away with their submachine guns on the slightest provocation, and, as might be imagined, this did not contribute much to the general peace of mind. Almost everyone I have talked with here has told me of some unpleasant personal experience. One young woman recalled being in a building when a bomb went off in it. She was in a hallway on the third floor, and the explosion occurred two floors above, but the blast was powerful enough to knock her down. As she got to her feet, she saw a band of men rushing up the stairs toward her, brandishing guns. They were dressed in civilian clothes, but she immediately deduced—from the fact that they looked like thugs, she said sardonically when she was describing the episode to me—that they were members of the Digepol, or national security police. She fled. She thinks it's a wonder they didn't shoot her down, and so do most of the people to whom she has told this story.

It was such an atmosphere of civic distrust and unease, along with inexcusable trigger-itchiness on the part of the police, that produced the regrettable recent episode in which a young American Peace Corps man was killed and another seriously wounded by plainclothes police in the San Bernardino district here. It happened late at night. There had been some rioting that day, in connection with a taxi-drivers' strike and some student demonstrations. A carload of terrorists had driven past the police station in the district and sprayed it with bullets. Not more than an hour later, four Peace Corps volunteers happened to be driving past in a jeep. The police took off after them, firing to force them to stop. Each group apparently mistook the other for terrorists. When the jeep stopped, the police ordered the occupants to get out. As soon as they complied, with their hands in the air, the police fired a volley of bullets, felling two. The Venezuelan government has expressed its "regret and grief."

Distrust of the police and the government has been systematically fostered among the public by the revolutionaries, aided by such stupidities as this latest one. Some of the notable F.A.L.N. exploits during the pre-election period—such as hijacking a ship,

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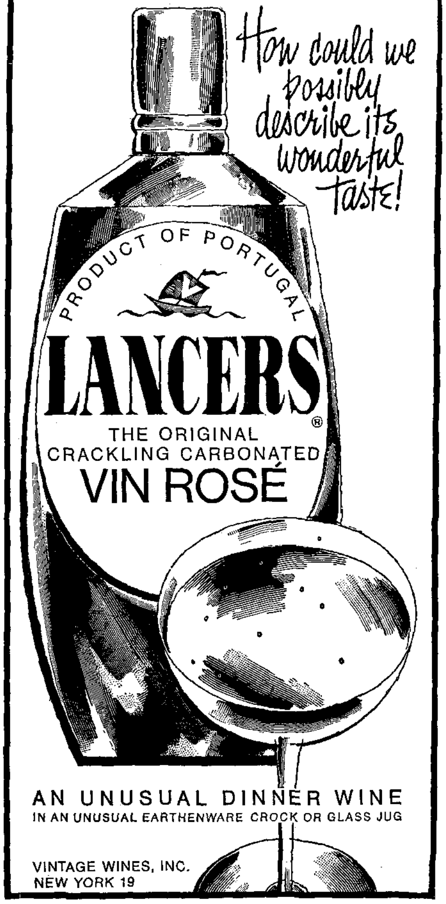

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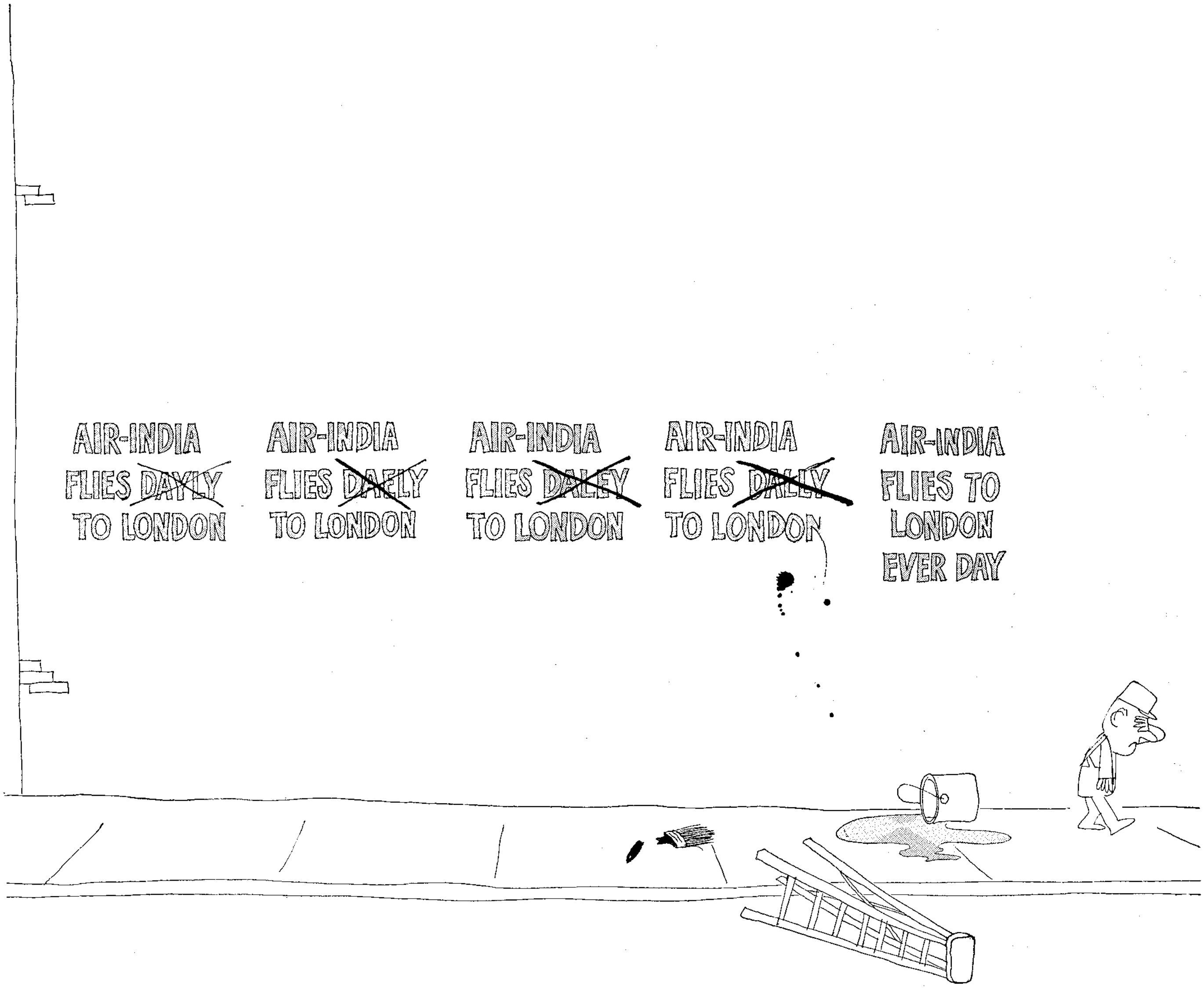
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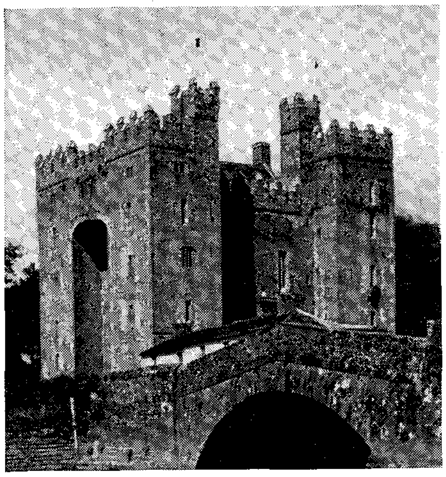

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stealing paintings from the Museo de Bellas Artes, kidnapping the assistant chief of the United States Military Mission to Venezuela, Colonel James K. Chenault, and planting a bomb within the United States Embassy—were perpetrated for the purpose of making a mockery of the government by giving people the impression that the revolutionary organization could do anything it cared to. During one phase, the F.A.L.N. adopted the tactic of strewing tacks along the *autopista* and other main roads, to cause flat tires and jam up traffic. The government's reflexive response was to ban the purchase of tacks without a permit, which set the public to grumbling that things had come to a pretty pass when it was easier for a man to obtain a gun than a tack. More substantively, the Betancourt regime found itself forced at length into the disagreeable position of having to suspend certain constitutional rights if it was to survive. It outlawed the Communist Party, suspended the political immunity of Communist members of Congress and arrested them for inciting terrorism, began putting numerous suspected terrorists under "preventive detention," and banned the publications of the revolutionary opposition. (Unofficial estimates of the number of political prisoners still in jail range from two to five thousand.)

The F.A.L.N. frequently staged holdups of banks and other large establishments, but it preferred to call these operations "levies for the cause" rather than robberies. A characteristic instance of its members' efforts to pose as idealists was the behavior of several who raided the home of an American Embassy political-affairs officer. The officer, Edward T. Long, was away at the time, but Mrs. Long was there. The F.A.L.N. men bound her arms, then began searching the house for weapons and for Embassy documents. In a drawer in a bedroom they found some currency, but one of the F.A.L.N. men threw the bills on the floor, declaring haughtily, "We are not here for money." After that, they took paint spray cans from their pockets and set about painting slogans on the bedroom walls. "Oh, be careful!" cried Mrs. Long. "Don't spray my paintings!" The terrorists promptly stopped, took down all the paintings, and stacked them neatly in a corner. Then they resumed their spraying.

The F.A.L.N. members did not always succeed in cutting such a dashing figure. An acquaintance of mine presented quite a different picture in de-

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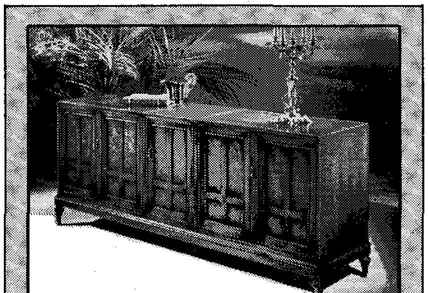

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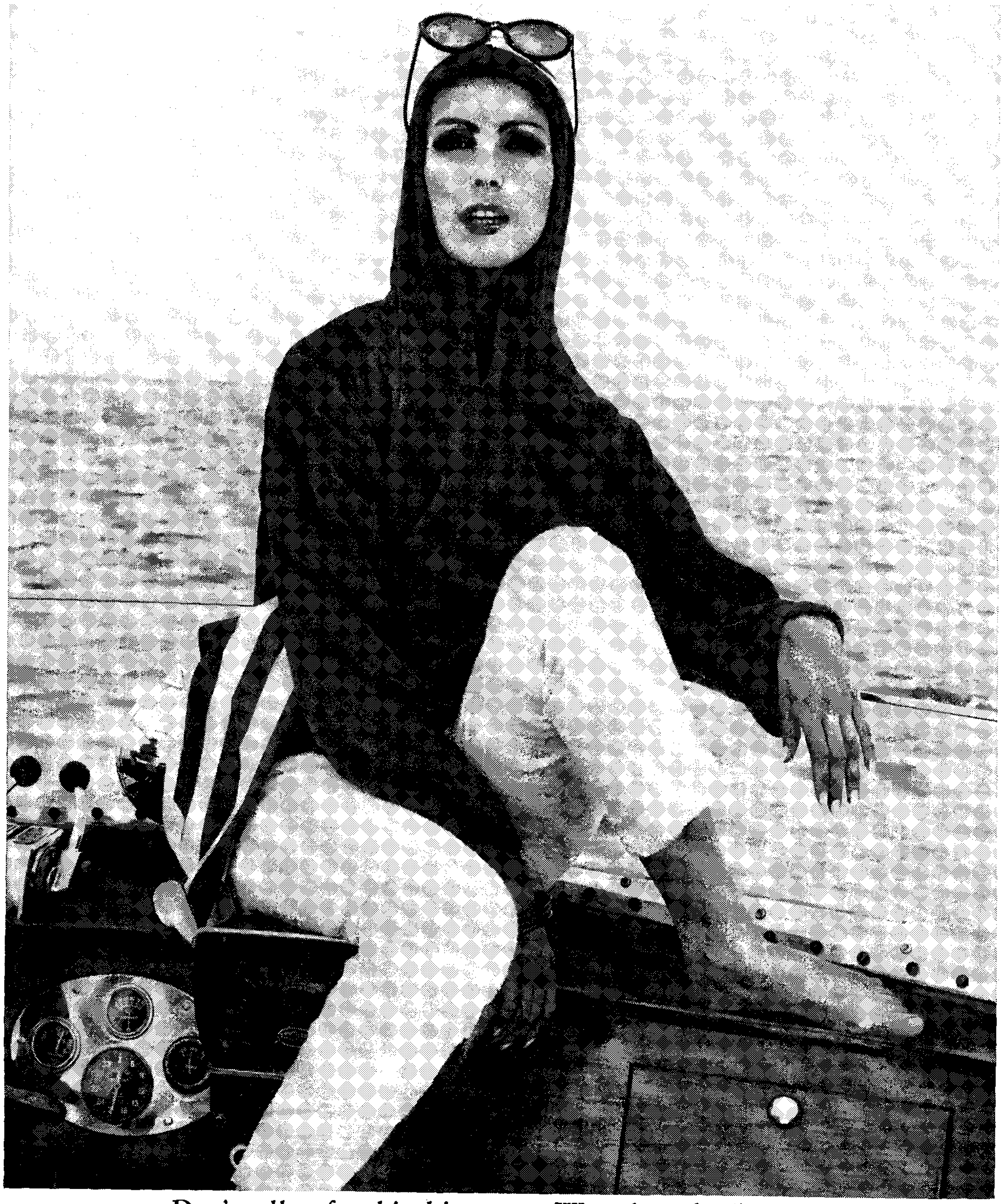

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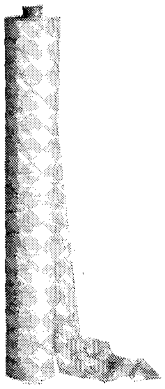

scribing his first encounter with them. He was visiting the owner of an *abastos*, or small grocery store, who happened to be a petty functionary in Betancourt's Acción Democrática, when three F.A.L.N. men burst in. Their objective, it soon became evident, was to scare the grocer into abandoning politics. The raiders were all very young, and were obviously scared themselves. In fact, as my acquaintance recalled it, their fear was the most frightening thing about them. As they delivered their threats and their immature political lecture, their hands trembled so violently that it seemed likely that the guns they held would go off at any instant, whether they actually intended to shoot or not.

LIKE many other things in Venezuela, democracy is something new as an experience though it is old as an ideal. Arturo Uslar Pietri, a respected historian and novelist who is today a leader of one of the nation's political parties, the Frente Nacional Democrático (F.N.D.), a centrist group, has written, "The high-minded, steadfast enthusiasm for the republican ideal is one of the determining factors of Venezuelan history; it is, in some respects, analogous with the tenacious and resolute search for the city of El Dorado during the sixteenth century. The Venezuelan seeks the City of Justice as his forerunners sought the City of Gold, with the same dedication, the same indestructible hope, and the same splendid determination." And, Uslar Pietri might have added, with the same impracticality and the same fated lack of success. The City of Gold and the City of Justice are both mirages. While searching for them, the Venezuelan has always neglected the real world around him and shirked the job of making it, if not perfect, at least a little better. He has never learned the art of reasonable compromise or found a working mean between unrestricted liberty and total subjection, between extravagant wealth and abject poverty. It is now nearly a hundred and fifty years since Simón Bolívar inspired the South American colonies to break away from Spanish rule and proclaimed his own country a republic. During that time, Venezuela has had twenty-four constitutions, each document being more noble than its predecessor but no more effectual, and it has had more than a hundred revolutions. Except for brief periods, the nation has been ruled throughout its history by one Army *caudillo* or another. It is clear that the F.A.L.N., in formulating its strategy,

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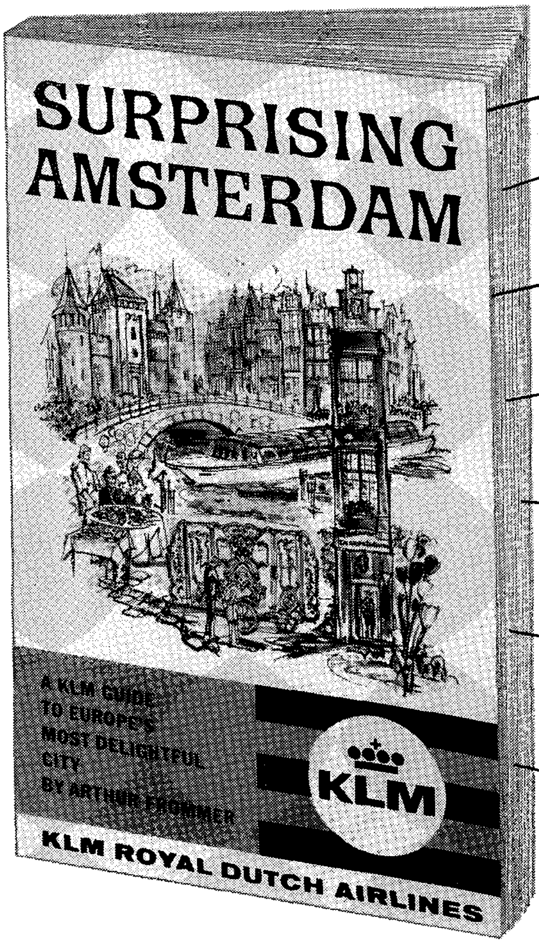
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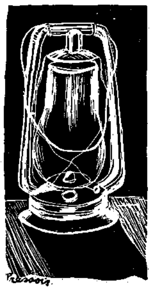
was counting on making use of the precedents set by this turbulent, melancholy history. Once the leaders of the F.A.L.N. had perceived that they lacked the strength to foment a revolution that would put them into power directly, their strategy became one of provoking sufficient disorder so that the Army would feel compelled to take over the government, as it had done so often in the past. Then, the F.A.L.N. leaders calculated, they could capitalize on the public outrage this would inevitably engender—on that ever-present, though so often thwarted, enthusiasm for the republican ideal of which Uslar Pietri speaks—and lead a popular counter-revolution that would displace the Army. Or, if this failed, they might be able to win over enough younger officers to enable them to seize power through a coup within the Army itself in due time.

In either case, the last thing that the F.A.L.N. leaders wanted to see happen was an orderly and peaceful transfer of the reins of government by democratic process. For a while, it looked as though their efforts to sabotage the Presidential election in December, 1963, might succeed. As Election Day dawned, local political analysts were by no means certain that any substantial portion of the electorate would risk going to the polls in the face of F.A.L.N. threats to machine-gun anyone who did. Despite the threats, though, over ninety per cent of the registered voters turned out to cast their ballots, and the Army guarded them in exemplary fashion, while the F.A.L.N. lay low. Leoni, the winner, had served as second-in-command of the Acción Democrática under Betancourt and was Betancourt's choice as candidate. (Betancourt was limited by the constitution to one five-year term.) The events of that day were widely hailed as one of democracy's rare triumphs in Latin America, and Betancourt received much praise, particularly in the United States press, for taking long strides toward ending that chronic state of political underdevelopment which in the opinion of some observers is more responsible than economic underdevelopment for holding Latin-American countries back. Such plaudits struck some of the more sophisticated Venezuelans as a trifle overwrought, but most of these people were disposed to be tolerant of our emotionalism, for they realized that it had been quite a while since the United States had found itself on the side of a popular winner in Latin America. The election, incidentally, marked the first time since the founding of the country that there had been two free elections in a row. A young Caracan businessman said to me, "There's no doubt that it was crucial for us as a nation to succeed in holding the election, and it would have been disastrous if we hadn't. But as for its being such a tremendous achievement—I can't think of it that way. I feel that the country is like someone who has failed a course repeatedly and has finally managed to get a high score on a makeup test. It's gratifying, certainly, and a great relief, but, good heavens, it was high time!"

This young man told me that, with the polls due to open at 6 A.M., he decided to get to his polling place at five-thirty, in the hope of voting reasonably early, but even at that hour he found a long line of people waiting. It was four hours before he finally reached the voting booth, and during all this time he and the others in line kept wondering when the bullets would start to fly. "It was no joke, that experience," he recalled. "But as you stood there, you did have rather a good opportunity to think about what democracy meant to you."

Though the election has been heralded as a popular repudiation of Communism and of Castroism, I got the impression after talking with people here that they thought they were simply expressing their determination not to be bullied any longer by anybody—that they were voting for the right to vote more than for anything else. Though Acción Democrática retained control of the government, the results could hardly be read as an overwhelming endorsement of the party's policies. There were six other parties in the field, and Acción Democrática received only thirty-three per cent of the total vote, or some fifteen per cent less than it had received in 1958. In second place came the Christian Democratic Party, or C.O.P.E.I., which, mainly through imaginative efforts to enlist young people, had gained strength rapidly. Incidentally, all the parties on the ballot, including the Christian Democrats, espoused programs well to the left by U.S. standards.

After the election, the terrorism ceased abruptly, and in March Leoni was inaugurated without any disturbances whatever. When Betancourt placed the symbols of office in his successor's hands, he became the first elect-



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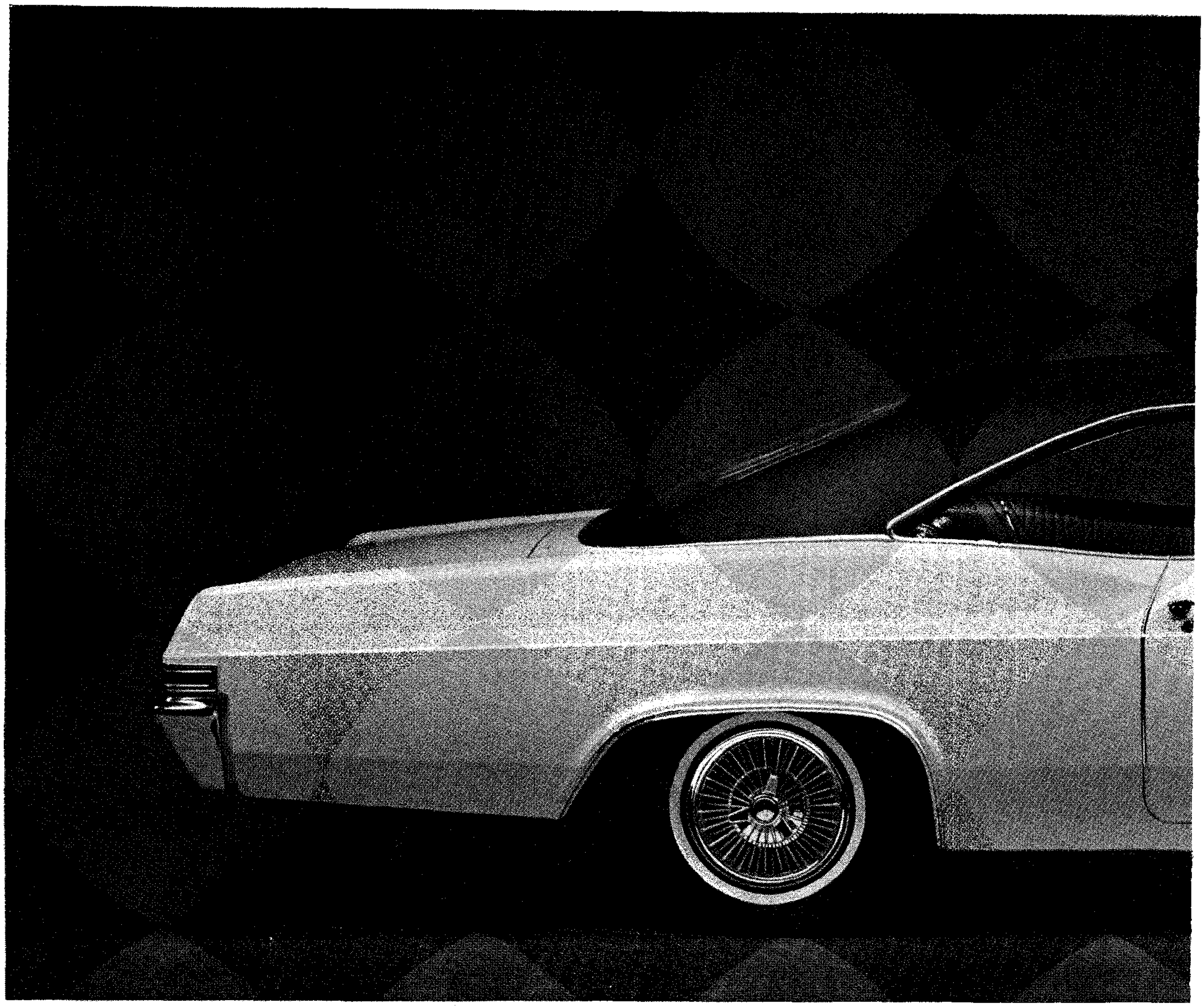

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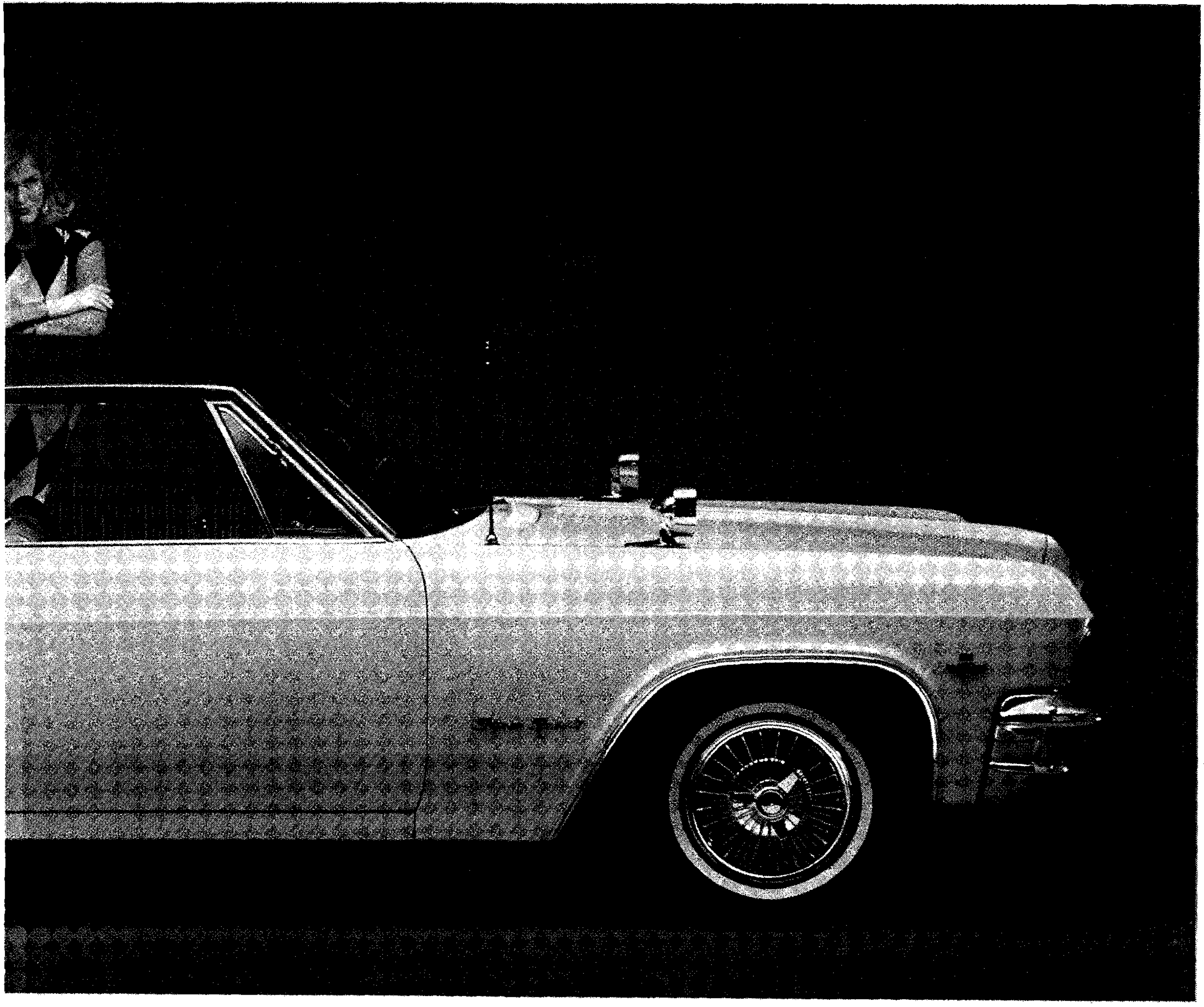

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For, it's been said, we're a people of desperate imagination. If, for example, should you be walking the wild ten mile stretch from Glengariff to Adrigole, between the fat Caha Mountains and glinty Bantry Bay, and should you ask, "How much further?", we may, to keep your heart up, take a mile or two off the distance.

And an Irish mile is "a mile and a bit". And the bit is as long as the mile.

And if you should say hello to a farmer going to Tipperary Town to sell his sheep, you may, by the time you say goodbye, think he is going to Killarney to buy a cow. (If he thinks you're a tax collector, you may not learn even that much.) In encounters of this sort, you may be exaggerated to, even misled a bit. But in the important matters, the dealing of one man with another, the Irish imagination disappears.

When the time comes for the money to actually change hands, even if you don't know a Salmon (an Irish coin worth two shillings) from a Hen With A Brood (one worth a penny), the Irish tradesman, clerk and innkeep will give you an honest count.

This is a matter of some pride with us. As a testimony to it, we boast some of the emptiest jails in the world. (As further testimony, even the Gaelic name for the Civic Guard, "Garda Siochana," translates literally as "Guardians of Tranquility".) And those of us who do enjoy the hospitality of the Garda Siochana from time to time may be there solely because of an understandable affection for Irish whiskey. Which, by the way, can be had for a mere 32¢, nicely tumblered, and on the rocks, at the Long Hall pub in Dublin. (And at 50,000 other pubs about.)

Very different from the public-house pleasures of the Long Hall pub are the private-house pleasures of the long-walled Castle Dromoland. Here, if you've $40.00 to spend for a day, and the right attitude, you can live cosseted and cozy as an Irish lord, with a thousand acres for front yard and back yard. Here you can fish in a lake where Lord Inchiquin fished after he inherited the castle from the O'Briens. And breakfast cozily in bed in a stone-walled bedroom where an O'Brien once bedded. (An O'Brien descended directly from our brave Brian-Boru, who, in 1014, beat the Danes out of Dublin.)

But if $40.00 a day seems a bit much, $20.00 a day will take care of all your expenses, including hotel, on a trip through western Ireland packaged by the Shannon tourist people. It includes a fifteenth century banquet at Bunratty Castle, where you'll listen to medieval minstrelry and dine on such as Vegetable Brose, pull'd fowl, Salamagundy and Everlasting Syllabubs.

Not too far away, you might find a little old Irish lady, who thinks a body should never go out without an inch of cable-knit wool between him and the wind, to knit you a great polar bear of a sweater for about $14.00. In the States, if you could find a little old lady with enough patience to knit you such a sweater, it would cost you at least $45.00. Not to be outdone, there's a little old man at T. Barry & Sons, Dublin, who thinks a body should never put his feet to earth without their being covered by handmade shoes, which he will earnestly make to your measure for $29.50.

Do remember though, that there is more to Ireland than Blarney and Bargains. As Irish author John D. Sheridan has said, "To see us at our happiest and best, meet us when the day's work is done and we are sitting on the bridge at the end of town. This is when the talk is tinged with poetry. It is at this, at the quietest moment of the day —and not only when we are changing your cheques or selling you petrol— that we would like you to join us and to judge us."

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ed President in the history of Venezuela who had managed to complete his term and leave office voluntarily. To establish this precedent had by then become Betancourt's most passionate personal ambition. He was as stubbornly set on yielding power as most men are on retaining it.

FOR a couple of months after Leoni's inauguration, the terrorists remained inexplicably quiet. The public basked in the new tranquillity like sunbathers. Some were so optimistic as to conjecture that the F.A.L.N. was beaten for good and that Venezuela might well now enjoy an extended period of political peace. Others surmised that the Peking-Moscow split was making it hard for the local Communists to agree on what line to pursue. Then suddenly, in the first week of May, violence broke out again. The week or so that followed was a period of "bullets and flames," in the words of a local magazine. The first outburst was an attack by five F.A.L.N. members on a gun-repair shop in southwestern Caracas, which netted them a small arsenal. A couple of days later, three men and a woman, armed with submachine guns that they had brought with them in suitcases, raided a government identification bureau. The director of the bureau pressed an alarm button, whereupon they killed him and then made off with quantities of passports, identification cards, official seals, and other materials that could be used in the forging of documents. Student demonstrations usually break out during troubled periods here, even when there appears to be no direct link between the demonstrations and other political events. Sure enough, the next episode was a high-school demonstration in San Cristóbal, in the Andes, about five hundred miles southwest of Caracas, over regulations to which the students objected. In the melee, the police fired into a crowd, killing one boy and wounding a dozen other young people. The following night, in Caracas, an Army colonel was killed at his home. Next, students rioted at Mérida, another city in the Andes, and two were wounded. In Caracas that same day, eight members of the F.A.L.N. raided the Venezuelan Boy Scout headquarters and captured a radio transmitter, a mimeograph machine, and the equivalent of several thousand dollars in cash. The Boy Scouts might seem to us an odd target, but Left Wingers in Latin America tend to suspect the Scout movement of being an

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arm of Yanqui imperialism. On an earlier foray into a Boy Scout supply center, the terrorists had carried off stores of Scout garb and camping equipment—a depredation that led some observers to wonder whether the F.A.L.N. might be thinking of setting up a juvenile division, whose members would be expected to perform one bad deed a day. The next afternoon, a party of six armed men held up the main Caracas post office and got away with close to a hundred thousand dollars. This was a particularly blatant piece of impertinence, because the post office is just across the street from the headquarters of the Minister of the Interior, whose job it is to extirpate terrorism and preserve the peace of the realm.

As if stung into action by the post-office holdup, the national security police staged a raid of their own the next day, choosing as their target the campus of Caracas's Central University, which is commonly considered to be an F.A.L.N. bastion. Like most other Latin-American universities, it is an intensely political place. Attitudes are bitterly and rigidly sectarian, and political warfare is waged at a pitch that strikes the outsider as close to hysterical. Classes are frequently disturbed by political rallies, and sometimes they have to be suspended altogether because of student strikes. The most recent strike, which began early last summer and lasted for several weeks, was a protest against a new university rule that students who repeatedly flunked two or three of their courses would be kicked out. In most parts of the world, such a rule would be taken for granted, but student leaders here declared that the reason students were flunking was that the professors were reactionary and incompetent and their teaching methods antiquated. There is truth in the charge, but, characteristically, the quarrel had its roots in politics—an assertion by the university authorities that many of the students were on the campus solely to agitate, and had no intention of devoting any time whatever to academic work. It is true that firearms are carried by a good many students—and not just revolutionary Left Wingers but their Acción Democrática and C.O.P.E.I. opponents as well. On the campus, one may see plaques commemorating students killed by the police in the course of street fighting or political demonstrations. One day, as I walked about the place, I came upon a number of students gathered in one of the campus's many charming plazas. They were painting signs announcing a mass

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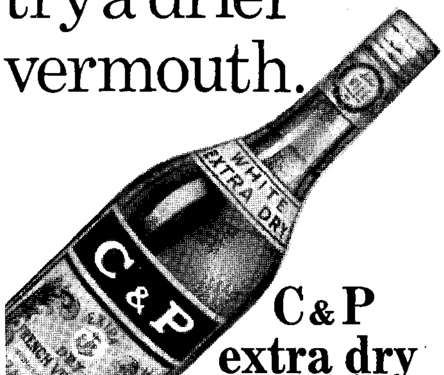

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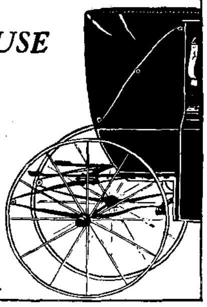

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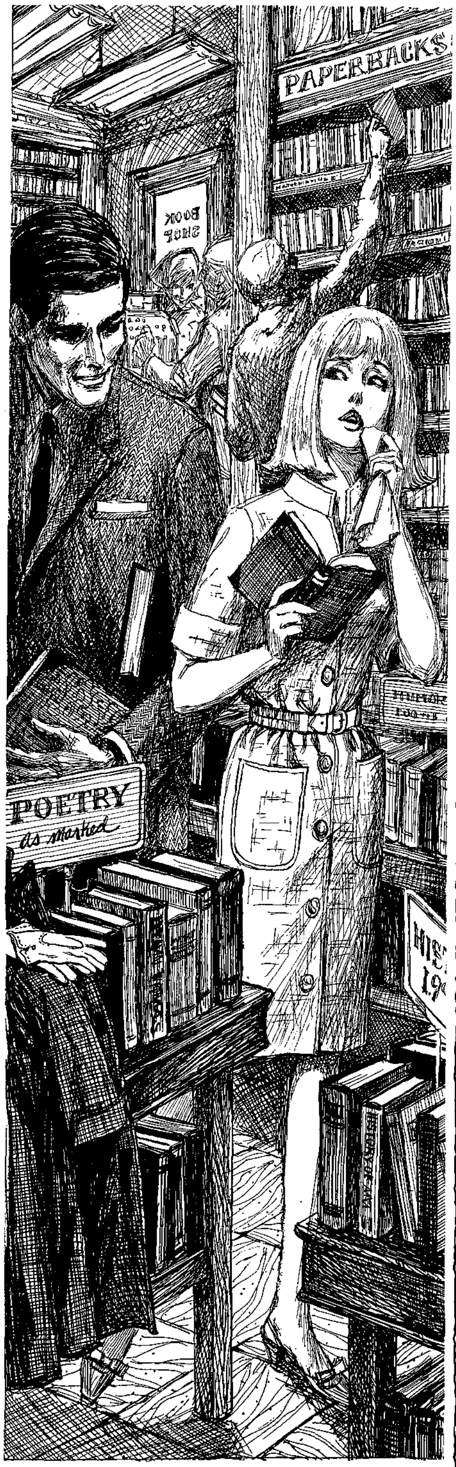

She sneezed violently as the old volume sent up a cloud of dust. "Gesundheit!" said a voice, "and never mix musty poets with a dust allergy." Through her tears she saw a young man with mischievous eyes. "Musty poet!" she said indignantly. "If you think that Byron . . ." But now she began to sneeze again, desperately pulling a handkerchief from the pocket of her Cos Cob dress, a trim, belted shift in Fortrel® and cotton. Red, Navy, Yellow or Green.

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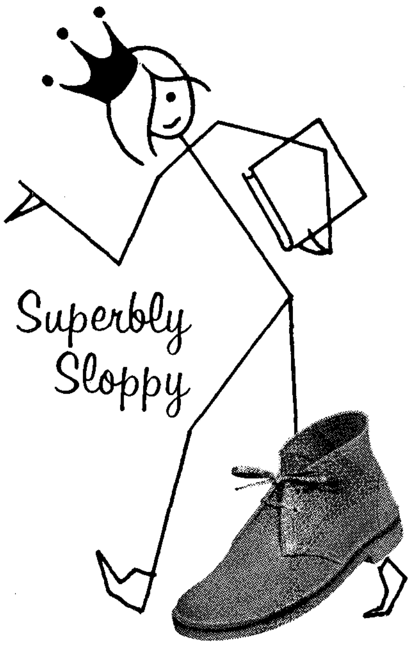
rally. One of the largest of the signs declared in red letters, "LEONI CONTINUES THE ASSASSINATION POLICIES OF THE BETANCOURT GOVERNMENT." Such fierce bitterness seemed in striking contrast to the setting, for the campus, whose buildings were all designed by a remarkable Caracas architect, Carlos Raúl Villanueva, is delightful. It has a humane, genial, flexible quality. Some buildings are treated playfully, and others, such as a boldly cantilevered stadium, make the spirit soar. Works of art—by Arp, Calder, Léger, and many others—abound. There is a constant attractive play of light and shadow, and the pleasantest integration of structure, foliage, and decoration that I have ever seen.

In the Latin-American tradition, the Central University possesses a certain amount of autonomy, which makes it a special enclave within the city—something like a medieval monastery. The police say that because they are forbidden to enter the university grounds without a warrant, car thieves and other common criminals often take refuge there to escape capture. Obviously, no love is lost between the police and the students. When the police burst onto the campus the day after the post-office holdup, they said they were looking for caches of arms, but there is no doubt that they were also looking for trouble. For much of that day, the university was in a state of siege. Because of flying bullets, traffic on the nearby *autopista* had to be rerouted. The day's toll, fortunately, was only two wounded, but there were times when it looked as if the affray were going to turn into a catastrophe. One particularly grave moment occurred as the university's vice-rector was trying to persuade a policeman to leave the campus. The policeman levelled his submachine gun and would have shot the vice-rector dead if another policeman had not intervened. While all this was going on, high-school students elsewhere in the city were rioting in sympathy with the university students, and tear-gas bombs were being used to disperse them.

THE week's final episode of violence was a fire that broke out the next morning in the eastern part of the city, in a complex of chemical and paint factories owned by two refugees from Czechoslovakia, brothers named Hans and Lothar Neumann. The papers later said that it was the largest fire in Venezuela's history. Rooftops throughout the city were covered with people peering toward the east, where



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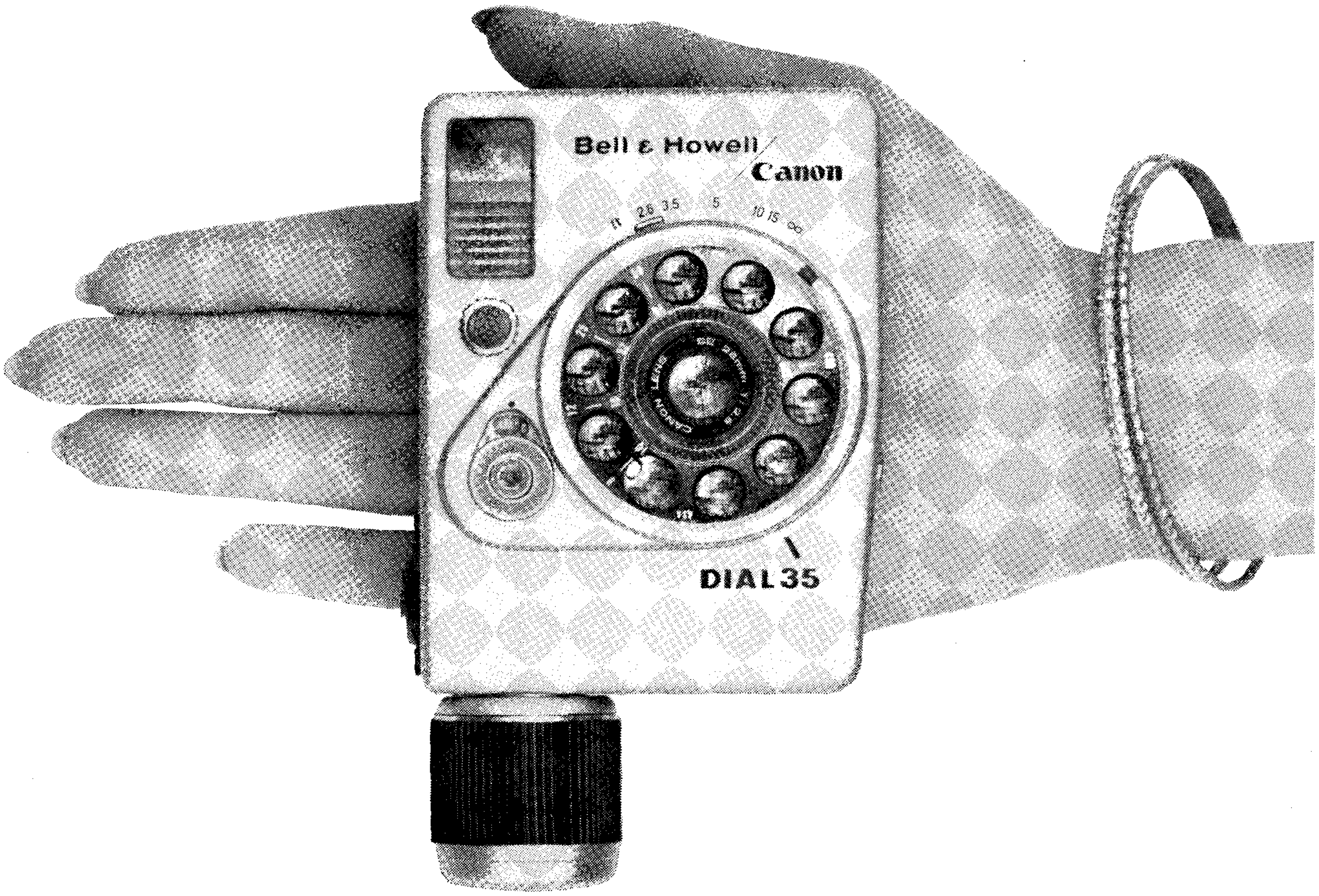

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a great column of black smoke rose. Sirens wailed. All day long, the radio broadcast bulletins about the efforts being made to contain the fire, and President Leoni was reported to have gone out personally to check the situation. It was taken for granted that the F.A.L.N. had set the blaze, and wherever people gathered they were talking about what it might presage. On the sidewalk in front of my hotel, I heard a man comment knowingly, "They knew what they were doing, all right. The stuff in those factories—resin and paint and varnish, and what have you—makes about as spectacular a fire as anybody could want."

Another bystander remarked, in some puzzlement, "I don't think they've ever burned any factories before—just warehouses. They didn't want to alienate public opinion by doing anything that would throw people out of work."

"It's a new phase, obviously," said the first man. "They've decided that it's no use even pretending to care about public opinion anymore. Things could get very nasty now."

"But why should they pick on the Neumanns?" a woman asked him. "They're not Yanquis."

"Well, everybody knows that the Neumanns are anti-Communist," he replied.

I knew this myself. I also knew that the Neumanns were certainly not identified with the government, either, and had always tried to steer clear of politics. During my stay in Caracas, I had become acquainted with them, and, as it happened, just the afternoon before I had visited their factories, where I had lunched with Hans Neumann and had been shown about the premises. Hans and his brother are Jews from Prague, where their father owned a prosperous paint factory. The Nazis killed their parents and most of their kin, but Hans and Lothar, then young men in their twenties, managed to survive by means of a series of bold stratagems. Lothar stayed in Prague, and when his deportation appeared imminent he got some friends to pose as Gestapo agents and "arrest" him, since he knew very well that the Czech police, who had the task of rounding up Jews for deportation, would never presume to ask questions about anybody they thought had been taken off by the Gestapo. He spent the rest of the war in hiding in a Prague apartment. Hans had escaped from Prague some time earlier and, using an assumed name and forged papers, had made his way to the place where, he reasoned,

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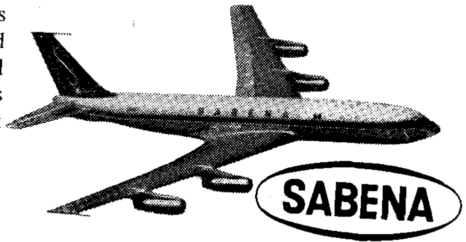

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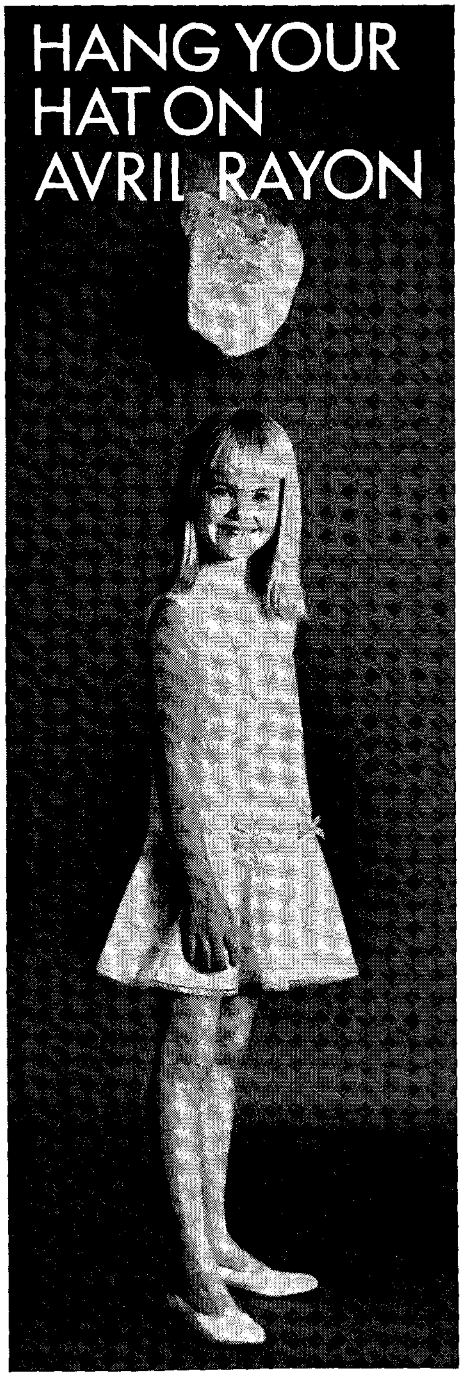
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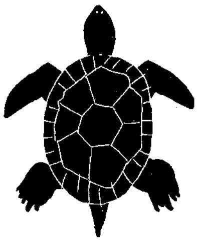
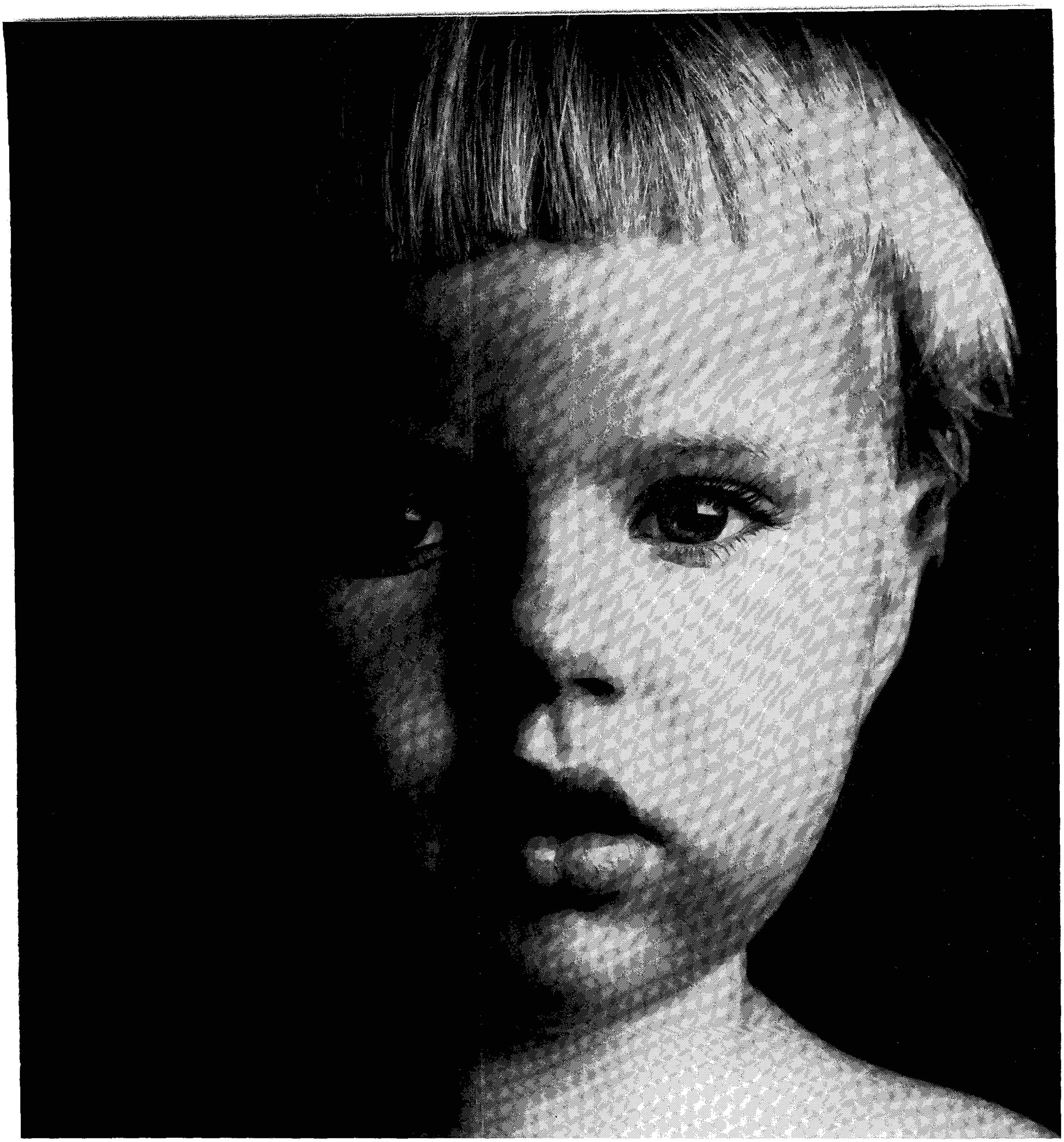
the Nazis would be least likely to look for him—Berlin. The Berlin Gestapo, at one point after his arrival, sent a routine query about him to the Prague Gestapo, and he probably owes his life to the way the message was worded: "Is anything negative known regarding Jan Sebesta?" This was the alias he had taken, and since no Jan Sebesta had ever existed in Prague, the answer, naturally, was no. He got a job as a chemical engineer—the vocation for which he had been trained. After a time, the firm he was working for transferred him to a special top-secret project, which turned out to be an aspect of rocket development. This was rather more than he had bargained for when he fled from Prague, but he took advantage of the opportunity and passed information to the Allies through a Dutch espionage agent who had got in touch with him. At the end of the war, he returned to Prague, where he and his brother not only got their family paint factory going again but also, as industrial advisers to the government, played key roles in the resurrection of Czechoslovakia's economy. When the Communists took over the country in 1948, however, the Neumanns decided that it was once more time to make themselves scarce. They made a careful study of world conditions in their business, looking for the likeliest country in which to establish a paint factory, and Venezuela got the nod.



The Neumanns started their business with a loan of a hundred thousand dollars, and in fifteen years they have multiplied this investment fiftyfold. Pinturas Montana, the company they established, supplies the bulk of the Venezuelan market, its sales amounting to twelve million dollars annually. A not inconsiderable portion of all this paint, I should guess, must be used for political purposes, since it is a rare Venezuelan wall that does not bear some violent political slogan. The F.A.L.N. boys, with their spray cans, must be good customers of the Neumanns. In addition to turning out paint, the Neumanns have become the leading Venezuelan manufacturers of varnish, resin, ink, and paintbrushes, and they also own and operate a very modern paper-converting and printing plant, which they started because none of the local printers were able to produce satisfactory labels for their paint cans. The Neumanns are considered prime examples of a breed of industrialist new to the Venezuelan scene, for they simultaneously exhibit technical competence, entrepreneurial drive, and a sense of social responsibility—an almost unknown combination here.

Of the two brothers, Hans is the one I know better, because, for much of the time I have been here, Lothar has been away in Europe. A vigorous, well-built man of forty-three, Hans has close-cropped gray hair, alert green eyes, a bent nose (it was broken in a youthful boxing match), and a mouth rather more sensitive and expressive than one might expect to accompany a broken nose and a decisive personality. He is a lover of art, and has a splendid collection of modern paintings and sculpture. In addition, he is the president of the Museo de Bellas Artes, and has done much to foster the development of art in this country. I noticed many attractive works in the offices and hallways of his headquarters, and the factory buildings themselves were light and spacious, and looked as serene and purposeful as such a busy place could be.

My visit, as I've said, was on the afternoon before the fire. Now, as the flames mounted, I hailed a taxi and told the driver to take me out the Avenida Francisco de Miranda toward the factories. About a mile from the fire, traffic was being diverted by the police. I left the cab and started to walk, joining a large hurrying throng. Water-tank trucks rushed past us at top speed, each preceded by a motorcycle escort with sirens screaming. The entire sky was covered with smoke. We got as far as we were allowed to go on the avenue, and here several thousand people were gathered. Out in the roadway, several Boy Scouts were busy directing traffic. They were licking popsicles they had got from a vender who was circulating through the crowd, but nevertheless looked quite businesslike. In Latin-American countries, Boy Scouts are often recruited for duty in such emergencies. I remember that when I went to Havana on a journalistic assignment just a few days after Batista fell and Castro took over, I was amazed to see the city being controlled just by Boy Scouts—or so it appeared, for Scouts directing traffic at intersections were the only visible agents of law and order. The reason there were no police to be seen was that they had all been disarmed and dismissed, and it seemed, in those early, visionary days, as if none would ever be necessary again. Now, in Caracas, the Boy Scouts were by no means alone but



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were merely a youthful adjunct to a heavily armed show of the forces of order. A great many police were in evidence, and so were several units of the Army and National Guard. Most of the troops had submachine guns slung from their shoulders. Some, who were controlling the crowd, carried bare swords or machetes. Some of these carried popsicles as well. It was noon, and the day would have been hot even without the waves of heat that came shimmering from the burning buildings. Many of the people in the crowd had transistor radios, over which they listened to bulletins about what they were seeing. The mood of the spectators was a curious one. It was apprehensive but also oddly festive—as if the people were attending a bullfight or some other dangerous spectacle being staged for their pleasure. From the radio of a man standing next to me, I learned that the fire had started in the resin factory and from there had spread to the small ink factory. Montana Gráfica, the printing plant, was also on fire. The big question at the moment was whether the fire could be kept from spreading to the large paint factory, which was just across the street from the ink plant. Every once in a while, as time passed, we would hear an explosion and the curtain of black smoke over the buildings would be rent apart to reveal a sky full of bubbling fire. The crowd would sigh "*Ay!*" and flinch. All the while, the water-tank trucks, with their motorcycle escorts, rushed back and forth along the avenue. It was later learned that, as part of a city water-conservation program during this dry season, the water mains had been turned off in the district, as they regularly were for a number of hours a day. They had, in fact, not only been turned off but locked. There was just one key, and the man who had it was nowhere to be found. Since it was Saturday, he might have gone to the beach—nobody seemed to know—and urgent messages went out over the radio to him, wherever he might be, to please come back and turn the water on. Water, of course, would not have put out the fire in the resin factory, but it could certainly have kept it from spreading to the printing and the ink plants. The Neumanns had installed electrically operated automatic fire-extinguisher systems, but these were also unable to function, because some city official had shut off all the electric current for this part of the city as soon as the fire was reported. In the public mind, all this was further evidence of the

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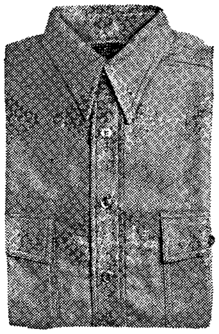

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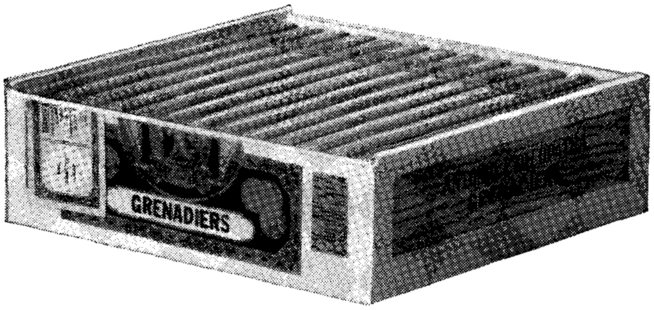

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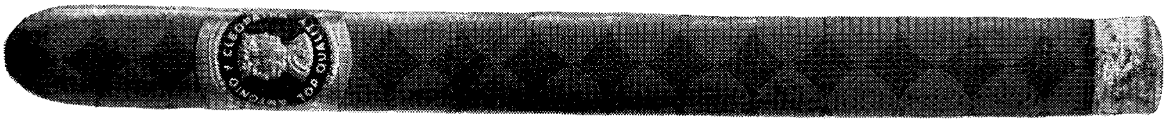

ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA
THE CIGAR THAT *NEVER* LASTS LONG ENOUGH

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F.A.L.N.'s careful planning and the government's laxity and incompetence.

When the flames were at last extinguished, thirty-six hours later, the paint factory had been saved, but the resin, ink, and printing plants were an almost total loss. The verdict of an official investigation conducted after the fire was that the blaze had resulted simply from the spilling of some volatile material from a vat in the resin factory. The knowing members of the public received this announcement with skepticism, following a strong Latin-American tendency to doubt anything given out by the government—an attitude that has generally been justified by a long history of censorship and misrule. In this case, though, there seems to be no objective basis for controverting the official findings. It is true that the F.A.L.N. at first tried to spread rumors that it had been responsible for the fire, but when it became apparent that the episode had created a wave of sympathy for the Neumanns, the terrorists denied all. The day after the fire, Hans Neumann announced that his employees would continue to be paid their full wages, and that by subcontracting he would fill all orders on hand. Within a week, the resourceful Neumanns had decided exactly how they would rebuild and were able to declare that all plants would be in full production again within six months.

After that, things quieted down considerably, and except for an occasional flareup, like the kidnapping of another high U.S. officer last October and the recent shooting of the Peace Corps volunteers, they have remained fairly quiet in the capital since then. For me, that particular week was a revealing interlude, in that it showed both the abiding insecurity of the public temper and how precarious democratic government still is here. It seemed to teach the lesson that it takes more than one election to make a democracy. During that week, I happened to have an interview with the Minister of the Interior, Gonzalo Barrios, and naturally I was curious to learn how he was reacting to all the excitement. Barrios, a short, sturdily built man in his late fifties, is a jovial person but not, I think, an easygoing one. I have heard him spoken of as a fox. With Betancourt and Leoni, he founded the Acción Democrática, and he is now the ranking Minister in the government, functioning both as the President's spokesman in Congress and as the party vice-chairman and chief strategist. Our conversation took

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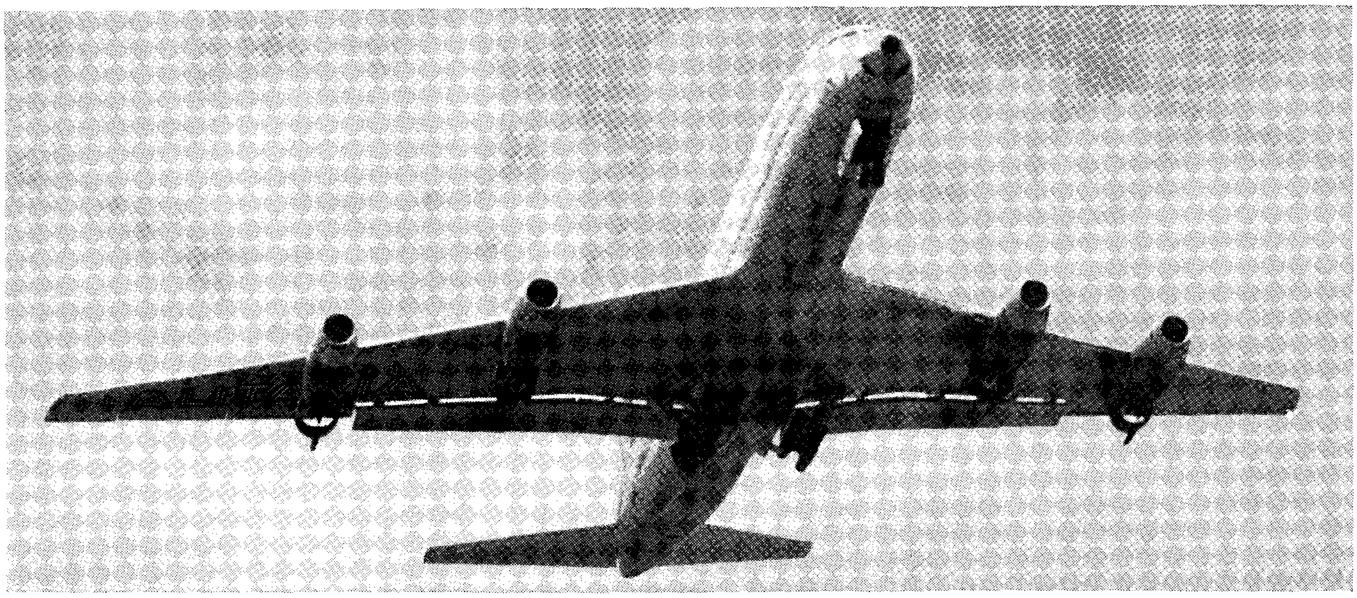

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place in his office at the end of what must have been a strenuous day, but he seemed full of vigor. He did not appear very much troubled by the resumption of terrorist activity, dismissing it as essentially a meaningless flurry. "They're very weak now, those gentlemen, compared to last year," he said. It is, of course, the job of a Minister of the Interior to be the picture of assurance during interviews, but I thought Barrios did his job most convincingly. When I asked about the post-office robbery across the street, he brushed the matter aside with a wave of his hand. It was, he said, a "self-holdup"—that is, an inside job. He said he was far more concerned about the university, and he planned to put the question before Congress for full-scale examination and debate. "The situation simply can't be allowed to go on like this," he said. "I'm sure that most of the students feel trapped in that environment, and it is up to the government to take the initiative in leading them out of the trap. We don't intend to impede freedom of thought or interfere with the university's freedom of administration, but we can no longer permit the place to be used as a stronghold of terrorists and common criminals. This concept of autonomy—of asylum—may have been suitable for the Middle Ages, but it has no place in a modern nation."

Like most of Venezuela's present political leaders, Barrios was an active revolutionary in his own student days—one of the much honored "Generation of '28," which stirred up protests against the dictator then in power, and many members of which, including Barrios, suffered imprisonment and exile. As a student, he had fought fervently for the concept of university autonomy as an essential safeguard against the tyranny of the state. I now reminded him of this. He smiled, but he was obviously not amused. "Times have changed," he said curtly.

At the time of our interview, Venezuela was operating under a minority government. The election results, which weakened the Acción Democrática and strengthened the Christian Democrats, had led to the disruption of a coalition between these two parties which Betancourt had effected. This had created an extremely unstable situation, and I had noticed much fretting about it in the newspapers. I asked Barrios what he, as his party's strategist, thought, and I got quite an unconventional answer.

"I know what everybody's saying," he began, leaning back against an arm

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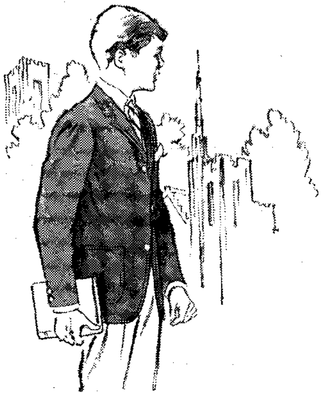

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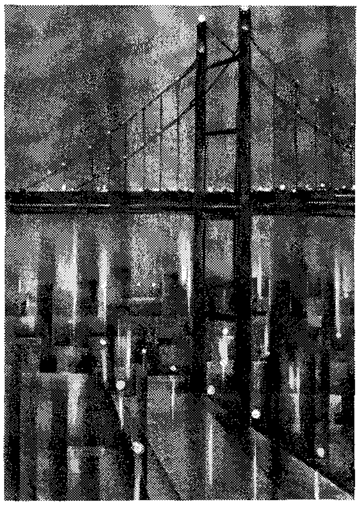

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of the sofa on which we were both seated. "And theoretically it is true that the election results have made things more unstable here. But in practical terms I should say just the opposite. I think they have actually made things *more* stable." He scrutinized me for a moment, enjoying my puzzlement.

"How so?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "the other parties all did better than they had ever dreamed of doing. They had all thought that the Acción Democrática was unbeatable. Now they suddenly realize that they have a chance to win in the next election, so they all love the democratic system and would do anything to keep it from being overthrown. That's what I mean when I say that the reduction of our winning margin has actually strengthened democracy in Venezuela."

I remarked that, according to such Jesuitical logic, the way for his party to strengthen democracy even further would be for it to lose the next election altogether.

"No, thanks," he replied, with a laugh. "We've done enough for democracy along that line."

SINCE that interview, the government has succeeded in putting together a majority coalition among Acción Democrática and a couple of the smaller moderate parties, leaving the Christian Democrats as the main opposition, so this particular source of instability, if it was one, has been removed. A number of issues remain to be resolved, though, if democracy is to thrive rather than just stagger along. One is the perennial Latin-American issue of land reform. Venezuela's leaders like to boast that their country initiated a land-reform program even before the Alliance for Progress came into being, and this is true. The program has been a political success, in that it has encouraged the peasants to believe that the government is concerned with their well-being, but it cannot yet be considered an economic success, and is going to have to be overhauled and much improved if the peasants' hopes are not to be cruelly disappointed. Another crucial issue is unemployment, which now affects almost fifteen per cent of the total employable population, and this is not an easy issue to resolve in a lopsided economy like Venezuela's.

As always, however, the key question for democracy's survival here is the Army. Has it really been domesticated or will it at any moment turn on its civilian masters and take over, as it

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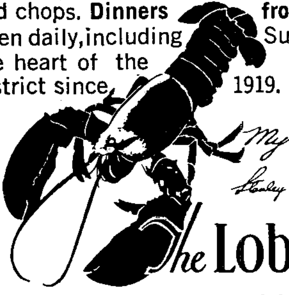

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has done so often in the past? During the turbulent week I have described, I had a discussion of this matter with a young Army captain under rather odd circumstances. Our talk took place at a large evening garden party held at the home of the captain's in-laws—a christening party for his first child, a son. I had been taken along by a banker's wife, a stately, officious lady who, if I got the relationship right, was an aunt of the honored infant's mother. She had made it clear that I was in luck; few foreigners, she said, get the chance to attend a typical Venezuelan family party, like this one, and see "the real Venezuela." The house was a lavishly remodelled structure, once part of a hacienda, at the foot of the mountains in the northeastern part of Caracas, and in its rooms hung a large collection of apparently authentic inferior paintings by great masters, along with a number of unmistakably authentic paintings by our host, a business magnate. The guests were disposed at thirty or forty tables under the palm trees, and white-gloved waiters in formal attire circulated with trays of champagne and hot hors d'oeuvres. There must have been a hundred and fifty people present, most of whom, I soon gathered, were able to trace, and to expatiate on, their own bloodlines and those—mostly interconnected—of the other guests. This "typical Venezuelan family party," it appeared, was graced by the presence of most of the nation's commercial oligarchy.

This happened to be the evening of the day that the university had been under siege, and each arriving guest paused only to greet the captain and his wife with warm embraces and present them with a gift for the baby before reporting some new rumor. One of the rumors, which seemed a source of personal distress to some of those who heard it (and which later turned out to be false), concerned a large holdup in a certain Caracas bank. There was also talk of an uprising that was taking place, or was about to take place, in a town whose name I did not catch, and that might at any moment require the young captain to tear himself away from the festivities and rush off to active duty. (This rumor, too, turned out to be without foundation.) After most of the guests had arrived, I found myself chatting with the captain near the garden entrance. A rather gaunt man of about twenty-seven, he was wearing civilian clothes, which hung loosely on his bony frame. He had a long, stern, dark face, with big ears, and his eyes, which were large and

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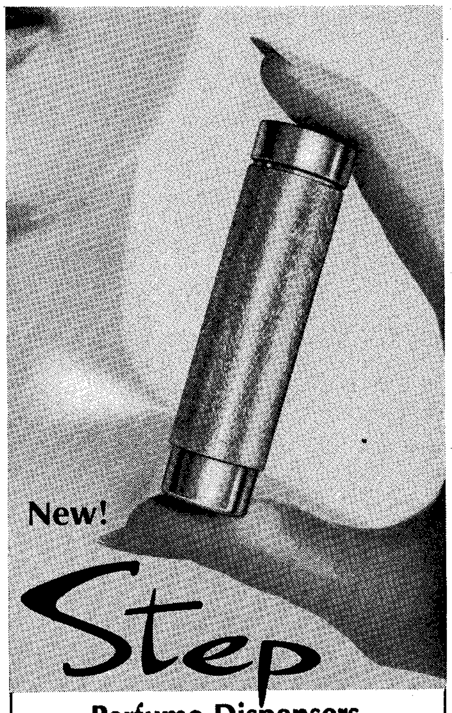

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brown, sometimes took on a tender, almost plaintive expression. His face reminded me of some Army band music I had heard in the Plaza Bolívar on a recent Sunday morning—at the same time martial and melancholy. We talked about the Army's political role.

"As soon as things aren't going so well," the captain said, "the people come running to us and say, 'Look what a mess everything's in. Please take over the government!' We say to them now, 'No! We won't.' " He put up a hand, as if to bar the people's plea. His voice had taken on an edge. "We tell them, 'It's *your* government. You elected them. *We* didn't—we don't have the vote. So you stay with them now, and don't come running to us anymore.' "

A waiter came over with a tray of champagne. I put down my empty glass and took one of the full ones. Some late guests arrived, and the captain joined his wife, a few paces away, to receive them. It was a mild night, with just a bit of breeze rustling the palm leaves. The sky was full of stars, including both the Southern Cross and the Big Dipper, for Caracas, being situated just north of the equator, is able to enjoy the celestial best of both hemispheres. After a bit, the captain returned and, resuming his seat, continued the conversation. "We cannot intervene, for it would be against the constitution."

He went on for some time about the Army's obligations under the constitution, and at last I asked, a little teasingly, "How is it that you are able to speak so solemnly, almost reverently, of the constitution, as if it were Holy Writ, when Venezuela has had more than twenty constitutions?"

"Only fifteen," the captain replied, gazing at me rather reproachfully as he made this correction—a correction that, like the rumors circulating that evening, turned out to be false. I later did some research on Venezuela's constitutions, and I not only verified the fact that there had been twenty-four but also discovered that they had once been classified by an American political scientist according to various Polonian-sounding categories: Bolívarian, Conservative, Radical, Federalist, Centralist, Personalist, and, finally, three "unclassifiables." The Venezuelans who heard what the scholar was doing could not believe that he was seriously studying their constitutions as political documents. They decided he must be a poet, with a predilection for works of fantasy.

After a moment, the captain added,

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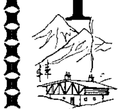

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"No matter how many we've had, the constitution is the constitution, and we must respect it."

A group of guests came down the path, preparing to leave. The captain went over to say goodbye, and the leave-taking was accompanied by another round of embraces. When he came back, he said, "There are different points of view in the Army, you know—not just one Army point of view. I cannot speak for the Army. I can speak only for myself, and tell you what I myself think. And that is that a coup would be stupidity. If you were to come to me and ask my help in a coup, offering me as reward the post of chief of ordnance, or some such job, I would say you must be crazy. For one thing, I do not yet have the experience or training for a high post. Anyway, I think the days of such coups are over." He eyed me fiercely, as if he expected me to challenge him, but I was not inclined to do so.

Shortly afterward, as the guests began to thin out, I said goodbye to him and his wife, wishing their son a long and peaceful life. The captain's words had reinforced an impression I had already formed—that Venezuela's young officers, having strong aspirations toward professionalism, are not likely to try an old-fashioned power grab. They no longer regard their country as legitimate booty. Nevertheless, a suspicion lingers that these young men, so used to regarding civilian government as incompetent and chaotic, might still be susceptible to an argument on idealistic grounds—the argument, say, that under certain conditions it was their duty to take over and impose order.

ALBERTO LLERAS CAMARGO, the former President of Colombia and one of the initiators of the Alliance for Progress, has lamented that in Latin America a President can never do as much as he should while he is in office, because he has to spend fully half his time just trying to keep from being overthrown. President Rómulo Betancourt was very much aware of this fact of life. In 1948, he had had the unhappy experience of being tossed out of power by the Army after his party had won an election, and he had determined not to be caught napping next time. During his term, he did whatever had to be done to keep the Army in line, cultivating it assiduously yet also bringing as much coercion as he could to bear on it. He granted large budgets to the armed forces and acceded to their wish that the Minister of Defense be a military man, not a

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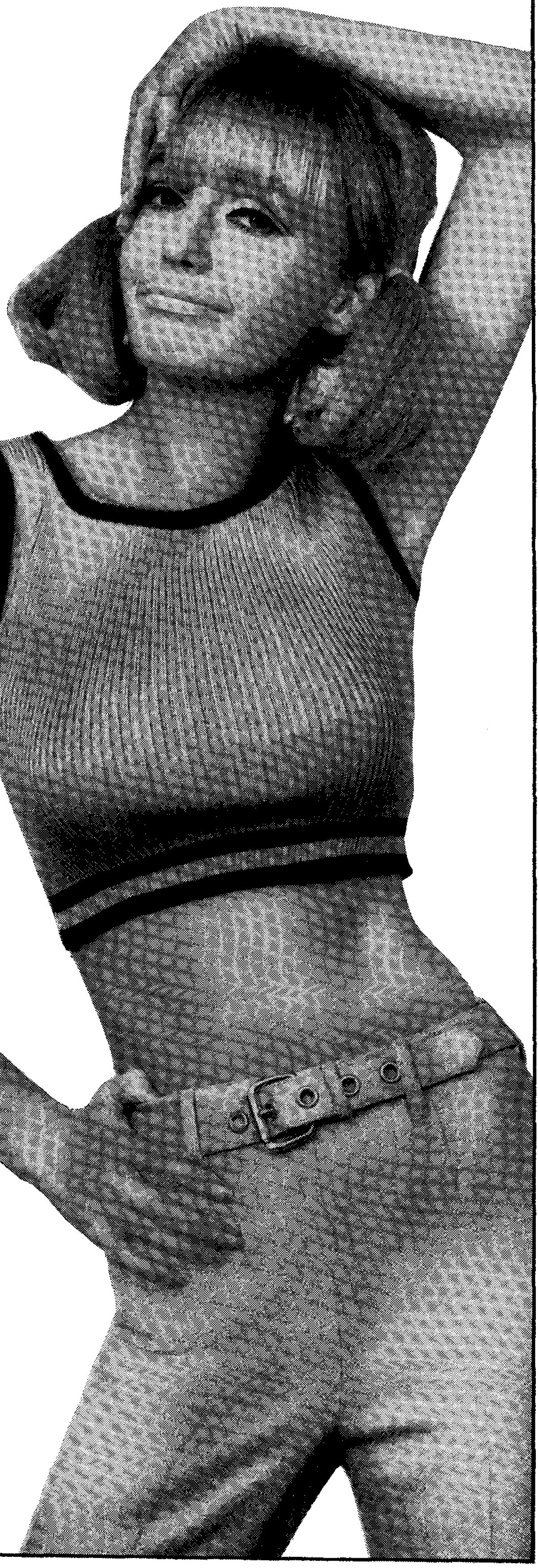

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civilian. He contributed to the Army's sense of importance by giving it a major role in the fight against terrorism, but he kept the over-all direction of the fight in his own hands. Those military figures who posed potential threats to him he sent into what is known here as "golden exile" by making them ambassadors or chiefs of overseas military missions. He set aside an hour every Thursday afternoon during which junior officers and noncoms could come to the Presidential palace and talk over grievances with him. And he frequently toured the military bases and camps, making his presence felt and educating the military as to their proper role. "I don't care what your politics are, but you are not to engage in any politics as long as you are in the armed forces," he would tell the assembled troops and officers. "And don't ever forget," he would add in a thunderous voice, eying the higher officers meaningfully, "that I, Rómulo Betancourt, am your Commander-in-Chief." Betancourt is a compelling speaker and a magnetic personality. A small, pugnacious, fiery type, he walks with the cocky bounce of a bantamweight prizefighter, and he relishes a good brawl. I am told that when he thought any of his high-ranking officers were failing in their obligations, he would not hesitate to give them a tongue-lashing, and that they would take it as meekly as schoolboys.

President Leoni, for his part, has presumably been spending much of his time keeping the armed forces pacified, but, being a very different kind of person from Betancourt, he is doing it in a much quieter manner. A few months after he became President, the newspapers here carried some dull and rather cursory stories about the resignation of an admiral who had been Commander-in-Chief of the Navy. The fact was, I learned from a high government source, that Leoni had fired the admiral. If Betancourt had taken such a step, there would have been a great ruckus, but under Leoni the whole affair passed off as if it were mere routine.

Before Leoni ran for the Presidency, he was not well known to the public, even though, in addition to playing a major role in Acción Democrática, he is considered to have been the man chiefly responsible for the development in Venezuela of a strong and—at least by Latin-American standards—honest labor movement. He has still not caught the popular imagination, and he probably never will, but he seems to be functioning effectively. The son of a

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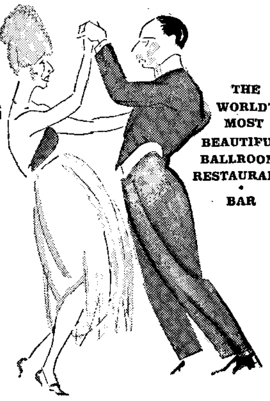

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Corsican shopkeeper who settled in the little farming town of Upata, in the Orinoco region, Leoni is a large, swarthy man of fifty-nine. He is bald, and wears glasses over sad, bloodhound eyes. His manner in public is diffident; his voice is gravelly and monotonous. During a brief interview I had with him, I was impressed by how still he sat as he talked, not making a single gesture. Perhaps the fact that he is no "personality" will be good for Venezuela. A magazine here commented recently that Betancourt may possibly prove to have been Venezuela's last *caudillo*—the last man to claim leadership by virtue of personal magnetism, even though in his case the leadership was exerted on behalf of democracy. If a drab President like Leoni can serve his entire term, it will be a very healthy sign for democracy here—a good-sized step toward putting it on an institutional, rather than a personal, basis.

Over the years, I have had occasion to talk with the leaders of several small countries, and there is a question I have habitually put to them. I have asked these men what special contributions, apart from those directly connected with political power and influence, they think their countries can make to the world. I put this question to Leoni, too. We were in his office, a vast, heavily guarded room in the Miraflores Palace. Along the wall behind him were life-size portraits of Venezuela's past heroes, almost all of them military men. It was about democracy that Leoni wanted to talk. He said he wanted his country to be able to show other underdeveloped countries, in Latin America and elsewhere, that a nation could develop economically and still maintain democratic rights. He appeared to be fully conscious of the concept that, as one Venezuelan put it, "developing a country under democracy is like trying to play poker without bluffing," but he seemed to feel that Venezuela could do it, and despite his sad eyes, his diffident manner, and his stiff posture, his words carried conviction. "This is what Venezuela wishes to contribute to the world," he said. For a country that has enjoyed so little democracy during its existence, it seems a brave ambition. —BERNARD TAPER

•

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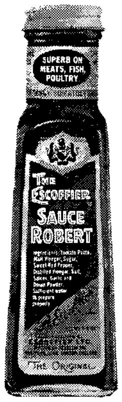


# MR. WHITWEEKS' MASSIVE TONE; WHISTLERS RAMPANT IN ROBINSON OPERA; OTHER NOTES

(AN ALL-PURPOSE MUSIC COLUMN)

## MR. RICHARD WHITWEEKS

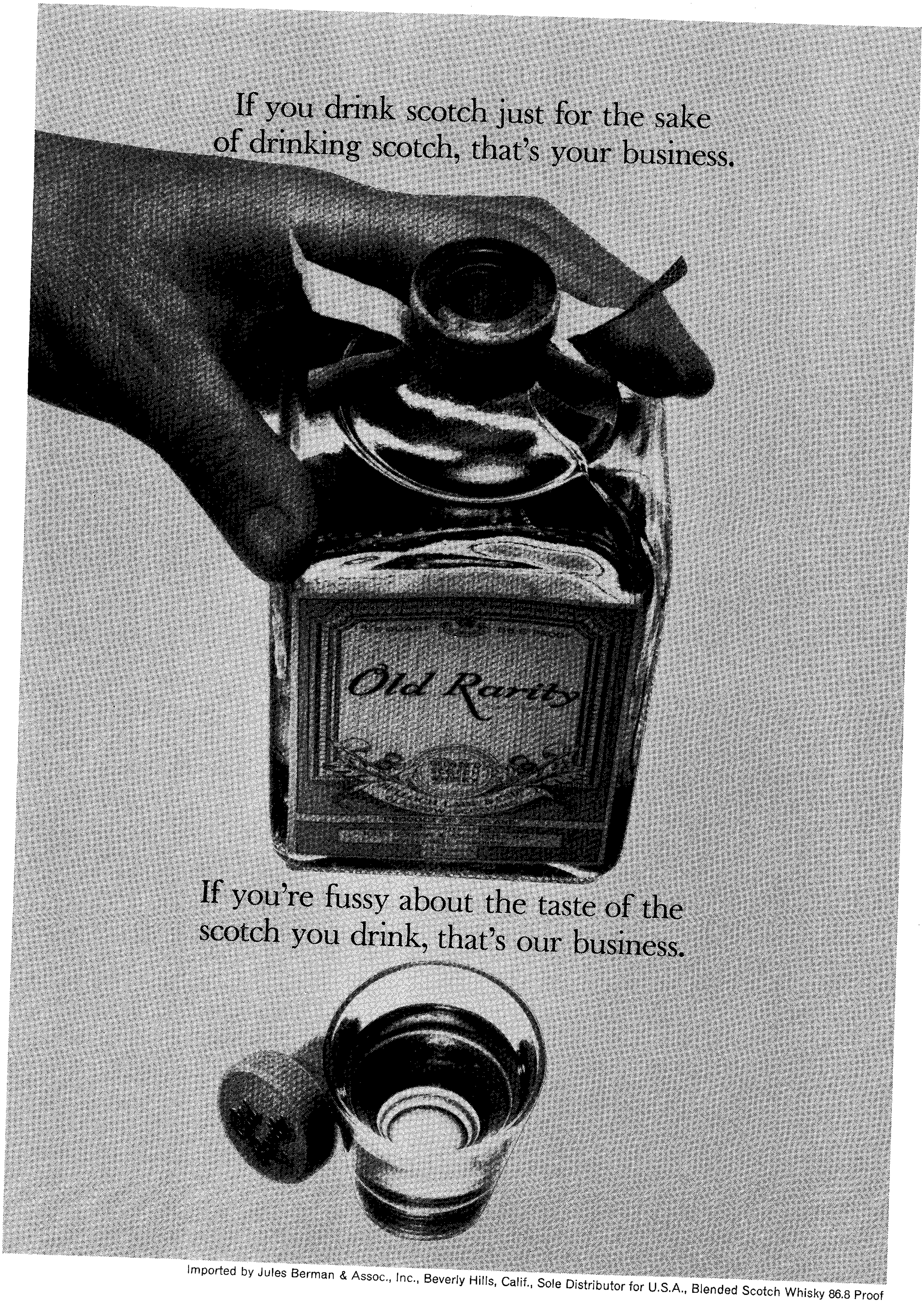
FOR his surprise New York début at Town Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Richard Whitweeks, of London, England, offered a program of works by Beethoven and Schubert. Perhaps the most evident attribute of his performance was his ready command of massive tone, but, mismanaged on the purely interpretive level, this proved to be a dubious asset, if not a distinct liability. All too easily and frequently, Mr. Whitweeks, a heavyset pianist of middle age and sandy hair, miscalculated the amount of energy and will power the piano could artistically bear without causing it to move not quite imperceptibly across the concert stage away from the player, not to mention more subtle reckoning as to the composer's wan intention to bring up in the mind of the listener recollections of lullabies rather than military marches. Thus, in Beethoven's early D-Major Sonata from Opus 10, his performance tended, at best, to inflate the ideological content both unduly and superficially and, at worst, to distort the climaxes with harsh tone and to disturb the fine balance of Beethoven's dynamic sense of piteous doom. Schubert's unfinished F-Minor Sonata of 1818 was mutilated in much the same fashion, though here Mr. Whitweeks' failure to discern the meaning of this less consequential music seemed not so grave, especially in view of the circumstance that the sonata in question was never concluded in the first place. Adroit passagework, overpassing, and aggressive pedalling did not save Schubert's harmonic flights from a fate the composer could never have dreamed of. Mr. Whitweeks returned to London, England, by helicopter and jet shortly after the performance.

## MR. HERBERT G. ROBINSON

HERBERT G. ROBINSON'S new, regional historic opera, "O Lackawanna!," had its long awaited première on Monday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, and from the moment the curtain was raised aloft it was clear to everyone that Robinson had many other strings to his bow than the somewhat acrobatical role of conductor of the works of other composers that has brought him international renown and that has enabled television viewers on all sides of the Atlantic and Pacific to see him leading his World Symphony Orchestra in his "homes" in New York, San Francisco, Tokyo, Baghdad, Antibes, Rome, Paris, London, and Manchester.

As everyone knows, the question as to whether Robinson's new work was to celebrate the river or the railroad has been the best-kept secret since the first atomic bomb, the entire cast having been held incommunicado in comfortable, though necessarily overcrowded, quarters at the Hotel Astor ever since the dancers and whistlers were assembled for the initial rehearsal. As everyone should know, the present writer was alone in hazarding the guess that the employment of the aforementioned whistlers plainly indicated that Robinson was going to celebrate the railroad, not the river, and would use the whistlers to delineate tooting and chuffing sounds, while other, mistaken penmen and penwomen maintained, to their subsequent chagrin, that the whistlers would be used to create the illusion that the audience was listening to the gurgling and burbling noises of the sources of the waterway.

In directing his own production of "O Lackawanna!," Robinson demonstrated that he was able to courageously rewrite his own opera as freely as he has dealt in the past with the works of other composers, for in rehearsal he evidently discovered that the original title, "Ah, Lackawanna!," which suggested a certain realistic pathos, nevertheless did not lend itself to puckered-lip whistling, and after two days of intense consideration, during which the employment of finger-whistlers was weighed and rejected, he ruthlessly changed the title to "O Lackawanna!" After the curtain's rise, it was only a matter of minutes before, in the fifth repetition of the initial theme of the "O," the whistlers, with incomparable dexterity and only an occasional slip of the lip, commenced to render—at first softly, but then with sibilant crescendo—the tooting and chuffing sounds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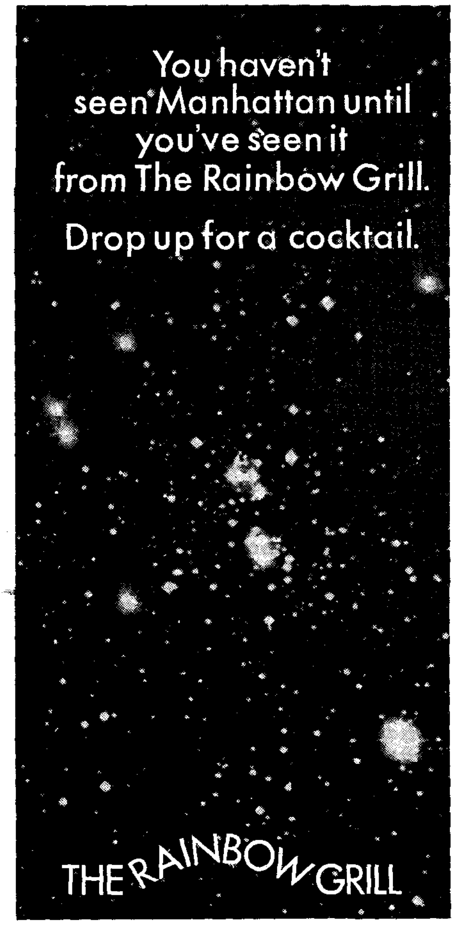

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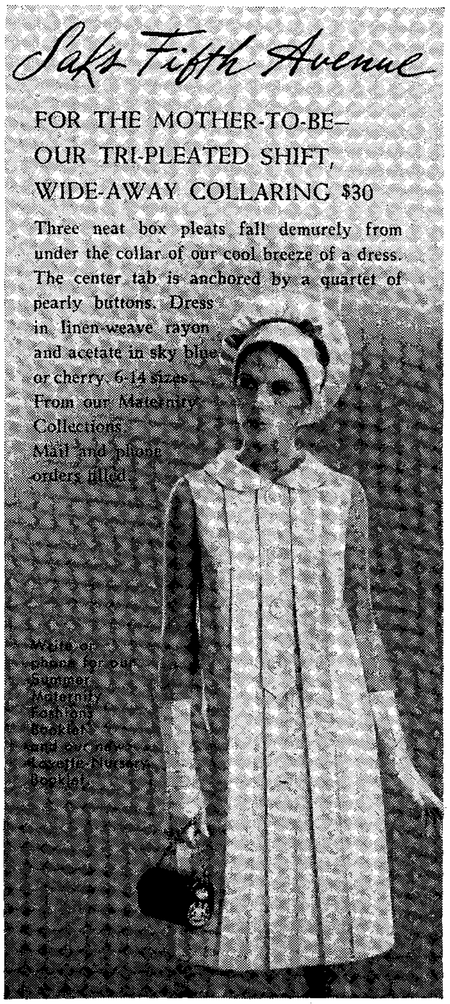
of the Lackawanna locomotives of a bygone day.

In choosing as his theme for his new opera the tentative beginnings of the Lackawanna Railroad—its rise as an important, significant, and much loved means of transportation, the preference for it that the public exhibited over canals and horse-drawn vehicles, and its final, tragic falling off when interstate motor trucking became the vogue—Robinson demonstrates a romantic and tender feeling for the past and for the initiative of an older generation which few would have suspected in view of his robust revisions of Beethoven. The entire absence of words in this modern opera offers the same sort of intense gratification that the lack of systematic coloration and meaning lends to abstract paintings.

Miss Elizabeth Holt, representing with undeniable security the "part" of the engine's warning signal, was, it must be admitted, somewhat white in the upper registers, but in her *spinto* passages, as in the near collision with the quaint old merchant's vegetable wagon at Batworth Corners, circa 1900, her attack was *ausdrucksvoll* but *ma non troppo*. The prevailing opacity of her lower *tessitura* cried out for comparison with the greats of history, but unfortunately the critical material dealing with the accomplished whistlers of the past seems to be meagre. Hobart Perkins rendered the meaningful bass numbers *mit viel Ausdruck*, and Evelyn Price, in his or her delineation of the first faint symptoms of decline in the freight rates of the railroad, might have been a genuine triumph of the popular sort had not Robinson, with the restraint of true genius, refrained from allowing the temptations of *Sprechgesang* to overcome—even in the scene depicting by means of both dancing and whistling a meeting of the Interstate Commerce Commission—his firm resolve to prevent any chance of understanding from interfering with the pure enjoyment of the unknown, to which the audience had by that time become accustomed.

### MISS HELEN GATE

A REGRETTABLE accident, or misjudgment, was a feature of Tuesday's "Solo for Seven Drums," at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, in which Miss Helen Gate, the attractive newcomer from Idaho, who has recently forsaken the harp for the more strident instruments, finding it necessary to overlap her two drumsticks in order to reproduce one of those rapid changes of mind that Tompkins is



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—St. Clair McKelway

•

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has drowned quite
in the hole of the sea,
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for theology. "Blame God
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say sailors and Hebrews;
blame God, who writes us,
from His holy solution,
not to be sunk,
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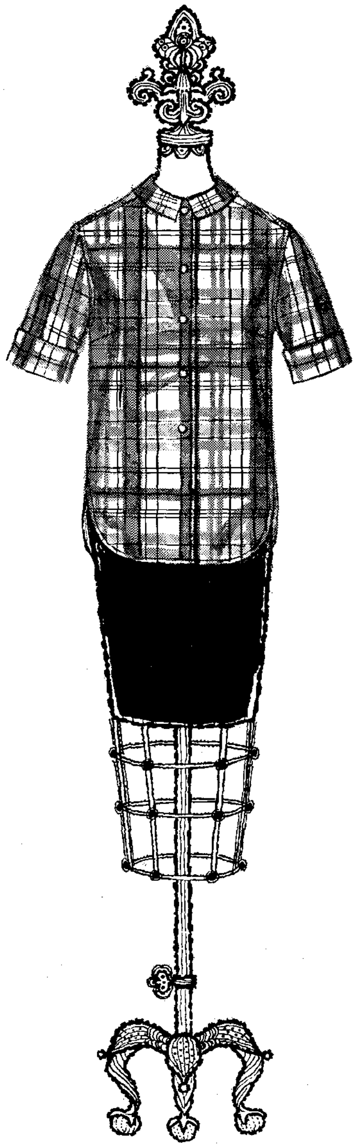

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# LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 24

A MAGNIFICENT display of the rich worldliness of French ecclesiastical Christianity has just been placed on view at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in an assemblage such as has never before been seen—huge, bejewelled golden processional crosses, carved rock-crystal staves for bishops' gloved hands, silver-gilt chalices, monstrances gleaming with emeralds and sapphires, enamelled reliquary caskets, statues of saints dressed in gold, and skulls of martyrs confined in silver. The exhibition is rightly called "Les Trésors des Églises de France." It consists of close to nine hundred of French Catholicism's most precious and beautiful portable church objects, created over the last thousand years by great artists and great faith. They have been selected from the finest examples that have survived wars, revolutions, and the covetousness of thieves, and even of kings. (The incomparable gold monstrance in the treasury of Notre Dame de Paris, set with diamonds and rubies and called the Great Sun, was melted down by Louis XV to pay for lost battles.) The exhibition is the work of the Inspection des Monuments Historiques, which has spent the past fifteen years on a church census and restoration of the treasures chosen to be shown. The objects are displayed in darkened, tapestry-hung rooms in guarded, lighted showcases, against which the crowds mill, their eyes avid with irreverent curiosity.

Among the items displayed there is a predominance of fantastic reliquaries. Much of the wealth of the early churches was derived from their possession of relics supposedly surviving from the earthly remains of saints or martyrs and usually credited with miraculous curative powers, which operated for the churches like holy investments, attracting pilgrims, sick or well, and their donations. Prominent in the exhibition are three reliquaries featuring St. Nicholas's teeth, one of them set in an exquisite thirteenth-century gold *mandorla* with cabochons, the tooth itself being the real treasure, as a possible magic panacea for pilgrims' toothaches, and the surrounding gold and jewels being merely its packaging. There is an arm of St. Crispin in heavy silver, also thirteenth-century, like a knight's coat of mail, and a finger of John the Baptist carried like a precious bundle by a fourteenth-century statuette of John himself in his pelt of pure silver. There are even several thorns supposedly from the Crucifixion crown (one visible inside a crystal ampule that is shouldered by golden angels with movable wings, like a sacred toy), and small alabaster boxes with massive jewelled lids containing dark deposits worshipped as drops of the Precious Blood. There are superb realistic gold portrait busts containing the heads of early martyred evangelists like St. Baudime and St. Maur, skulls being logically the most revered relics. But the exhibition's supreme example of this early Christian mixture of the idolatrous, the barbarous, the miraculous, and the fastuous is the celebrated golden effigy of the virgin St. Foy, martyred for her faith in the year 303 in the Roman persecutions at Agen, where her body, head and all, remained the property of the prospering local church until she was stolen in 870 by a monk from an impoverished abbey in the nearby Aveyron village of Conques—a notorious medieval theft charitably called "a furtive transference" by prelate chroniclers. The first miracle that St. Foy brought to pass at Conques was a quick rise in the abbey's fortunes and the subsequent construction of the second-largest Romanesque church in all France, which became a flourishing goal on the pilgrimage roads after she had achieved a further miracle by restoring the sight of a fanatical blind monk. Her glittering gold effigy, created for her in the ninth century and ranked by museum authorities today as the apex of the medieval European goldsmith's art, has been shown in Paris only once before, in 1900. This correspondent first saw her early in the nineteen-thirties in her native setting in the presbyterium adjoining the vast Conques church, where, as if in recollection of her being stolen sacred property, she was guarded against further thievery by two savage dogs loose in the next room, who bayed an unceasing alarum, heard all over the village, while the visitors were inspecting her. Her head, proportionately too large, which gives her an impressive, androgynous, dominant air, is probably an emperor's golden head from the early Roman Empire, with its fixed glass-eyed stare, its narrow Roman nose, and its short crop of incised gold curls. The size of a costly big doll, with her

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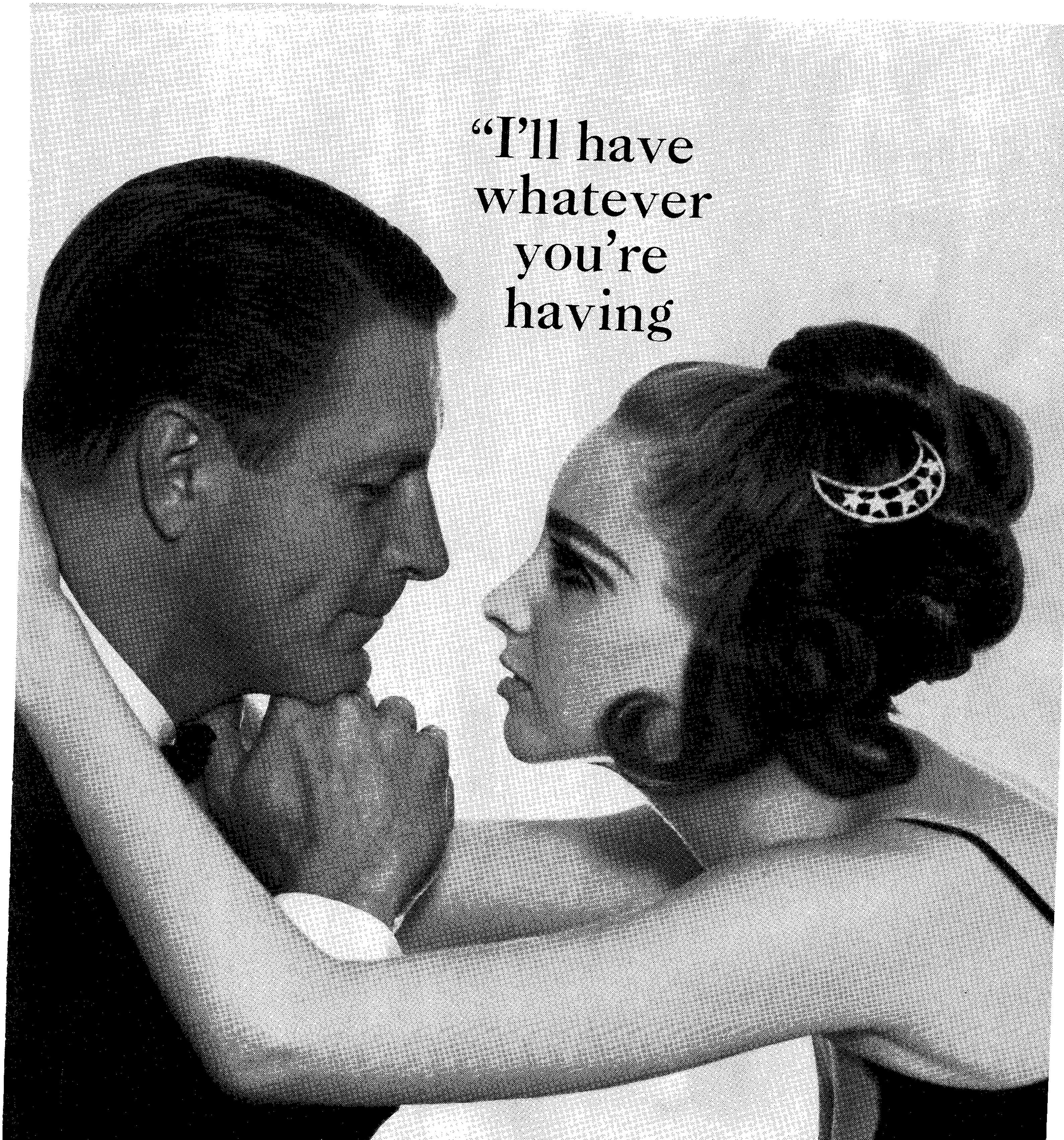

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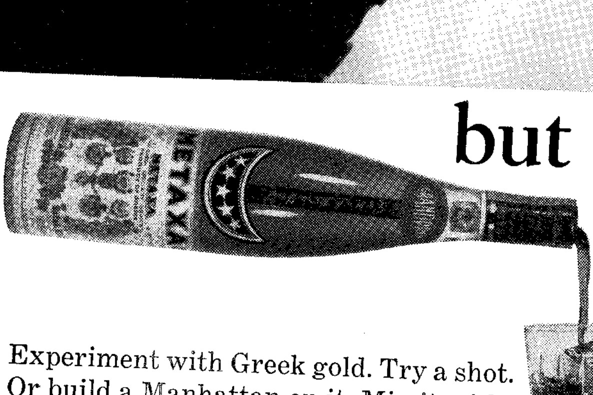

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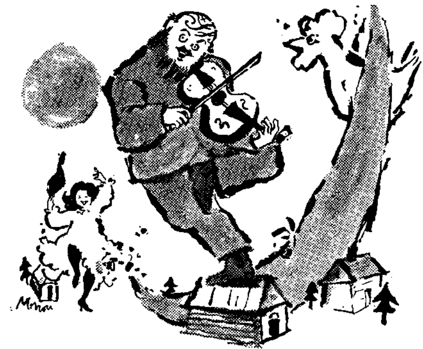

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arms stiffly outstretched in a hierarchical gesture, she sits on her gold throne garbed in the majesty of more gold and jewels—prodigiously big amethysts, opals, agates, emeralds, jade, bloodstones, sapphires, carnelians, garnets, rock crystal, antique cameos and intaglios, and Oriental pearls. (There are some false stones, of colored glass, set to hide minor thefts over the centuries.) It is the strange radiance in the color of the effigy gold that makes her so unforgettable a personage and spectacle—a gold of verdant yellow, like a flame that seems to shed her light over time. The emperor's cranium can be opened to reveal the girl saint's skull; the cypress-wood core of the idol contains artful silver doors in her back, which, when unlatched, reveal her invaluable inner relics—her precious bones wrapped in a silver shroud. Mutilated, worshipped, robbed, restored, St. Foy remains the French Church's most celebrated composite treasure, part human and part the goldsmith's highest art.

This exhibition of the treasures of the French churches will remain open until April 26th. If you come to Paris, do not miss it. For holy luxury you will never see its like again.

PARISIANS are deeply concerned about the American war in Vietnam, which Washington does not call a war but euphemistically calls something else. By many French, worried and experienced, it is called "*une sale petite guerre coloniale qui pourrait tourner mal, comme Dien-Bien-Phu.*" At an Anglo-American Press Club luncheon last week, the former Premier Edgar Faure, just back from an official tour of the Middle East, said over coffee that if he were in President Johnson's shoes he would ask President de Gaulle's advice, which every journalist present knew would be "Negotiate!" An important editorial in *Le Monde* said, in part, "The question that everyone is asking about the recent raid by United States and South Vietnamese bombers to the north of the Seventeenth Parallel is: Where will the policy of 'a blow for a blow' lead? One wonders unhappily whether the Americans can give the answer. Morality and reality, which Americans like to believe are the same thing, must give them something to cogitate about right now." *Le Monde* continued bitterly, obviously recalling France's men and prestige lost in both places, "The experiences of civil war in Indo-China and Algeria clearly show that you cannot squash insects with a steam hammer"—the in-

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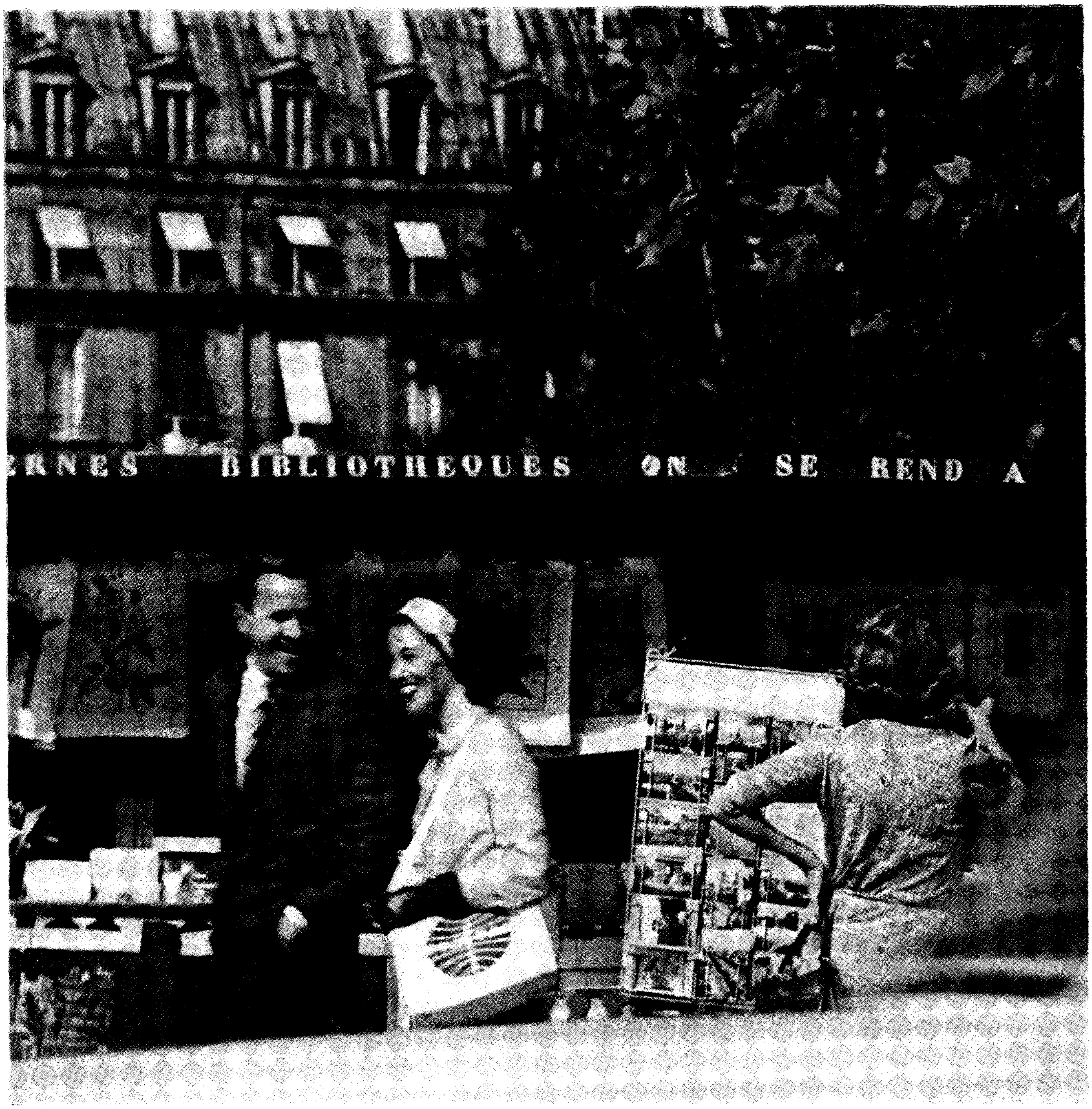
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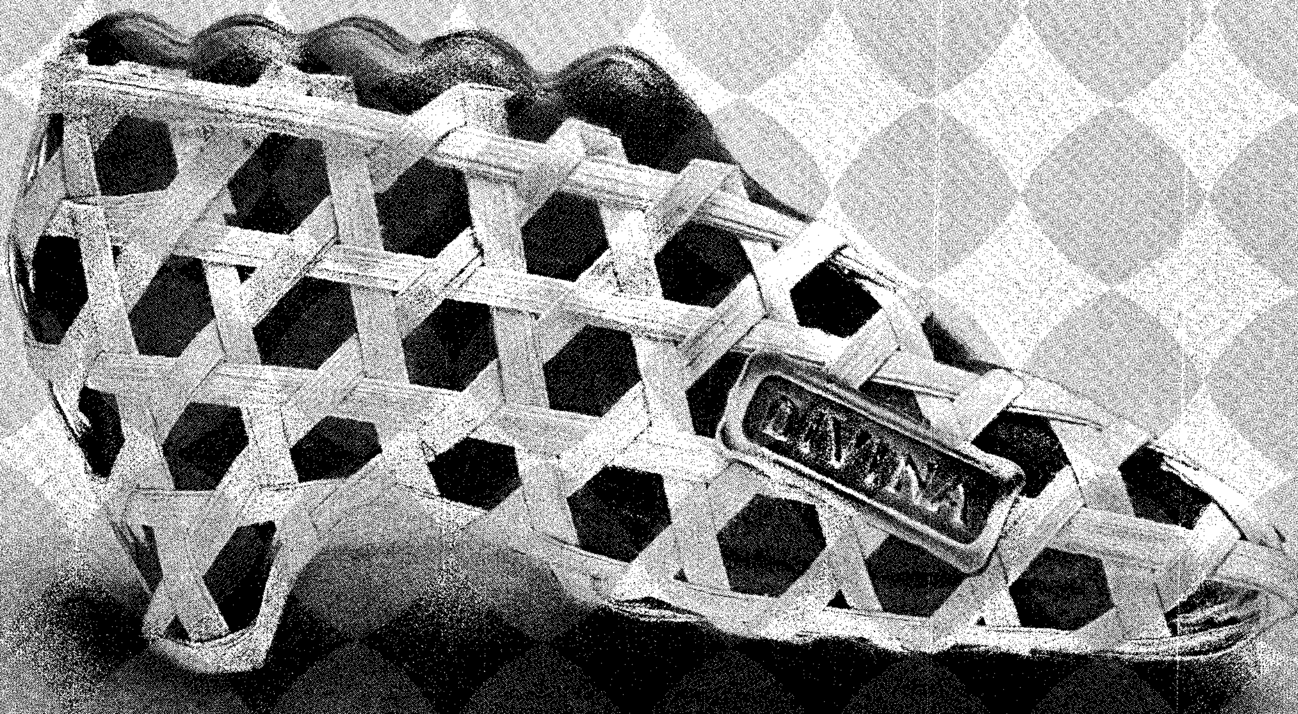

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sects being native guerrilla fighters. "American policy would be comprehensible if it were accompanied by a willingness to negotiate. But to strike without hope of winning, or of making peace, either, is a very surprising strategy."

A NEW book by Elsa Triolet has a double importance in Paris, because of her long association with Louis Aragon, whose volumes of poetry have so loyally evoked "Les Yeux d'Elsa" (which are a handsome blue) that their literary relations seem merely a printed version of their actual union. Aside from Aragon's acknowledged great gifts as a writer, he has for years been the intellectual *éminence grise* of the French Communist Party, while on her side, as a Russian-born émigré intellectual whose sister, in Moscow, was the companion of the Party playwright Mayakovsky, her role has been the counterpart of his. For years, Mme. Triolet and Aragon have been the most notable legendary couple among the intelligentsia of Paris, a distinction now broadened to include the recently fabled younger pair, Jean-Paul Sartre and Mlle. Simone de Beauvoir—the four of them, diverse rather than intimate, adding up to the most famous, formidable, cerebral literary quartet on earth. Mme. Triolet's new book has just been published with a publicity band referring to "Elsa's eyes," which gives it the customary Aragon imprimatur. It is called "Le Grand Jamais"—an idiomatic negating phrase that resists exact translation but means something like "Never in the World." It is a most unusual novel, often funny enough to make the reader laugh out loud. It oddly begins with a dead husband in his marital bed, discoursing to himself in an appropriate interior monologue on his first and second wives, his sisters, his past work as a modest *lycée* history professor, and his favorite pupils, sociably introducing his coterie to the reader en route to his grave. The Triolet novel thus starts backward, with the hero's end. What it goes on to relate is how, after his death, his life is transformed into something it never was and something far superior—a brilliant, if risky, comic technical device. As a pleasant, unimportant Parisian historian, skeptical and romantic, the Triolet hero, outlandishly named Régis Lalande, had in his forties entertained himself and his young, delightful, unfaithful wife Madeleine by privately writing falsified histories of Russia's Catherine the Great and Ludwig II of Bavaria—Wagner's mad royal friend—supplying their lives

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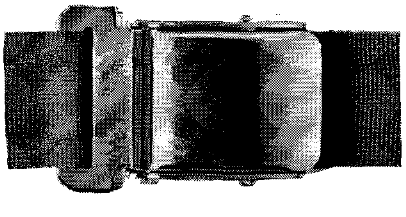

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with improvements he thought they merited, shifting facts as a poet might shift the metre of his verse, and upholding his premise that history was not fixed but optional. After his death, enough of these lyric daft manuscripts come to light to cause a literary sensation. The only savage touch in the Triolet book is her depiction of the gullibility of her Paris literary set, which swallows Lalande's hoax whole as an inspired new historical interpretation, posthumously making him a hitherto unsuspected literary genius. Lectures are given on him, a foundation is set up for the exegesis of his scarce manuscript pages. All this is riotously laughable. Madeleine's discarded first lover, his favorite pupil, becomes the leading Lalande authority. Her current lover, a virile sculptor, grudgingly accompanies her on a grotesque travelogue through the Bavarian *Schlösser* of Ludwig, and, on his return to Paris, creates a peculiar plastic Lalande public monument, containing a gyroscopic spiral that revolves, to the inaugural cheers of the intelligentsia, whenever the Paris sun very occasionally strikes it. During this triumph, Madeleine walks off, abandoning both her husband's fame and her lover, and this is the abrupt end of this odd book. It is occasionally marred by Mme. Triolet's interruptive comments to the reader, such as her long statement that her aim has been to write "a classic novel." This she has not done, because she has chosen light comedy, not heavy tragedy, as her medium. Like all French books lately, hers is very long, but it is also, on the whole, very droll.

URBAN French radio fans who never take the trouble to listen at seven o'clock in the morning to a ten-minute program on village affairs called "Bonjour, Monsieur le Maire" are missing something unusual in this day and age. It is something not made up but true, and right out of the horse's mouth—a brief matinal vignette of rural life, and the real voice of provincial French towns, talking about people's problems, hopes, frustrations, and needs, about village plans and local ambitions and authorities. It is like paragraphs from Balzac. Sponsored by Butagaz, it is intelligently, conscientiously organized. Travelling reporters interview mayors of country communes all over France, asking the mayors for their local news, good or bad, and tape-recording what the mayors say. In their various regional accents, most mayors make the same complaint—that the young folks flee country life for city

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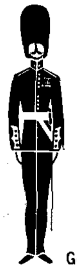

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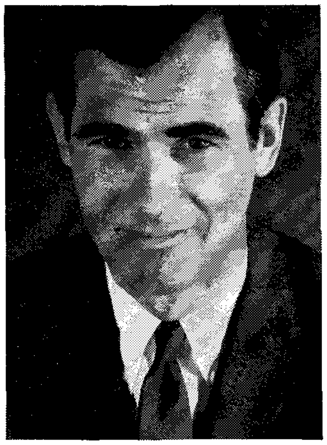
pleasures, more money, and less drudgery—and voice the same aspiration, which is to attract tourists, the motorized bonanza of modern times. They lovingly describe their local châteaux, inns, special foods, panoramas, and commerce, and, when possible, their proud prosperity. On a recent program were to be heard the mayor of the Basque village of Saint-Jean-le-Vieux and its family of bellmakers, who for centuries have made bells for the cattle, goats, and sheep that are the town's wealth. They played the bells for the recording—deep bells for cows, sensible medium ones for sheep, tinkling ones for goats. The village makes such good sheep cheese that it is sold as Roquefort, the mayor said proudly. The mayor of Les Alliés, near the Swiss border, had a sadder report. Once the village was so prosperous, owing to smugglers' bringing in contraband Swiss alcoholic spirits, that it supported eleven families of customs officers. Now the only commerce is in cows' milk sent to local cities—a great comedown, the mayor felt. The well-educated mayor of Sainte-Lunaise, near Bourges, told a typical story of depopulation—of a dying village of only forty-five inhabitants. "We are rich," he said. "We have everything—even our own village scales for weighing our fine cattle. We make our own wine." But they have a scarcity of young people to marry and raise families. The mayor owns a little eleventh-century church, sold, like many others, during the atheistic Revolution, in which he once stored his hay, and which he has now finally cleared out and uses part of as his mayoral office. He sounded like a freethinker himself. The mayor of Quincié-en-Beaujolais said that his villagers had been vintners for the last thousand years. His village was rich. The mayor of a little town near Bordeaux was aided in his report by his village curate, a *prêtre-ouvrier*, or worker-priest (now frowned on by the Church), who was also chief of the fire department, which had valiantly extinguished several forest fires last summer. One mayor in Brittany said that he was a water diviner by profession, and was now searching for oil. The ninety-year-old mayor of some little place could give no account of anything but sang a couple of old songs in a cracked voice. Hopes for new roads, running water, extended electricity and telephones, better schools, and better communications are the mayors' recurrent themes. As one mayor thoughtfully stated, "To conquer isolation is the aim of most villages." —GENÊT



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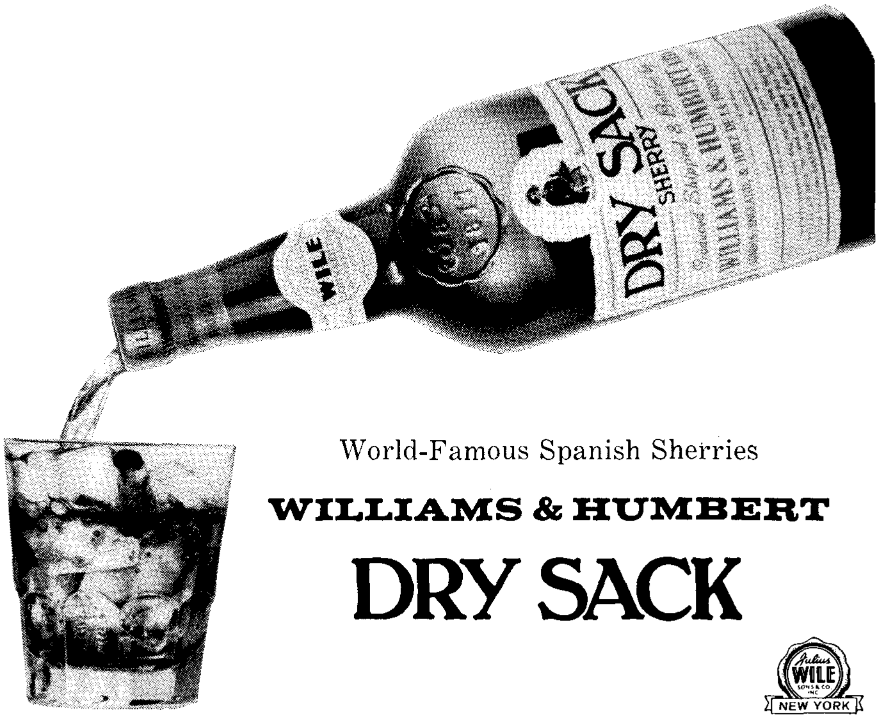

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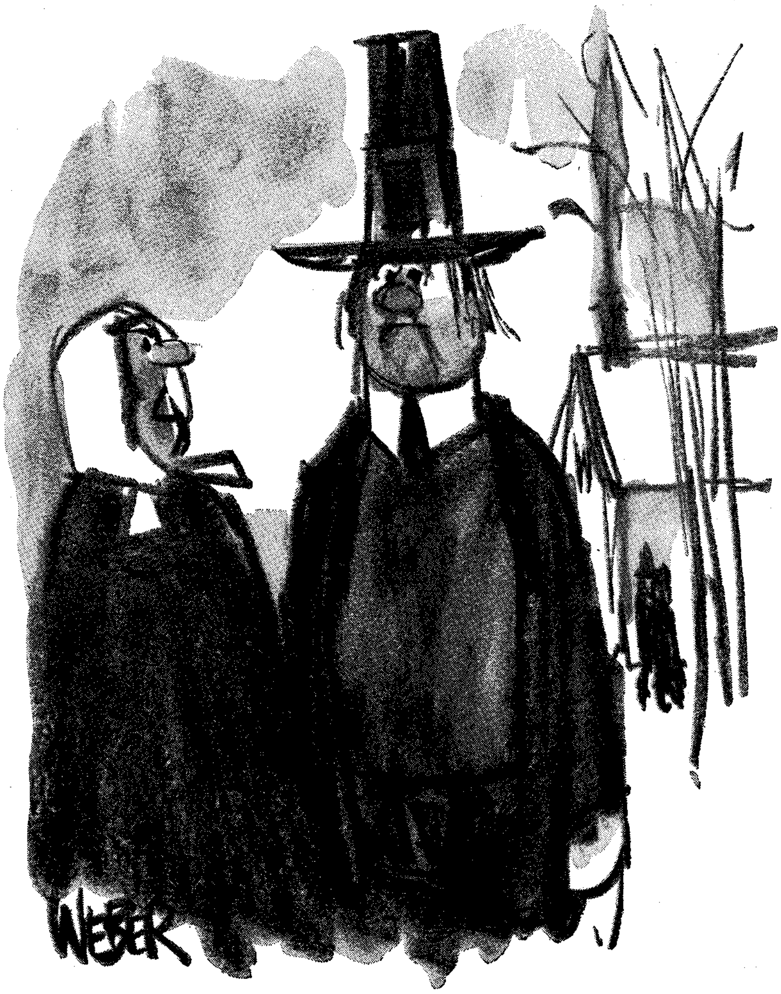
# BOOKS

## *Constancy and Change*

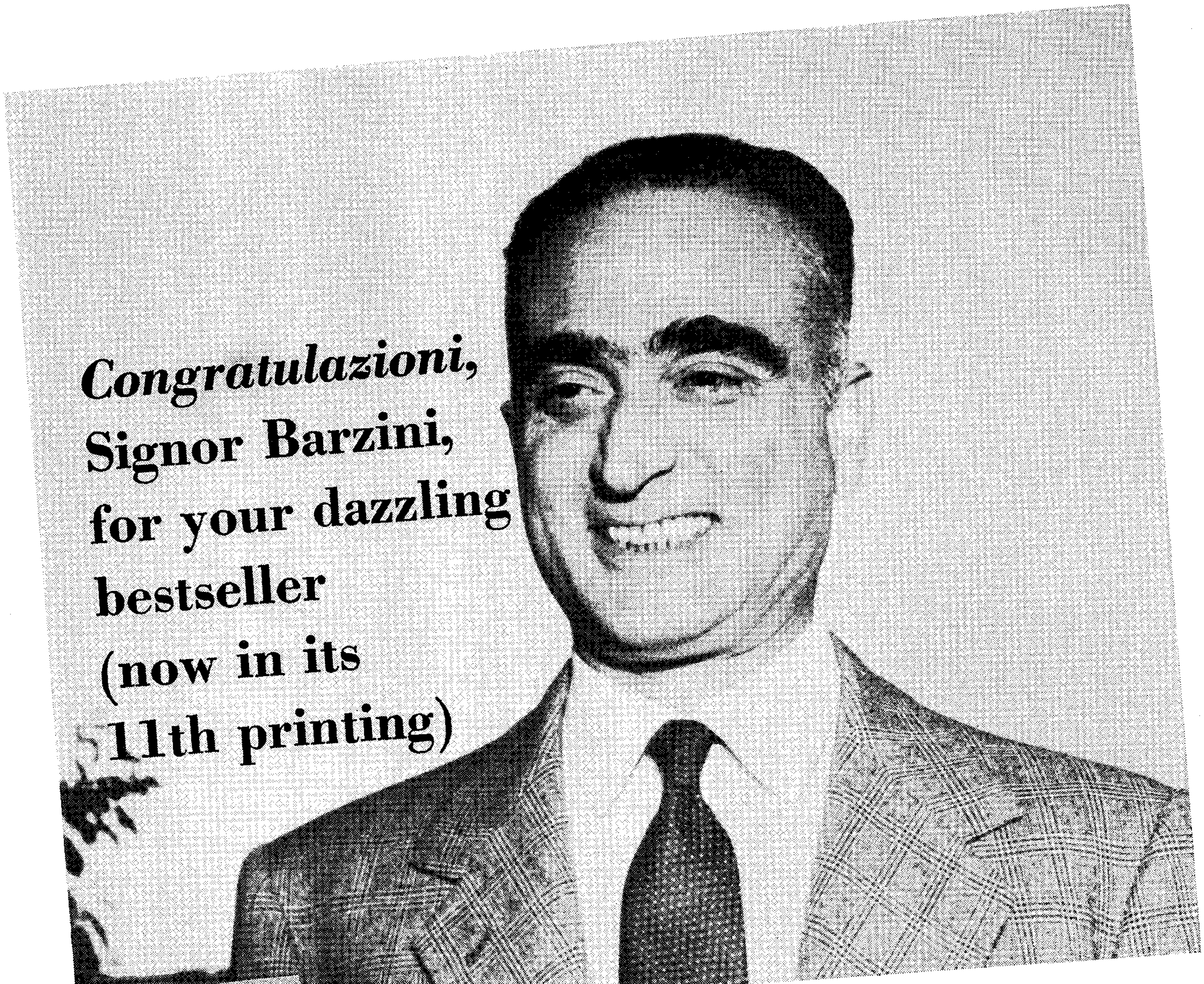
DURING the last twenty-odd years, Dr. Siegfried Giedion, the Swiss scholar, has published a series of masterly books on modern architecture, art, and technology. Each of these books is a monument of patient, scholarly research and elegant graphic presentation. The two volumes that have appeared during the past three years under a single title, "The Eternal Present" (Pantheon), to which he has given the subtitle "A Contribution on Constancy and Change," carry his early researches into the depths of history—the art and artifacts of the paleolithic caves of France and Spain, and the monumental royal architecture in Egypt and Mesopotamia, which marks the emergence of the city in history. No scholar in our time has succeeded better in composing important works that appeal to the specialist, the student, and the lay reader. To the astonishment of his publishers, his ponderous tomes, printed on heavy, glossy paper, expensive, hard to hold in the hand, glutted with factual details, but profusely illustrated, have proved to be popular works. His "Space, Time, and Architecture," which is among his earliest works to be published in this country, has gone into a dozen printings and been revised four times. One can hardly hope to understand the whole modern movement in the arts or have a perspective upon its remote origins and its dismayingly contradictory prospects unless one has wrestled with these volumes. And the fact that they are so popular, though they defy cursory reading, is a compliment to the intelligence of our contemporaries. Dr. Giedion's works deserve our attention. What is more, they deserve more exhaustive critical evaluation than they have yet received.

My own qualifications for examining Dr. Giedion's two latest volumes rest on the fact that he and I have long been working in roughly the same areas and have been coming, by different routes, to many of the same conclusions, so I can perhaps appreciate better than some of his more specialized contemporaries the energy he has poured into these exhaustive surveys, and the remarkable resourcefulness and grasp of his scholarly methods. If one considers the scope of his investigations, almost nobody except Arnold Toynbee can be mentioned in the same breath. But though a work of this kind deserves homage and admiration first of all, it also demands a discriminating response, and I have been a little shocked, I must confess, on reviewing this author's works, to find that I have filled my own copies with frequent marginal comments, usually challenging, often dissident, sometimes downright unfavorable. These one-sided private disagreements should be redressed by well-measured public words of praise. If, nevertheless, I bring out some of our differences, it is to show more plainly what Giedion's special contribution has been.

The publishers of Giedion's books have been chary of giving any biographical data about him, but the main outlines of his life are all we need to know, and he has traced them in the introduction to "Space, Time, and Architecture." Born in 1894, a citizen of Zürich, he possesses all the traditionally solid Swiss virtues. But the Swiss pay for their virtues! "The trouble with us Swiss," an eminent Zürich architect once confided to me, "is that we work too hard." Giedion's first studies of art brought him under one of the most fertile teachers of his generation, Heinrich Wölfflin, who, with Alois Riegl, Wilhelm Worringer, and a few others, transformed the conventional interpretations of art history and prepared students like Giedion to understand the great revolution in art itself that was taking place in the first decades of this century. At that time, classic art was still largely identified with Western achievements alone, and historians treated the pictorial conventions of Greek, Roman, and Renaissance art as if they were the eternal mold of perfection. Suddenly, this narrow conception of aesthetic mastery was challenged in a dozen quarters; not merely was the art of China and Persia, India and Japan recognized as fully equal to Western art but the arts of non-European cultures in Africa, Polynesia, Peru, and Mexico, theretofore hidden in ethnological museums, were treated on their aesthetic merits. As so often has happened, art was serving as the seismograph that recorded in ad-



*"All right, so you don't smoke or drink. What do you want? A medal?"*



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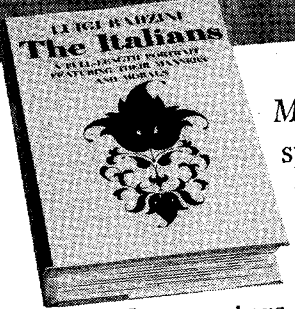

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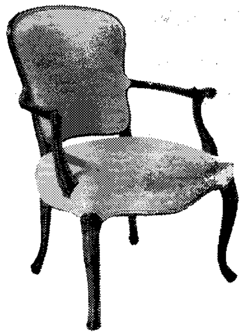

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vance an earthquake in human culture—the end of Western domination.

This shift in the focus of art history went along with a radical change in the aesthetic conventions that began with the Post-Impressionist painters. Unlike more commonplace scholars of his generation, Giedion, instead of sticking to the icons of medieval or Renaissance history, attached himself from the outset to the modern movement, whose earliest manifestations in Paris coincided with his own apprenticeship as a student. Giedion's passionate interest in the work of the new painters, sculptors, and architects long before their importance was generally recognized was a mark of unusual courage and independence, even though a younger generation of scholars, now bred to appreciate modern art and depreciate traditional art almost before they have opened their eyes, may not be able to realize how daring this attitude then was. That willingness to take a contested position and espouse a still unpopular cause unites Dr. Giedion with his great Basel precursor, Jacob Burckhardt, and it is no wonder that the young regard Giedion's work with an excitement and a veneration they feel for no other historian of his generation.

No small part of Giedion's equipment as an art historian, even when he is dealing with the distant past, lies in his early espousal and understanding of modern art. From the first, he was—even more perhaps than Herbert Read—the mouthpiece of the whole modern movement and the confrère of its leaders: Picasso and Léger, Le Corbusier and Gropius and van Eesteren, Mondrian, Klee, and Arp. This warm sympathy, this stimulating direct contact, enriched his perceptions of contemporary achievements, but it also carried with it certain disabilities. Since modern art had to struggle for almost a generation to obtain recognition in the face of downright, often hysterical hostility, Giedion was committed by this situation to a partisan advocacy of the whole movement, loyally accepting what was new or "advanced" without making nice discriminations between what was strong and what was weak, what was significant and what was erratic, what was sound and what was silly. This has led ultimately to the formulation by a recent critic of the solemn absurdity that change itself is the only aesthetic criterion in modern art. The French long ago made a homely comment on this doctrine: "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" In random change neither orderly conservation nor development is possible.

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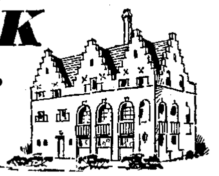

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Even latterly, Giedion's all-out defense has sometimes affected his aesthetic judgment. Thus, in "Space, Time, and Architecture" he praised the urban planning of one of his Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne colleagues in Amsterdam, despite its architectural mediocrity and its commonplace, overstandardized scheme, and neglected far more interesting innovations in city design that had not been practiced by the particular leaders of the modern movement he favored. By the same token, he has been singularly indifferent, as a historian, to excellent work done by those outside his circle, such as Eric Mendelsohn in architecture and Naum Gabo in constructivist sculpture. Mendelsohn's brilliant sketches of more plastic architectural forms, published back in the nineteen-twenties in the *Dial* and recently reproduced *in toto* in the Italian architectural journal *L'Architettura*, anticipated by more than thirty years the about-face Le Corbusier executed in his design for the church in the French village of Ronchamp, while Gabo's patented shell construction for the Palace of the Soviets (1931), which pioneered in this new method, still awaits sufficient recognition. Though Giedion has been ingenious in his effort to establish a connection between modern forms and the interpretations of the non-Euclidean mathematician Minkowski and Einstein, which make time and space an indivisible continuum, it is doubtful whether any modern work illustrates this connection between time, space, mode of construction, and aesthetic impression as exquisitely as a Gothic cathedral, in which spatial relationships alter radically with every change in the beholder's position. That this unconscious demonstration of the space-time continuum came so early is not astonishing, for the first abstract union of space, time, and motion had actually shown itself in the fourteenth century, on the face of the earliest mechanical clock.

Yet this lack of detachment, this open partiality, is only the reverse side of a lovable trait, Giedion's loyalty—a loyalty that moved him to overpraise any artist who was personally known to him. On such a matter, even those most chary of praise hardly dare cast the first stone. But this weakness has a serious side. Giedion has come to view the whole history of art in relation to a single focal point—that of the modern movement. What up to now has been overwhelmingly important to him is what has happened during the past fifty years. The problem that fas-

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cinated him, Giedion tells us, was "how our epoch has been formed, where the roots of present-day thought lay buried." From the beginning, he had the conviction that "the historian must be intimately a part of his own period to know what questions concerning the past are significant to it." In many respects, this was a salutary departure from the common academic belief that the true historian should stand outside his own epoch and never deign to look at it. As a result, Giedion has brought to light many interesting relationships that had been ignored. He has demonstrated, for example, that the dynamism of our own period was expressed earlier in baroque forms, like the undulating wall, and that steel-frame construction was anticipated by the ingenious American carpenter who invented the light balloon frame to take the place of heavy beams and posts for domestic building.

The most serious drawback in this absorption in contemporary work—a defect that both Giedion and Le Corbusier, to their common credit, have in the end discovered—is that this fixation merely repeats the error of the older traditionalists, for it gives to the products of the current year the same awful authority once assigned to fifth-century Greek sculpture or sixteenth-century Italian painting. But if human history has any meaning at all, no one period can comprehend it or exhaust it, nor can it provide a measuring stick by which one judges all the other works of man. For it is only with reference to the full span of human experience that we can distinguish what is genuinely creative in the work of our own time from what is just crazily "original." Without that connection with man's continuing life, all value and significance disappear.

When Giedion began his studies, Western civilization was on the verge of a disintegration whose dimensions we can now only begin to take in through confronting that ultimate nonentity—pop art. Most of the creative forces of our time have been canalized into the Machine, a systematic organization of scientific discovery and technical invention that, under the pressures of excessive pecuniary gains and exorbitant political power, has transformed the entire existence of the Western World. The insensate dynamism of this mechanical organization, with no goals but its own ceaseless expansion and inflation, has broken down the continuities of history. Since the human self, like all organisms, is dependent on its past, the result has been a loss of both continuity and identity. Bewildered, our contemporaries ask: Who am I? What am I? Where am I? And they cannot find the words to give a coherent answer, since words, too, are a product of history. If each generation invented its own private language, as the advance guard has been ostentatiously doing lately—the London *Times Literary Supplement* has devoted a whole issue to this movement—each group would be locked in a private cell, unable either to communicate with others or to escape its prison. Here Giedion comes forward with the necessary correction. "For a short period at the beginning of this century," he observes, "it may have seemed necessary to cut all bonds with the past, to assume a hostile attitude toward it. . . . Since then the situation has changed. Both above and below the surface of our present age there is a new demand for continuity. It has again become apparent that human life is not limited to a single lifespan but goes far beyond. It is as impossible to sever its contacts with the past as to prevent its contacts with the future. Something lives within us which forms part of the very backbone of human dignity: I call this the demand for continuity."

This period was not actually as short as Giedion remembers. It began in the eighteenth century, when the advance guard advocated the wholesale destruction of Gothic cathedrals, and it was still going strong in the nineteen-twenties, when Le Corbusier's plan of urban reconstruction proposed to sweep away most of historic Paris. Yet Giedion's words are admirable, for if they indicate that the past is not necessarily a curse that must be lifted, they also suggest that the present is not necessarily a blessing that must be indiscriminately embraced. A decade ago, addressing the Contemporary Arts group in London, I shocked my audience by suggesting that "modern" was no longer a term of eulogy, as it was in the nineteenth century, when every change was hailed as a mark of progress and the very definition of progress was success in getting away from the past—partly, as the Futurists proposed, by ac-

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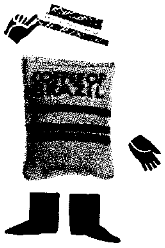

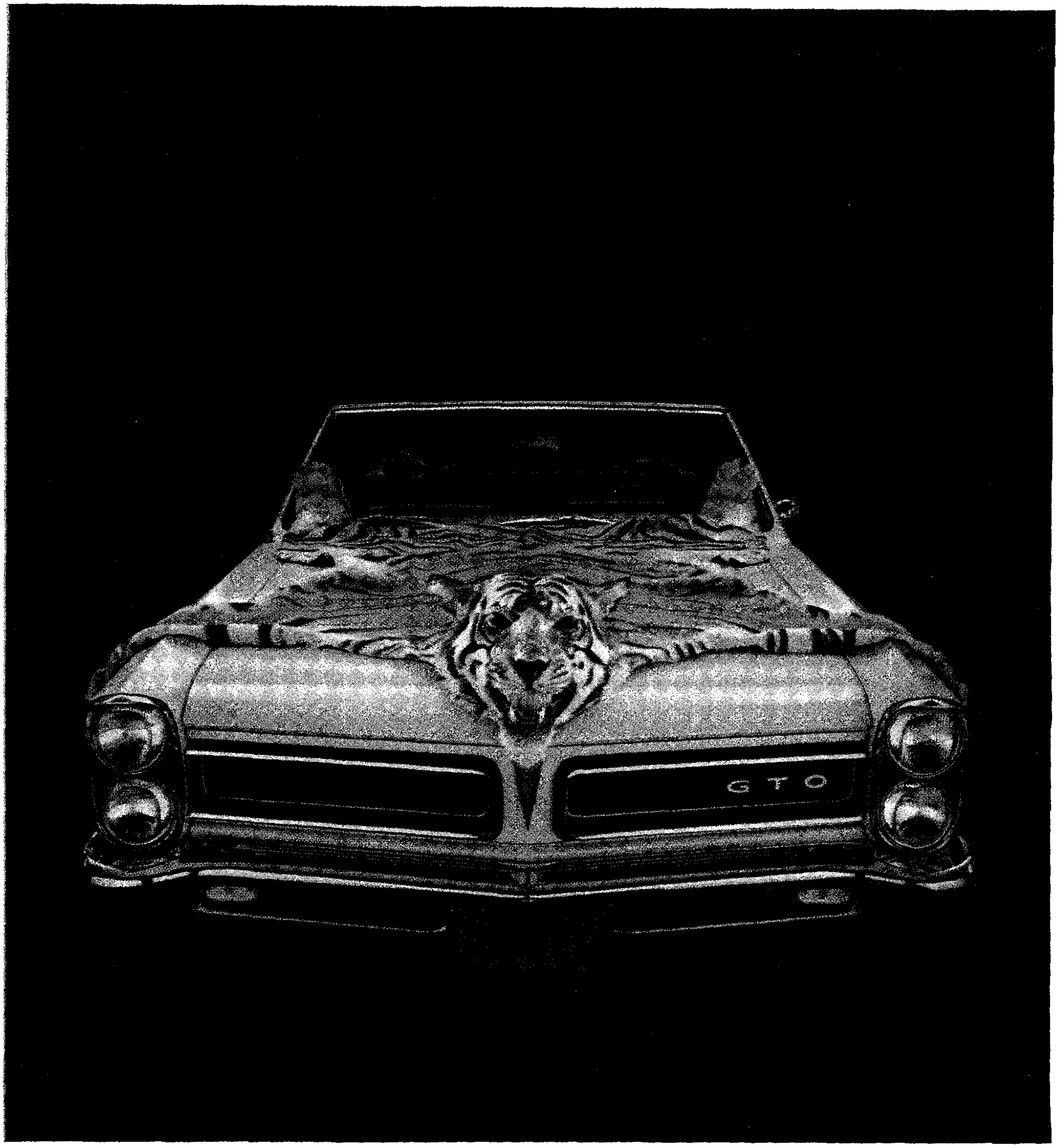

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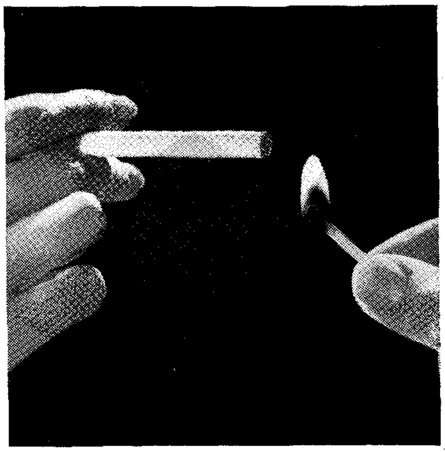
tually destroying its remaining monuments, beginning with the Louvre. By now, the term "modern age" must include the insane sadism of the Nazi extermination camps and the wholesale deployment of napalm and nuclear bombs, for these have also been the end results of scientific discovery and technical rationalization. Insofar as modern art merely reflects the tendencies of our age, it is plain that some of its most typical works mirror only our destructions, our pathologies, our hatreds, our frenzies, our inner disruption. And by any serious human standard it is plain that a growing proportion of contemporary art falls below the level established thirty thousand years ago in the caves of the Aurignacian period. If one hails the modern spirit in art, which side—the rational or the irrational—is one enthroning and giving further authority to? Perhaps because long ago Max Nordau stupidly denounced even the Impressionism of Monet as degenerate art, and because Hitler, that prince of degenerates, applied the same adjective to all modern art, most modern critics have been cowed into shameful silence or even more shameful approval when confronted by the infantilism and sadistic exhibitionism and ostentatious vacuity now often parading as "advanced art." Afraid of committing an error in judgment, they commit the graver moral error of making no judgment.

About Giedion's own humane views, about his sanity and balance, there has never been any doubt. But his commitment to the modern was for a long time so unreserved that he did not take adequate account of its negative or pathological side, though surely this has a certain diagnostic value for the historian in illuminating the discoveries that Freud and Jung made about the role of the unconscious in our time. Giedion's well-proved loyalty to the aesthetic products of contemporary life in their entirety is what gives special significance to the turn his thought has now taken. "The Eternal Present" demonstrates that the modern movement has at last come to a parting of the ways. Along one path, our whole civilization is moving in the direction of non-sense, cultivated perversity, self-destructive dynamism, countering the rigidities of mechanization and automation with the psychotic freedom of purposeless "happenings" and intentional nothingness. University professors and museum directors, who were once the guardians of the human tradition, are now among its most active debasers, deriving their aesthetic values—without



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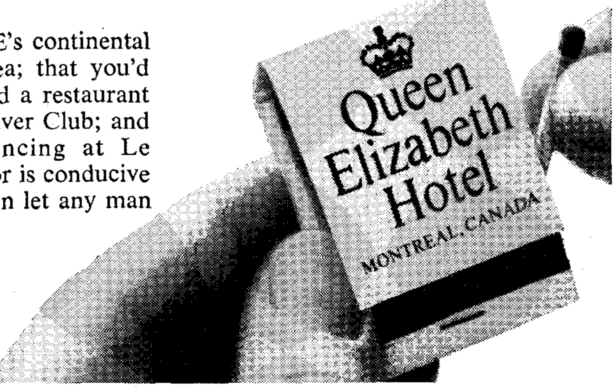

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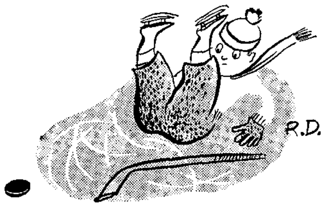
further examination—from the investment-market returns and from the dope sheets of the fashionable galleries, which put Rauschenberg at the level of Rembrandt. This is the new academicism. But Giedion, for the past generation, beginning with his "Mechanization Takes Command" (1948), has been intellectually leading the modern movement in the opposite direction—toward recovering and reaffirming those values that contemporary art, in its first youthful rebellion, in its healthy effort to break down an overfixation upon a limited portion of the past and upon an overrefined technique, had too peremptorily denied.

Quite as significant as the enormous mass of historic data that has gone into his books is the fact that Giedion has thought it advisable to devote ten years of his life to composing his two most recent volumes, "The Beginnings of Art" and "The Beginnings of Architecture." The group title he gives to these volumes, "The Eternal Present: A Contribution on Constancy and Change," is almost as significant as their entire mass of words and their many pictures. With unshaken conviction, Giedion has rightly held fast to the innovations made in our century by the modern masters—innovations in perception (simultaneous images), formal organization (abstraction and decomposition), and fantasy and subjective content (surrealism)—but at the same time he has handsomely redressed the original error attached to these innovations; that is, the notion that they nullify and supersede all previous epochs of art. Picasso's boast that children's art had freed him from bondage to Raphael now seems itself more puerile than profound, especially when we confront its dissolute end product—his mural in the UNESCO Building in Paris. The doctrine that the human constants must be respected because they underlie all art would have less authority if it came from anyone not as fully committed to the modern movement as Giedion. For who has been more deeply concerned with the fresh interpretations of time and space and motion, with the new departures in engineering and architecture, with the new processes in mechanization and rationalization, with fresh, spontaneous image-making—images as different as those of Picasso, Klee, and Miró? Coming from him, this appreciation of the eternal present has a special point and a moving eloquence. Giedion has restored to modern art the historical connections that it had severed, and he has thereby provided it with a sense of future continuity that its own naïve futurism had lacked. For if the current fashionable doctrine of change without continuity were to prevail, the masterpieces of modern art would, a decade hence, also be condemned to oblivion, along with the disembowelled motorcars, relocated junk piles, and blown-up package labels that likewise will no longer be in fashion.



With a sure instinct, Giedion has gone back to two primal sources of aesthetic form—the art of the caves of the Aurignacian and Magdalenian periods, and the art of the royal tombs and the urban temples of Mesopotamia and Egypt. At those two great starting points, the magic of human creativity suddenly becomes visible, and life itself takes on the quality of a deliberate work of art. Giedion's own feelings have always been on the side of life, and he has recognized that life is more than a space-time, mass-energy phenomenon. In "Mechanization Takes Command," one of his most original books, published in 1948, he observed that "mechanization, as envisaged and realized in our epoch, is the end product of a rationalistic view of the world." He did not mean this wholly as a compliment. He saw that mechanization was already beginning its sterile intervention in organic processes, toward the result that "death, generation, birth, habitat" would all "undergo rationalization, as in the later phases of the assembly line." At times, in his exposition of the galloping mechanization and automatism of the twentieth century, Giedion might seem to be on the side of these forces, but at the very end of this book he said, in his penetrating final chapter, "Man in Equipoise," that "to control mechanization demands an unprecedented superiority over the instruments of production. It requires that everything be subordinated to human needs."

"Mechanization Takes Command" came out seven years after "Space, Time, and Architecture," and it shows a deepening insight that had perhaps been promoted by the Second World War, since it, too, anticipated the *volte-face* made by Le Corbusier in his design for the Ronchamp church. That building, however debatable its merits, is a defiant contradiction of all the dogmas about mechanization, rationalization, and modern form that Le Corbusier himself had laid down in 1923 in his first book, "Vers une Architecture." Now, in going back to the remote beginnings of art, Giedion has consciously taken an even more significant step: performing an act similar to that of Jung, he has searched into the deeper contents of the human psyche for elements that our overrationalized age has repressed, though only to return to the irrational in the disruptive form of paintings and sculptures based on the random contents of the scrap heap or the obscene scrawl on the lavatory wall. Here one wishes that Giedion had learned more about the irrational from his Zürich contemporary Dr. Jung. Coming at the climax of a scholarly life committed to the defense of the modern *in toto*, Giedion's detailed revaluation of the ancient past is, by implication, a criticism of much that passes for art in our generation. He does not need to underline this point; his assiduous exploration of the art of the past, with its magic and religious affiliations, tells the story. And just because he is a historian of modern art, not a professional archeologist, he brings fresh insight to both the form and the content of our ancestral inheritance and to the further search for forms that will do justice to the human constants of today.

It would take more than one lengthy essay to examine, point by point, the data that Giedion presents in "The Eternal Present," and his interpretations and speculations; only a scholar who had worked through this great mass of material as carefully as Giedion has would have the right to contest his judgments. In some ways, "The Beginnings of Art" is his most alluring book, partly because no other single volume on cave paintings and sculpture presents such a wealth of material and such magnificent illustrations, or opens so many teasing approaches to insoluble problems. Here Giedion himself, in endeavoring to penetrate this art, goes well beyond the aesthetic bounds of his subject by spending many pages on the mysterious cupules, the tiny cuplike hollows found in many of the cave-art sites (symbols that might have had a ritual use or that might be an early form of record), and in puzzling over the noodlelike forms that are inscribed in clay upon the walls of the caves, or over the painted outlines of often mutilated hands. What were the people who created these things trying to say? Merely that "Kilroy was here"? All the ultimate questions about ritual,

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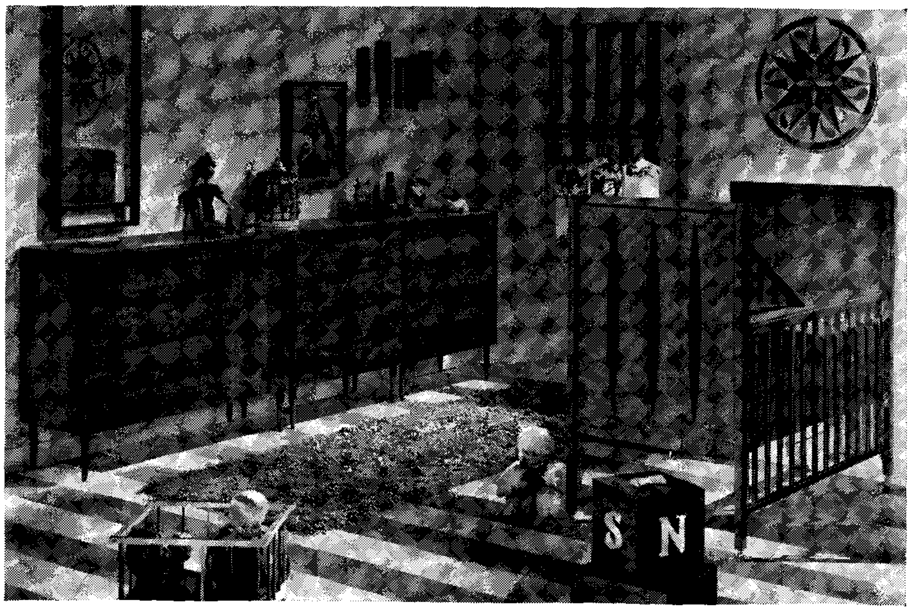

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magic, religion, sex, and art itself confront one in these sculptures and paintings. And some of the most baffling questions must remain, alas, unanswerable. If the paintings of animals were designed to bring about greater fertility, why are these animals often so marvellously shown in motion and so rarely at rest or bringing forth their young? Giedion is experienced enough to know that no single answer will cover even seemingly identical images of different periods.

With "The Beginnings of Architecture," Giedion walks on more familiar territory, but he rightly relates the great monuments that greet us at the outset with the great spaces of the Aurignacian caves and with the ancient cult of the animal treated as a sacred object. One of his most original intuitions is that "the religious structure of the first high civilizations was founded upon the discovery of the human form and the human face" and the appreciation of the naked body. This celebration of the human body—undecorated, unscarred, undeformed—provides one of the decisive contrasts between civilized cultures and primitive ones. Giedion has the distinction of giving this concept full weight, though that it was the foundation of the religious structure I am inclined to doubt, for in this case the Egyptian conception of kingship and solar power seems to me a far more significant contribution. Giedion is aware that there is no aspect of the architectural development of Egypt and Mesopotamia that can be treated purely in terms of physical structure and spatial relationships; it is necessary for him at every point to discuss its meanings, its ceremonial and ritual. In doing so he restores to our memory many aspects of art that have been ignored in our appreciation of rational structures, even though that able English historian of architecture, W. R. Lethaby, long ago led the way here with his essay "Architecture, Mysticism, and Myth." Like his work on cave art, Giedion's survey of architecture stimulates many further reflections. Now that he has saturated himself with the material, I hope that he will undertake a further examination of the modern situation seen against the "eternal" background he postulates. If the discovery of human beauty was indeed the basis of the ancient religious aesthetic, what shall we say about the deformation—or, more accurately, the desecration—of the human form that has taken place in our own day?

The immense quantity of data that Giedion has assembled in these two

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new books makes them unattractive for continuous reading, as he himself realizes; they are meant to be dipped into and slowly pondered, for, taken in small doses, they provoke fresh fantasies and speculations, and in bringing us close to the most ancient works of man they call up many uncomfortable questions about our own age and its destiny. One of the things that Giedion's survey most definitely reminds us of is that our ancestors, whom we have treated patronizingly for being condemned to live in the Stone Age, are still alive in our minds precisely because they left the mark of their lives on stone. We, on the contrary, live in the age of the disposable container or, at best, the age of metals, most of which will all too soon be lost forever by oxidation, while the pyramids and the temples of stone may ironically remain unharmed by nature for another five thousand years. We may learn the secret of transplanting bodily organs from the dead to the living, but the dynamism that we are so proud of robs us of the likelihood that our lives will leave any impression on future men. *Our* present, so far from being eternal, carries the principle of built-in obsolescence and early replacement even into the realm of symbols and ideas. Our perishable recording tapes and films will, only a few generations from now, tell less about us than the crude stone surfaces of the Lascaux caves tell about Magdalenian man. Is it any wonder that some of our younger architects are already going back to stone, and that one of the supreme artists—Naum Gabo—in glass, metal, and plastic in our age has begun to do likewise? Among the best lessons of Giedion's whole work is the understanding that modern man, who has undertaken to "prove all things," must also learn to hold fast to what is good.

Our civilization, it appears, has reached a point at which—if we are not to fall into the abyss that has suddenly opened up before us—we must retrace our steps and, like the hero of William Golding's "Free Fall," try to find out for ourselves at what point we have gone wrong. This is no task for the fainthearted. To admit even the possibility that we have gone wrong is to exchange the comfortable dogma of inevitable progress for the myth of the Fall. And to realize that we may have gone farther in the wrong direction in our own time than we had ever done in any past era would count to a still Victorian mind as an even more threatening heresy. But unless we can face this possibility we shall never find

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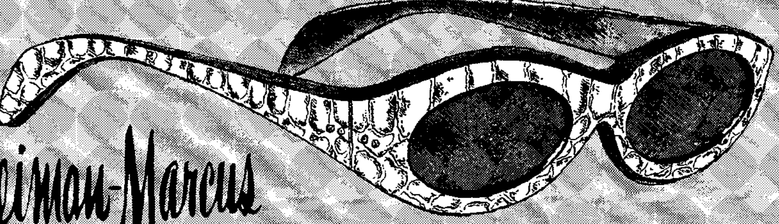

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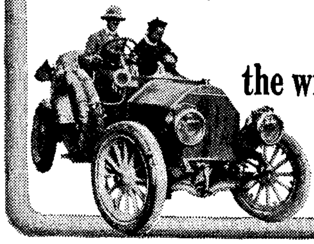

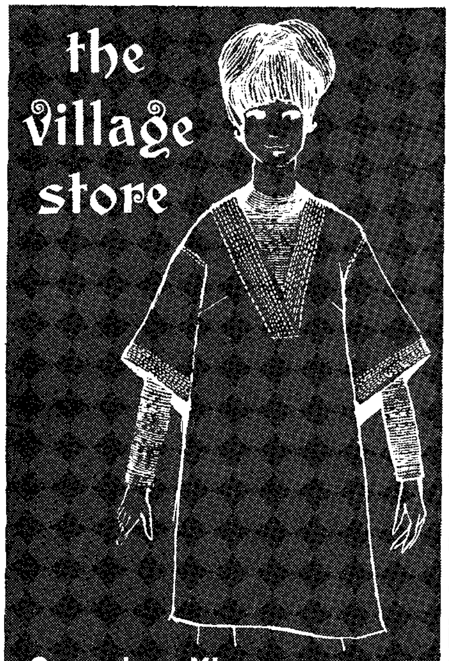

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our way back to the human constants that are our only safeguards against our directionless and meaningless dynamism. We have only small prospects of remaining sane, or even alive, in a humanly empty world in which a power-seeking science belittles every human expression that does not lend itself to profitable scientific manipulation, in which automation releases us from the joy of work, and in which computers take over the rational functions of mind—leaving its growingly irrational contents to be dealt with by sedatives, hypnotics, tranquillizers, hallucinogens, and general anesthesia, collectively administered and—by 1984, perhaps—officially controlled. Once a whole generation has been educated to accept this defective regimen as normal, we may even lose the ancient Stone Age secret of knowing how to become human. —LEWIS MUMFORD

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A MAN OF MEANS, by Luís de Sttau Monteiro, translated from the Portuguese by Ann Stevens (Knopf). The scene is Lisbon, and the chief figure is Gonçalo, a rich businessman who has built a whole personality on one thin attitude—he is dispassionate. At fifty-five, Gonçalo is tired of his wife, tired of his mistress, tired of his shabby old acquaintance António, and bored with his son. With all these people, and with most of the other people he knows, Gonçalo has only one amusement—he likes to anticipate and thwart their attempts to defy him. He is a rather silly figure—a posturer with no private or inner life of any consequence who imagines himself to be self-sufficient but who could not exist without the weak people on whom he practices his mild and safe (safe for him) form of sadism. Since Gonçalo lacks both strength and intensity, and since the lesser characters in the book have no weapons to fight him with, or cannot use their weapons, the story turns quickly into shapelessness and ends inconclusively, but the writing is stylish and pleasant, and the translation is well done.

### GENERAL

THE BATTLE OF DIENBIENPHU, by Jules Roy, translated from the French by Robert Baldick, with an introduction by Neil Sheehan (Harper & Row). This excellent military history carries an unproved but still disheartening message: the Vietcong

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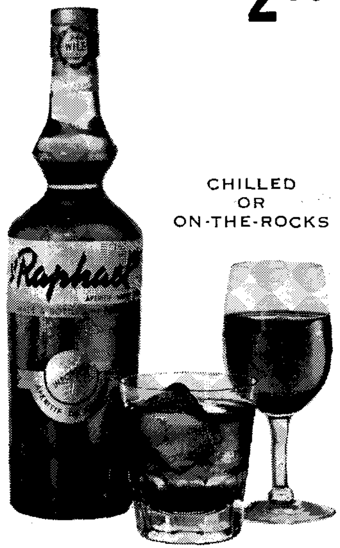

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are right and will prevail. M. Roy, a former French Army officer, explains the evolution of the disastrous French plan: Dienbienphu was intended to be a tempting target that would lure the enemy into an open fight, which he was supposed to lose. But it was a poor place to bunch French troops—a vast valley (the French did not occupy the surrounding heights) that collected mists and fogs. Poor visibility made air drops—the only means of supply and reinforcement—unreliable. There are some vague places in M. Roy's account, since few of the many men responsible for the debacle are entirely agreed on what happened, but the author learned a lot about the battle from recent interviews with Vietcong commanders. He often accepts their version of their heroism at face value, perhaps because he is so proud of the staunchness of the French troops that he needs to magnify the prowess of the victorious enemy.

FATAL FASCINATION, by Nigel Balchin, C. S. Forester, Eric Linklater, and Christopher Sykes (Little, Brown). A recapitulation and reinterpretation of four more or less famous cases of unnatural and violent death. The most familiar, and the least interesting, is Mr. Forester's contribution—an account of the events leading up to the execution for treason of William Joyce, alias Lord Haw-Haw. (It is his contention that Joyce's American birth and last-minute German naturalization placed him beyond the reach of British justice.) Mr. Balchin writes, a trifle more interestingly, of a blood feud in ninth-century Iceland. It is Mr. Linklater and Mr. Sykes, however, who redeem and justify the book. The former examines what is both a murder and a mystery—the gunpowder assassination, in 1567, of Henry Darnley, the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, in which Mary is generally supposed to have had a hand. Mr. Sykes, an excellent writer, tells the sorry story of Napoleonic intrigue that resulted in the disposal by firing squad of the innocent Duke of Enghien.

ANDRÉ GIDE: HIS LIFE AND ART, by Wallace Fowlie (Macmillan). A superb short introduction to Gide for the English-reading public. It takes note of the latest works of Gide criticism and scholarship, it offers a likely assessment of an extremely difficult personality, and, instead of overselling his accomplishments, it

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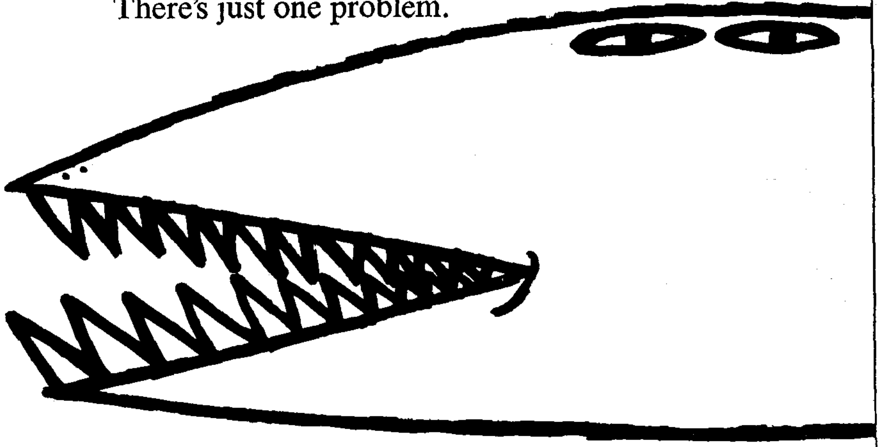

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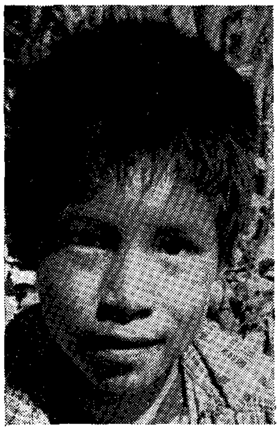

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simply invites the reader to appreciate them.

THE LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN TO LORD AND LADY MOUNT-TEMPLE, edited by John Lewis Bradley (Ohio State). Behind the innocent title and university-press imprint lurks what may be the most sensational book of the year—a *true*, Victorian "Lolita." Ruskin fell in love with nymphets at various times in his life, and the most damaging of these passions was for Rose La Touche, whom he met when she was ten and he was almost forty. He courted her and proposed to her when she was sixteen; the frustration of the romance by Rose's parents helped drive her to religious mania and death in her twenties, and helped bring on Ruskin's own permanent insanity. Rose is the obsessive subject of the Mount-Temple letters, since first Lady Mount-Temple and then her husband was Ruskin's intermediary in the affair. The early letters, written with all of Ruskin's eloquence, are terrifying in the intensity of his mad passion; later letters, written after Ruskin had regressed to believing that he was a child and that the Mount-Temples were his grandparents, are equally terrifying and heartbreaking.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

COME HOME AND BE KILLED, by Jennie Melville (London House & Maxwell). What is so comforting as a truly domestic crime tale, set in suburbia and peopled with real men and women who pay their bills, plan for the future, make jokes, and have a very good time until one among them starts being untrue to form? This English story has a pretty but stern policewoman for a heroine, three possible villainesses, all of them apparently incapable of killing a fly, and two possible villains, both of them good sorts at first glance. The scene is mainly a pretty little house, nicely painted and neatly kept, and the time is the present.

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With an eye toward greater comfort, Fox West Coast Theaters have completed installation of seats in the Hermosa and La Mar Theaters.—*Redondo Beach (Calif.) South Bay Breeze.*

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[*From the Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News*]

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